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BENITO MUSSOLINI

CAPS AND CROWNS OF EUROPE

BY THOMAS GUERIN

WITH A PREFACE BY THE

HON. RAOUL DANDURAND, LL.D., K.C., P.C.

PRESIDENT OF THE SIXTH ASSEMBLY OF

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

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PREFACE

THE author of this essay is a Canadian of our, as yet, limited class who in his leisure has preferred his library to the sporting fields. He has travelled extensively for his enlightenment and his pleasure. He has been brought up among public men and his mind is not fettered with an undue reverence for office holders in the State. He knows the weaknesses of democracy and the fallibility of its judgments, but the frills and tinsels of crowns and courts have not obscured his judgment. He has moved through the capitals of Europe and has come into contact with the leaders who direct the affairs of State. He has a keen sense of observation, and his pen pictures of the surroundings of the men he describes and the atmosphere in which they live are quite captivating. I can testify to the fidelity of most of his descriptions because it has been my privilege in recent years to visit those same countries and to come into contact with quite a number of the public men who move through these pages. His opinions of men and things may not be shared by all his readers, but, in any case, they are debatable and arrest attention. His judgment on the treatment inflicted by the Allies on the Austro-Hungarian realm may be a subject of serious commentary. That mosaic-like Empire could only per-

petuate itself through the consent of the varied races of which it was formed, or by the exercise of force. Compression was used towards unification, which made instead for separation. The instinct of freedom springs eternal in the human breast. It could have been satisfied if the power had been decentralized and a Confederacy established. I was in Vienna in 1908; there I met some of the leaders in Parliament, Tchecs, Poles, Serbs, Croatians and others, who were strongly nationalistic. When the dual monarchy launched its unpardonable ultimatum to Serbia, it opened the cage and gave freedom to its jailed inhabitants. Many people with kind hearts have looked with a dry eye upon the fate of the dual monarchy, which set out on a punitive expedition and returned back across the Danube shorn of its crown and of its possessions. This tragedy is all the more to be deplored because the people who bear the loss are among the most agreeable and sympathetic on the continent of Europe. Their salvation may be worked out in close economic co-operation between themselves—Austria and Hungary—and their neighbours.

The writer has more than one reference to the varying fortune of the parliamentary institutions on the continent of Europe and to the retrogression of the people's supremacy.

Many thinkers have, of late, suggested that the administration of a country under universal suffrage is still in the experimental stage. An historian of note has even claimed that Great Britain was no exception be-

cause it had, only recently, felt the rule of unbridled democracy; for centuries, Great Britain's Governments having been of aristocratic formation. The query in every mind is as to the possibility of attaining ordered stability under the group, class or faction representation.

If it were not for the fear—born of experience—of autocracy asserting itself in countries highly centralized, I would be inclined to suggest that the system of government prevailing at Washington, which frees the Executive from the caprices and the cabals of groups striving for power in the Assembly, would assure to many European countries the ideal government to which they aspire. This thought should not convey the impression that the head of the State should necessarily be elected by the peoples themselves. My preference would go to the French system of selection—at the second degree.

These are some of the thoughts which this interesting volume gives rise to. It is well worth reading.

INTRODUCTION

Post-war Europe is a very different place from the easy-going Old World, where Kings ruled by Divine Right and men spent their adolescence doing service in the army. Most of the Sovereigns are gone, and the trappings of the military caste have been put away in moth balls while their owners grow old hoping for another war. Crowns are being melted down or placed in museums while waiting for a better day, and the Red Caps of the new Republics, often fitting badly, are as conspicuous in their settings as a blood-red rose in the midst of a bridal bouquet.

Perhaps these changes are more evident to one from my country than to one who is more intimately in association with the Old World places. When a man from Canada returns to the haunts of other days, he realizes the difference which surrounds him on all sides. The European lives too near to have the necessary perspective to appreciate at a glance the change that has come about. A man from the United States would be prejudiced in favor of this metamorphosis; the Republics and new Democracies would appeal to his imagination, and he would see in them advances towards Utopia. Indirectly, his country was more responsible than he realizes for the present European frontiers and

the orgy of so-called democratic government which is overrunning the older civilizations.

The influence of Woodrow Wilson is much in evidence and one still hears of his fourteen points. What changes this Moses evolved through his new "Table of the Laws"! Clemenceau, that super-patriot and delightful old reactionary who calls himself a Radical, smiled when he read them and with a shrug of his shoulders said, *"Le Bon Dieu n'en avait que dix!"* He knew the Old World while Wilson did not.

The smear of the Wilsonian finger is still very plain across the map of Europe. When he added his democratic touch to the horrors of war, the masses of the people seized upon his catch phrase "To make the world safe for democracy." They swallowed it whole without examining its ingredients and ever since have been striving to restore their digestions. The result of all this cheap propaganda is that in Europe today there exist more class hatred and international suspicion than at any other time since Napoleon.

Most of the great War leaders are gone. Some to heaven, others to God knows where, and a few are to be met with in the states which the War created. On all sides there is a sense of *malaise*, of uncertainty, or of power. New flags fly over old countries and old states stand uncomfortable in their new settings. Militant minorities are now strangers on the lands they have tilled for centuries and raise on all sides the possibility of war.

This book is not intended to touch upon politics,

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but on the contrary, its object is to be impartial and neutral in giving a small idea of the personalities and characters of those who have risen and who now hold in their hands the destinies of the future, and to show them in the settings of their own countries far from the influence of international gatherings. These men are not all friends. Though their outward attitude may appear cordial, many hate and despise the others, yet, all are now working for a common end: the rehabilitation of Europe.

There is about many of them an extraordinary sameness. They have their racial and physical peculiarities, yet in their mental attributes there is much resemblance, and though living far apart many display the stamp of the same universities. This is all external. There are of course the various degrees of personal ability; this covers the whole gamut of variety. Some of them are of their own personal creation; a few are the creations of others. Many are cold, cautious, erudite and thorough, while others talk with an abandon which is almost startling. In all this one finds patriots who are as true as steel working side by side with seekers after personal advancement.

One thing most evident today is the readjustment of sympathies which has arisen since 1918. Often where one would still expect to find suspicion and mistrust, one now meets with cordiality and sympathy, while in other lands which should be close bound by ties of blood and sacrifice, only indifference and apathy are to be found. This condition was evident even with regard

to the British Empire. I was interested to learn at first hand the point of view now held concerning that great Commonwealth which knows no race nor continent, but which is still looked upon by some people as a European institution. I most often found a friendliness in places where I least expected it and almost absent where sympathy should reign.

The superiority of the British statesmen is possibly a great reason for this mistrust. The success of Britain, whose sharp eye pierces so keenly the commercial future of the world, may be a cause of annoyance to some of the commercially ambitious. Yet the inborn national superiority of men like Sir Austen Chamberlain is a factor which is difficult to overlook.

He is to my mind a splendid example of the "Briton Passant," moving warily, yet with stateliness amongst the green-topped tables of European diplomatic conferences. There is something feline about it all. The British diplomat strides like a lion, but he also has its catlike ability of side-stepping any awkward incident without disturbing the serenity of the setting.

The Frenchman is different. Physically he is unimposing. At first he appears insignificant and is almost unseen. When he begins to take an active part in discussion or debate, he is immediately noticed. When he develops his thesis, his hearers are surprised and held by him, but when he concludes, his great mental agility and his extraordinary clarity of reason surmount all. His one defect is the virtue which carried him through the War, his great patriotism. His love of France,

RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

RT. HON. SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

though magnificent in itself, is an obsession and often blinds him to any other point of view than his own. He is the "Latin Rampant," the most logical man in the world.

The German is unlike either. Today he is the "Teuton Gardant." In diplomacy he is fearless and aggressive, though watchful, and careful of the impression which his country is creating. He knows no persiflage, and is particularly anxious to proclaim his point of view. I admired these qualities in Stresemann, and the honesty that is so evident in Hindenburg. These are characteristics of the new Germany, which now stands upon the grave of the Empire. New Germany is a land where the past is buried, and her statesmen of today rank among the strongest of Europe.

Charming, delightful, inefficient Austria is sadness personified. The little State which now contains Vienna is far too cultured and refined to compete with those which surround her. She stands disheartened and dejected, waiting for a day that never comes when she will find herself again among the Powers of Europe, a seat of learning and of art.

Hungary, the dismembered, is but a shadow of her former self. Treeless and oreless, she is but a farming plain. Yet the Magyar has not been crushed, and he still stands conscious of his history. Courteous, brave and temerarious, he is the last outpost of gallantry and chivalry. In the War he was beaten, terribly beaten, yet he holds his head high and only demands what is his right. He is without rancour or hate. Though

smothering within the narrow boundaries of his country, he is still as much the *grand seigneur* as when he sat his saddle in velvet and sable and rode his prancing steed across the patrimony of Arpad.

Italy, the picturesque, land of beggar and street singer, is gone with the passing of the years. Today the home of the Black-Shirt is militant and efficient. Her sons have laid aside the brush and pen and closed the story of past generations. They now stand bound together like the fagots of the Fasces, determined to place their motherland in the vanguard of the Powers. They are sworn to the service of Mussolini, and bow to his iron will.

Old Europe is new again, labouring under new leaders with new ideas and new ideals.

Some of those who control the States of the Old World are democrats, demanding the equality of man. Others are dictators, forcing their countries back to a path of reason. The object of these sketches is to give some idea of the personality and prowess of the present leaders of that Continent, and particularly of those of the countries most affected by the War. I have met most of these statesmen at some time. I have talked to them and about them, and I have mixed with the people whom they rule. Kings and Queens, Premiers and Peasants have become imbued with the spirit of the age and fill their posts with the same assiduity and devotion as the workers of former years. Some of these are gracious and talk of their countries most frankly to you. Others are suspicious and guarded. A few are clever

enough to hide their ideas in a bombardment of questions which they hurl at you. One might expect candour to be the twin sister of democracy, but in many of these talks personal opinions were carefully covered up in a voluble flow of political truisms.

Europe of today stands at the parting of the ways. The old and the new now call on her to follow. In most lands the glamour of the unknown is the lodestar which draws, often against the better judgment of the victim. The insatiable thirst for new sensations and new conditions is evident on all sides, so that the national duties of today have become onerous in the extreme and lie weightily upon those who hold the helms of the various barks of state. Comfort and luxury are rapidly pushing aside the picturesque and the individual characteristics of nations. The standardization of living conditions brought about by importation and mass production, is killing the handicrafts and effacing the national charm that has come down through centuries of inheritance and tradition.

CHAPTER ONE

The British diplomats – Stanley Baldwin – his characteristics – in the House of Commons – his antecedents – classical scholar – his moderation – his position with regard to Labour – unlucky politician – Sir Austen Chamberlain – personal peculiarities – appearance – his training – education – his policies – his opinion on Russia – his confidence in England – his opinion of Labour – his future – Lloyd George – his political turnover – position to-day – personality – his ideas on political future – James Maxton – James H. Thomas – his personality – his career – Labour's future – Labour opportunists – change of colour – T. P. O'Connor – his personal charm – "Paddy" – lunch with him – his work – his hopes and opinions – admiration for England – Lord Beaverbrook – meteoric career – his Peerage – enters journalism – his position – His Majesty the King – in Quebec – Buckingham Palace – Coronation – Royal progress – Dominion troops – Sultan of Perak – his wives – the King's habits and customs – Prince of Wales – as a middy – his first official function – shyness as a boy – visit to America – personal magnetism.

THE more one wanders through Europe and comes into contact with those who control its destinies, the more one is impressed by the British statesmen. I have probably met as many of the statesmen and strong men of that Continent as any one outside of the diplomatic calling, and I must admit that efficiency is more evenly distributed amongst the controllers of the tight little

island and the creators of the British Commonwealth than amongst those of any other State in Europe. They have about them a *nonchalance* in diplomacy which must be woefully disconcerting to the foreign diplomats who have to come into contact with them, for, under a most amateurish manner they hide a strength of purpose and an elasticity of action which are extraordinary. They are both thorough and efficient. The Frenchmen are thorough but not efficient, while in America statesmen are efficient but not thorough. Perhaps besides Britain, Germany alone combines these two qualities, but she lacks the elasticity necessary for success. That is why English diplomacy rarely fails. She can dragoon with one hand and caress with the other, and at the conclusion His Britannic Majesty will probably count new subjects within his realm and more lands beneath the folds of his flag. In the face of the world Britain may blunder along, but she always blunders into a most advantageous position, and finally blunders in first at the end of the race.

I remember Mr. Vandervelde at Brussels; he said "Britain always loses all the battles except the last." This is true. The day that Britain entered the World War the fate of the Central Empires was sealed, and Francis Joseph is supposed to have said when he heard of Britain's War declaration, "The cause is lost, we cannot fight England."

If a vividly imaginative writer of fiction undertook to create a British Prime Minister in whom all the salient characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race were

brought together, unconsciously he would describe Stanley Baldwin. His whole being is British. His appearance is that of an Englishman in *Punch*. Though not a tall man, he is large, massive and placid. His face is big, his complexion ruddy. His hair is reddish while his eyes are small and light. The lines about his mouth and eyes give him that whimsical look which betokens the joker that he is not. Bernard Shaw might have set him in a play and then have sat back to enjoy the joke of the English taking the character seriously. His clothes and his appearance are English, while his brier pipe might have been placed in his mouth by a play-boy with a pencil.

I met and saw Stanley Baldwin while he was still Prime Minister under various circumstances and surroundings, in England, at sea on board the *Empress of Australia* and in Canada. During that sea voyage I had ample opportunity to study his characteristics and peculiarities. The first meeting made an impression which has never changed, but has remained as complete and clear cut as the last time I saw him at a garden party on the slopes of Mount Royal. It was in the House of Commons in London on the day that the Trades Union Bill was brought down. Everything was turmoil and feelings were running high. I only saw him for a minute or so, and got but small opportunity of really studying him carefully. His Party had undertaken to curb Labour and he was receiving the full broadside of the forces of the Left.

Nowhere outside of England could he be duplicated, for he is totally unlike any other Prime Minister

in Continental Europe not only in his person but in his outlook and in his history. His antecedents are quite uncommon. English on his father's side, he is Scotch on his mother's. His father was a unique figure in British business, and the Baldwin firm held a tradition of great kindness to its employees; the senior Baldwin was said to have known each one of his workmen by his first name. He was a man of distinguished appearance, wore a beautifully kept beard, a monocle, and married the daughter of a Scottish parson.

The Premier's mother was one of the four Macdonald sisters who made such brilliant marriages to famous men. One married Rudyard Kipling, another became Lady Poynter, while a third was Lady Burne-Jones, the wife of the great artist. Stanley Baldwin is therefore, on his mother's side, closely associated with the best in art and letters of his time, and he has profited by it.

He is a thorough classical scholar, and it is said that during Cabinet meetings he and Maitland passed notes to each other written in Greek. He has acquired a grace and facility of diction which only classical study can bring about, while his speeches are replete with classical stateliness and simplicity. In the House he has won great popularity and is liked, even by his enemies. Although himself a moderate, in all his measures he is associated with the two incorrigible and brilliant firebrands, Birkenhead and Churchill. In his private business he is a very disinterested man, and is said to possess today only one-fifth of his pre-War income.

Notwithstanding the reputation of his Party, he has always desired peace between Capital and Labour and he has worked conscientiously to preserve it. Before the last general strike he invited the miners to attend a conference, which they refused to do, and this refusal brought about that national disaster and the bitter class hatred which did so much to divide England. During the preliminary negotiations when speaking upon the general strike, he coined the catch phrase "*Give us peace in our time*," and this was his sincere desire. It was certainly in no way due to him that A. J. Cooke and his associates caused such suffering rancour amongst the miners, and inflicted upon the English Nation almost the cost of another war.

Stanley Baldwin is really shy, exceedingly modest and not endowed with any very great ability. He has served his country well during a very troublesome period, but through Cooke's campaign and the disaster of the strike, the Party which he leads has acquired an anti-Labour reputation which nothing can live down. No matter what he may do, his every move is considered as being antagonistic to the Labour Unions. He has not the power to fight this, and it is upon this field that his Party has again met with defeat.

He has been a most unlucky politician. As successor to Bonar Law he held a very inopportune election which drove him from power, and now he has duplicated that performance. On account of his political inability to manœuvre successfully the people have become critical of him.

He is an honest and typical British country squire, and he admits that he is never so happy as when he is breeding pigs at his country seat in Worcestershire.

In every respect unlike the former British Premier is the ex-Foreign Minister, the Right Honourable Sir Austen Chamberlain. I first met him in 1912 at the Constitutional Club, where he was lunching with Lord Beaverbrook. Extremely tall and immaculately dressed, he has an expressionless serenity of countenance which makes one think of the prow of a fast ship—it seems made to cut through the swell of Britain's diplomatic ocean, and it does so very successfully. He is the *beau idéal* of the British statesman both mentally and physically; and combines with an apparent immobility both a charm and a courtesy, together with a determination which has done much for his country and which will probably some day make him England's Premier.

His tall slimness is most imposing, and he is extremely like his father. He is slightly pompous and very careful about the slightest detail of his appearance. His monocle which gives him a dandified air has become the butt of cartoonists, but most unfairly. It is worn through necessity, for he was born with one eye blind. He is utterly sincere and in no way given to pose.

The former British Foreign Minister is one of the best trained politicians in England. Since childhood he has lived in political turmoil, and even at his father's dinner table rarely was any subject save politics the topic of discussion.

Educated at Cambridge where he specialized in the study of political affairs, he was elected to Parliament at the age of twenty-eight. In the House of Commons he has many friends and has generally achieved great personal popularity. This is well merited, for he is thoroughly honourable and might have attained the Premiership had he consented to betray Lloyd George. He is both shrewd and careful, and has proved himself during a very difficult time to be an excellent and safe Minister of Foreign Affairs.

He is in no way a Conservative of the old school, and it is greatly due to his efforts with the die-hards of his Party that two years ago a serious break with Soviet Russia was prevented, and it is also much to his credit that a successful treaty was arranged with Ireland. In reality, he is fundamentally democratic and is entirely free from class or sectarian prejudice, for he does not belong to the landlord caste and in religion he is a Unitarian.

I had a most interesting talk with him recently in his private office in the House of Commons. This was made doubly interesting on account of the Russian complications which were soon to follow and culminate in the startling raid on the Arcos Company, the Soviet propaganda headquarters in London. He discussed most of the topics of the day in general and the internal conditions of England in particular, and notwithstanding the blue ruin which most of the people were continually crying, he was extremely optimistic. "Look at our internal affairs," he said. "We have already paid out to

our creditors an amount equal to the whole national debt of England before the War, notwithstanding the terrible conditions and the collapse of the European markets. There is reason to be confident." His optimism was consoling in face of the pessimism which was everywhere manifest.

In his discussion of the Labour situation he proved himself to be far from an extremist, and he impressed me with the breadth of his views. From a future Conservative Prime Minister of England one might almost expect a Tory point of view, but it was not there. Speaking of the Labour question, he said that Labour "had passed its peak," and that the battle was not between the Parties in the House, but within the ranks of Labour itself where the fight is being waged between the Right and the Left for the control of the Labour Party, and he thought that if fought fairly the moderates would emerge victorious.

I asked Sir Austen if he considered that Moscow was really responsible for much of the trouble through its interference in English affairs. His answer was clear and to the point: "*Moscow is using all the influence it can in a spirit hostile to the British Empire, which is the preserving pillar of existing society.*" I did not realize the importance of this statement at the time, but in less than three weeks the Arcos raid was an accomplished fact.

Sir Austen Chamberlain could not fairly be called a Tory. He is much too broad. His political position would be much nearer that of a moderate Liberal than

that of any other party affiliation of the House of Commons. He is a safe and sane statesman, supple enough to handle hard set questions which often require most delicate adjustment. He has shown himself a master in his negotiations with France and Germany. Locarno was his work, and he did it well, and the day that he becomes Prime Minister of England will be an eventful and lucky one for Britain in particular and for the British Commonwealth on the whole.

There is perhaps no man on the Continent of Europe who is so particularly and universally disliked, and upon whose merits opinion is so divided as David Lloyd George. In France his name is anathema. The dismembered countries of Central Europe lay their plight at his door, while in England his Party is broken up and his power gone.

He has been the opportunist *par excellence*, and has made the greatest political pendulum-swing of any politician save Mussolini. Beginning at the extreme Left he reached the extreme Right, and through his political versatility he held the Premiership longer after the arrangement of peace than any War Premier on the Continent. At one time the Conservative element in England branded him with every disreputable epithet of which their genteel vocabularies were capable, and they were very capable in that line; then later they followed blindly his dictates during the War.

Lloyd George's race from Radicalism to Conservatism is now history. His Party is gone, his followers dispersed, to be found sprinkled throughout both the

Tory and Labour ranks. Lately he has retraced his steps and is retaking his natural position in the Centre. The English politicians may scoff at Lloyd George if it pleases them to do so, but he is coming back as a political factor, and after the next election will reappear as a strong party leader in the House, and nothing can stop him.

Short, thick set and active, he is a typical Celt. His head is too large for his body, while his face is too small for his head. There is about him something gnome-like which is enhanced by the quickness of his movements and the whimsicality of his smile. There emanates from him a most attractive personality which seems to bubble out when he speaks. It matters not how much you may disagree with him or how much you may dislike his past, his policy or his present politics, his personality is extraordinary, and his magnetism disarms all adverse preconceived ideas. When you speak to him the personality of "the little Welsh attorney" strikes you at once. His mental agility and his optimism are delightful.

I have seen him both in England and in America. In April, 1927, in the lobby of the House of Commons, I asked him frankly what he thought of the future of the Liberal Party, which was reduced to a handful. With a snap and a smile he said, "We have touched bottom, and we are on the rebound like a Stokes gun!" He spoke with the enthusiasm of Opposition when he criticized the Government for having introduced the Trades Union Bill. "It is a mistake," he proclaimed,

"on the part of the Government, just as Labour made a grave mistake in calling the general strike."

Lloyd George may be down, but he is certainly not conquered and he is coming into his own again in British politics. His following is already increasing and he will offer again severe opposition to any Government which he wishes to oppose, or will be a tower of strength to any which he chooses to support.

The attitude of the Tory Government had caused the Labour Party to become an active and virulent Opposition, but that Party also has its extremists. The general opinion is that amongst the leaders of the extreme Left, the coming man is James Maxton, a member from Clydebank. I have never met him, but he is supposed to season his politics with more Red than the more conventional leaders of Labour. On the other hand, the moderates have Ramsay MacDonald and James H. Thomas. The latter is, perhaps, as much disliked by the Radical element of his own Party as any man in the House. He is a sane Labour leader who knows what is best for his people and who refuses to be carried away by any Utopian or any impracticable schemes to create a terrestrial heaven.

Mr. Thomas is slightly above middle size, thick set and broad shouldered. He is aggressive, active and clear sighted. He speaks sharply and to the point, and has scarcely an "h" in his whole vocabulary. He is one of those to whom Sir Austen Chamberlain referred when he spoke of the moderates. The Socialist and Bolshevist elements have blessed him with the *soubriquet* of

"Judas" H. Thomas because he would not give way to their demands. He started life on a railway, became an engine-driver and through his Unions rose to be the great power for good in the Labour world. He spoke to me of the difficulty of organizing the people, for, as he put it, "The world is in a state of flux since the War, particularly when people go on spending and not wishing to pay the bill." Yet, he was extremely optimistic about his Party and seemed certain of the rôle it is destined to play in the politics of England. "Labour," he said, "is not only the present Opposition, but the inevitable Government." He was right. He is a safe man and all sides will do well if they can help him to stay at Labour's head.

In 1927 I spoke to him of the future of the British Commonwealth under a possible Labour Government, and of what might be the consequences of such a victory upon inter-Imperial relations. His answer was decisive, "As the British Empire has not suffered under the last Labour Government it will not in the future."

The Party of the Left in England contains many shades of Red, from the blood-and-flame variety to the genteel pink of the parlour Bolshevist. The Fabian Society and the wealthy socialist who is determined to "get there" through the instrumentality of Labour are neither honest nor sincere. Among a certain few it is considered smart. It is even known that some ultra-wealthy Bolshies will park their Rolls-Royces without the precincts of the slums to continue their way to political meetings in democratic Fords. Others think it

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

RT. HON. T. P. O'CONNOR

clever to hang their titles on pegs in their Park Lane mansions, to become plain Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so while amongst the poor. This is all pure hypocrisy and is simply using the Labour wing of the British Parliament to achieve political prominence.

Many of the Labour leaders are forced to begin their careers at the extreme Left, but responsibility softens their ardour, and long before they don the gold lace of the Privy Council they have tossed aside the paint brush for the nail brush, and have dipped their red rosettes into royal purple to subdue their hue. England is England, and not the Continent. The King's gold coach and the Royal Standard are national institutions which no amount of international prating can disturb. The masses of England will leave a socialist meeting at any time to follow the Band of the Coldstreams or to watch the changing of the Guard in Whitehall. It is well that this is so, for in it lies Britain's strength.

Of all the Parties in the House of Commons the most sympathetic is T. P. O'Connor, the dean of the Commons. He is a Party unto himself, the last of the Irish Nationalists, who for forty years had sent some of the most brilliant minds that ever adorned Westminster. There is perhaps no parliamentarian better known than "T. P." through his paper "*T. P.'s Weekly*" and through his writings in the general Press. Yet, there is probably no one so little known personally as this delightful old man who is now over eighty and who still possesses the mind and heart of a boy.

There is about him a Celtic something which is very

attractive and which makes him so loved of all who come into contact with him. I well remember lunching with him in his London apartment on a cold Spring day. I had met him many years before, but it was only casually and *en passant*. That day there were but the two of us and his little black Highland terrier "Paddy," who is his constant companion and is admitted at all times to all places with his master. In his manner, "Paddy" is as old as his master is young, and there seems to exist between them an understanding that is very mutual.

T. P. O'Connor is one of the simplest men I have ever met. I have noticed the same simplicity in many able men; it must be due to minds that are too subtle ever to become involved. Throughout lunch he spoke of the old times in Parliament, and of the people he had known in Canada, inquiring intimately and particularly about each one. Afterwards we sat in his study, an attractive room littered with books. The walls were hung with photographs of celebrities bearing votive offerings to this charming man. There were also some pictures of his heroes, Gladstone, Redmond and Parnell were conspicuous, and there were testimonials and degrees in Greek from Hellenic Universities. He has been a great Hellenic student and his popularity is such that a street in Athens now bears his name.

A fire was burning in the grate. In front of this in a low arm-chair "T. P." sat sipping his coffee and Cognac, with "Paddy" at his feet, telling stories and experiences of his forty-seven years in his country's ser-

vice. His whole life has been spent in English politics, and he is known as the Father of the House, where he is probably the most popular member. His wit is still indomitable, and recently when testifying in the Gladstone libel case he gave his occupation as "An Irish member for an English constituency with a Scotch name," for during all these years he has represented the Scotland Division of Liverpool. At the moment, he is writing his memoirs and he holds at his finger ends parliamentary anecdotes of almost half a century. Notwithstanding his forty-seven years in England, he has never lost the richness of his Irish accent. He told me that he had not been in Ireland since 1916, and that he had consecrated his career to bringing about a better understanding between the Irish and the English people, with the result that the extremists of both races regard him with suspicion, the one as an Anglicized Irishman, the other as a rebel. He has worked all his life to uplift the two million Irishmen living in England, and to abolish the ridiculous mutual suspicion which exists between the two races; as he said, "The two countries are so dependent upon each other, England for food and Ireland for markets."

His admiration for England is very strong, for he realizes the virility of the population and the honour of the British business man whom he considers to be the greatest in the world, but he lamented England's incapacity of competing with America on account of the vast accumulation of American wealth.

I left T. P. O'Connor with regret, but I realized that

what to me had seemed but a short visit had lasted over three hours. I bade him adieu, and in parting wondered how he had ever got to know England so well and how he ever hoped to bind together two such people, one much too temperamental and the other so unreasonably sane.

Through his extreme sanity the Englishman is a very difficult person to write about. He will not allow himself the gay excess of the Celts with their versatile inconsequence. He is too serious even in his pleasures to paint in any but sombre colours, and one wishes that now and then he would throw off logic and have a holiday by being natural.

Among the leaders of England who remain unseen but are very real must be classed Lord Beaverbrook. To-day he holds the position formerly held by Lord Northcliffe, and wields through his Press a mighty power. He is a Canadian from the Province of New Brunswick and is the son of a clergyman. His career has been romantic in the extreme. He started life in the Canadian West as an insurance agent, then he drifted into finance and administered the Royal Securities Corporation at Montreal. Though scarcely more than a boy his financial advance was rapid, and while still in his thirties he had accumulated a fortune and moved to England. Shortly after his arrival, he entered the House of Commons as Conservative member for Ashton-under-Lyne, and in 1911 he was knighted and became Sir Max Aitken. He did great service to the Allied Governments during the War, and at its end

was raised to the Peerage. He entered English journalism, buying the *Daily Express*, a paper which at the time had reached a very low ebb. He so reorganized it that to-day it is one of the leading newspapers of Britain. He now controls four, and is the most powerful Press magnate in the country.

No amount of success or adulation has changed Max Aitken; he is the same hard-working, clear-headed Canadian as the day he left his native land, and through all the years he has spent in England his accent has not become any broader.

To-day Lord Beaverbrook cannot be classed as a hide-bound partisan of any political group, but is imbued with a keen desire to do what is right, and with the practiced eye of the journalist he does what is best for his country and for the advancement of his papers.

His Majesty King George the Fifth is too well known to all who speak the English tongue to write about. Notwithstanding the modesty of his character, he is ever before us in the newspapers and periodicals. I had occasion to come into close contact with him twice. Both times he was placed in settings that were rather unique. At the Tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec in 1908, he came to Canada as Prince of Wales. He was living at the Citadel of that delightful old town overlooking the Saint Lawrence, and the Old-World setting of the City on the Rock was a splendid stage for the pageantry of history which had been prepared in his honour.

I had been sent in command of a troop of Hussars

to escort him throughout the day while he went the extremely arduous round of functions which had been prepared for his entertainment. I well remember the courtesy with which he returned the salutations of the people, the interest which he displayed in the troopers of the escort, and the gracious way in which he thanked them. The second time was in a setting which, if less picturesque, was extremely gorgeous. It was at Buckingham Palace on the day following his Coronation when the Dominions' Coronation Contingents were paraded there to receive from him the medals commemorative of his ascent to the Throne. He received them in the Palace grounds standing under a canopy, and wearing the uniform of a Field Marshal. During the great pageantry of the Coronation we saw him many times, not only on the day of the event itself but also at the Royal progress through London.

That was a wonderful spectacle of the greatness of the British Empire, for in it the cavalry from the four corners of the earth were drawn up to receive their Sovereign. The Corps of Imperial Cadets from India mounted on jet-black horses were dazzling in their uniforms of white and their sky-blue sashes, while gold glittered on their belts, embroidery and in their turbans. These were all Princes or the sons of Princes who had come to London to do homage. Boers from Africa, Tasmanians and Australians rode with Canadian Cavalry and the Riders of the Plains. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police in scarlet and in stiff-brimmed hats were a strange contrast with the Guard of the House-

hold Cavalry, which surrounded the person of the King.

On that day I was sent to escort the Sultan of Perak. He was staying at the Cecil, and at the private entrance to his apartments stood two red-coated giants from the Irish Guards, who, when the Sultan appeared, towering above him, presented arms. He was very small, with fine, almost girlish features of a walnut hue. Before entering his carriage he was photographed surrounded by his wives. They were many, and they grouped themselves around their lord and master. These customs seemed strange to us, but they were the King's subjects come to render homage, and they were an eloquent tribute to the might of his Dominions.

The King has all the personal attributes of a sovereign. In his habits he is a very simple man whose endeavours are always directed to the welfare of his subjects. From about five o'clock in the afternoon until the hour of dinner he is in his workroom busy with the affairs of State. His great interest is the good of his people and of his country. In his manner he is most courteous. A keen sportsman and a good rider, he is one of the best shots in Europe and his prowess is proverbial; but he is quite old fashioned and always uses a hammer gun.

King George is a mighty sovereign, and in his simplicity of manner lies the greatness which ever binds him to the subjects of his far-flung Empire.

The Prince of Wales is quite different. His extraordinary popularity not only amongst the English people

but throughout the world, is greater than that enjoyed by any other Prince. Many see in him the personality of Edward the Seventh, and this is particularly gratifying to those who followed the career of his grandfather.

I was present at his first official function. He came to the barracks to inspect the Canadian troops who were in England for the Coronation of his father. Then he was just a middy. He was but a timid sailor boy who had come with his sister, Princess Mary; she was leading by the hand little Prince George, who was dressed in a white sailor suit. The Prince of Wales was very shy, and as he was presented to each of us, he saluted bashfully and passed on.

When I saw him again he had changed mightily. It was after the War, when he came on his first visit to America. He had then achieved the rank of Europe's most popular Prince. His personal magnetism and charm had won him a unique place in the affections of everybody. Since then I have seen him many times, both at private functions and on board ship. He is always the same active, boyish Prince, full of life and ready for any game or prank. He seems to take particular enjoyment in doing the unconventional, and by this extremely human touch he has bound himself very closely to the people whom he is destined to rule.

CHAPTER TWO

Changed Ireland – New Dublin – New Order – William Cosgrave – visit to his house – scene in dining room – his appearance – his opinion on Ulster – his opinion of de Valera – progress in Ireland – his enemies – Imperial Conference – Constitutional question – political complexion of people – relations with Great Britain – Tim Healy – his past – His Excellency the Governor-General – Vice-Regal Lodge – his appearance – luncheon – conversation and reminiscences – walk in the garden – an avenue of trees – anecdotes – his wit – very human – Lord Glenavy – Bay of Dun Leary – James Campbell, M.P. – Protestant minority – his opinions on the Free State – allegiance to the new Constitution – magnanimity – relations with the British Government – element of stability – Gordon Compbell – Paris, 1920 – George Gavan Duffy – his appearance and French training – MacSweeney's Death – suicide – a Theologian's opinion – "La Chaussée des Géants" – idealist – George Russell – the Prophet – Osmond Esmonde – "Æ" – Sunday night at the Prophet's – the pictures – the company – the conversation – his soliloquy – Ireland a strange place.

I HAD not been in Ireland for thirteen years, and it was with a feeling of intense interest that I set out to visit it. The rack of civil war and rebellion had swept over it since my last visit, and the passions of prejudice and hate had torn it to the very bone. Notwithstanding this, I did not expect to see much change in the customs of the people, and as I entered the capital of the Irish

Free State I was quite expectant of seeing the dear and dirty Dublin of years ago with its happy-go-lucky air, its barefooted children and beshawled women.

As I approached Westland Row my memory returned to the charming past which I had spent in Dublin, and I thought of the peculiar spirit which had permeated it and which had so fascinated poets and worried economists and sanitary experts.

I had not been there long before I noticed a vast change. The Dublin of the past was no more. The streets were clean, the children shod, the beggars and the old women who sold sprigs of lavender were no longer to be seen. Dublin had taken on a new air.

The Dublin of poetry and poverty had been replaced by a modern city of well-dressed people. The untidy girls with streeling skirts and unkempt hair were gone with the past. Pert flappers in abbreviated dresses flapped with the assurance of the fledglings of Paris or New York, and many of the break-neck jaunting cars had made way for the modern taxicab.

Something extraordinary had happened. The trim green-clad soldiers on the streets, the changed sentries at the Bank of Ireland proclaimed a new era, and a green, white and orange tricolor flew from the buildings, while the people seemed to reflect a new spirit.

The triumph of the new order, at least outwardly, appeared complete. The new Government had been functioning and ruling Ireland with a hand of steel. It is perhaps the most cosmopolitan Government which has been collected anywhere for over a century, and I

was much struck by the parallel with France in the first years of the First Empire. Ireland had gone through a revolution which had been severe, but it had too been torn by a most fratricidal and suicidal struggle of civil war. It was in this that the greatest damage to life and property had been suffered.

Much of the new peace and the new conditions is due to the President of the Council, William Cosgrave. He was created by the situation and is an example of the leaders who are ever brought into being by circumstances. He had been a revolutionary, and has now taken charge of the forces of order.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in April that I drove through the Dublin mountains to call on him, for he lives about five miles from the city. Although the bulb flowers were blooming and the daffodils grew yellow in the fields, the air was cold with Irish Spring and a fine, cold misty rain was falling, the kind which they call "soft" in Ireland, and tell you "that never did anybody any harm," but it is very uncomfortable for strangers nevertheless. There were intermittent moments of Spring sunshine and at these the peasant people, well dressed and prosperous, came to the cottage doors to breathe the short-lived warmth.

When we reached the Lodge gate and turned into the drive, a policeman in the uniform of the new Civic Guard saluted smartly. As we drove up to the house, the President was bidding adieu to some visitors, and we met him at the door. With courtesy and cordiality he led me to the dining-room where he took his place

at the head of a long table to offer me the proverbial hospitality of Ireland. The room was long and airy, and furnished in old mahogany. Behind him, over the mantel, was a striking and vivid picture of a ruined house, before which sat three young and dishevelled men. One was reading a document while the others listened. The picture, the President told me, was entitled "G.H.Q." The scene was of the rebellion and reminiscent to him of the part he had played in that struggle. It was a present from John McCormack, the tenor, and is the work of a brilliant Irish artist and daring colourist named Keating.

The President is not a tall man, quite slight, and as he sat in the large arm chair, he appeared almost boyish with his mass of fair hair, his clear complexion and youthful manner. He wears a close-cropped, fair moustache and has a most engaging smile, but the most conspicuous feature of his face is his eyes. They are large, prominent and blue. They look at you with a sincerity which seems to permeate everything he says.

He speaks most openly and freely on all subjects relating to his country, for which he was so ready to give his life. In 1916 he had listened to his death sentence, and was within a few minutes of the firing squad when he was reprieved.

I remarked to him about the smartness of the new police. "Yes," he answered, "they are the Civic Guard. They carry no fire-arms. We want the people to forget that arms were ever used against them. The police are their friends, and they must trust them."

My first question to him was about Ulster and the possibility of the union of all Ireland. He spoke with calmness and earnestness when he told me that the Free State would welcome such a union, but he added that Ulster must come in of her own free will. The phrase he used was characteristic: "You cannot have democracy and pay a price for it." His hopes, he said, lay in the success of the Free State, which is reducing taxes faster than in the North, and he hoped that Ulster would realize the advantages to be gained as a part of a United Ireland.

At the time when Ulster was free to decide by a plebiscite the course she was to follow, she remained aloof. The responsibility for this decision he placed upon the conduct of the Republican element of that time; he added: "Sir James Craig and his friends were invited in to warm their hands at the fires which de Valera was burning."

When speaking of the progress made in Ireland by the Free State Government, he pointed out that it had given more efficient and economical railway service to Ireland by amalgamating under one management twenty-seven small companies which had been operating independently. It had reformed the Judiciary and reorganized the Poor Laws by Unemployment Insurance. It had re-made the Liquor Law, and had created Home Assistance whereby the poor were to receive help through a special officer in such a way that all stigma from their plight should be removed. The Government had passed laws regulating the breeding of live stock

which reduced the thirty-seven thousand bulls in Ireland to seventeen thousand, by eliminating all the inferior animals, thereby showing a marked improvement in the quality of the cattle exhibited at the cattle shows. It has reorganized the fish industry and protected the fish in the inland waters, and it has created a land purchasing scheme whereby the State buys the lands from the landlords and sells them on easy terms to the farmers.

He told me these things with a simplicity and earnestness which was most striking, and almost naïvely he added: "It is not to be wondered that we have enemies amongst those who fancied themselves injured by these reforms which were carried out for the good of Ireland."

The Free State Government has had to face the reconstruction of twenty-seven hundred bridges and thirteen thousand houses, as well as the three monuments of Dublin, The Four Courts, the Post Office and the Customs House.

I broached the question of Dominion relations at the Imperial Conference and the inter-Imperial relations which are to follow. He answered without hesitation: "The relations between Canada, South Africa and the Free State are most cordial. The United States has appointed a Minister to Dublin, and I look and hope for closer diplomatic relations between Canada and the Free State."

Conversation drifted to the Constitutional question that arose in Canada through the incident which oc-

curred in 1926 between Lord Byng and the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King; discussing it he smiled.—"We foresaw all that," he said. "If the Government should be defeated, a day is to be fixed by the Speaker for a General Election, and nominations for President of the Council are to be proposed and voted upon in the Dail until a new Government Leader is elected by the House. Only then is he to be appointed by the Governor-General, when he is to choose his Executive Council. All responsibility lies upon the shoulders of Parliament and not upon the representative of the King."

We then turned to the political complexion of the Irish people. In discussing the Republican element, with the clarity and insight which characterize him, he said: "There are four Republican Parties in Ireland, all of which mistrust each other and refuse to work together —which one of the four can do what all four together could not do?" He said that Mr. de Valera had no right to style himself the President of Ireland, for he had merely been elected the President of the Executive Council, but never of an Irish Republic.

With characteristic sincerity of purpose he handled the delicate question of Ireland's relations with Great Britain, when he said: "England has kept her word to Ireland, and we shall keep our troth to her."

William Cosgrave is typical of new Ireland, sincere, tireless, fearless and efficient. He has held at some time nearly all the portfolios in the Government, and has done it well. His honesty is ever evident. The clarity

and order of his mind are delightful, his courage is unquestioned and his patriotism superb.

As I arose to go my eyes again fell upon the picture behind his head which seemed to remind him of the years he had spent in hiding and hardships, and as he bade me farewell at the door I thought of the struggles of seven centuries and of the frail, smallish man who had done so much to end them, and I felt that Ireland is fortunate to have at her head in this trying time a man of such conservatism and sanity.

Entirely different is His Excellency the Right Honourable Timothy M. Healy. No one who has followed British politics for the last four decades can claim ignorance of the name of "Tim Healy," for it has been the synonym of all that was brilliant, witty and impossible in the British House of Commons. For many years Tim Healy was the stormy petrel of that august body. He did more than any other to relieve the boredom of British legislation. Whenever this short, wiry man with black eyes, black beard, trenchant tongue and cutting wit arose to address the Speaker, the signal ran up—"Squalls ahead!"—for one of the keenest minds that ever entered Westminster was about to address the Chair.

Now all is changed. I had not been to the Vice-Regal Lodge in Phœnix Park since the days of Lord Aberdeen. All seemed the same, the same beautiful grounds, rolling sward and blooming trees, for it was still Spring. Only the uniforms of the sentries and the flag that flew from the staff were changed. The same liveried flunkeys

PRESIDENT WILLIAM COSGRAVE

RT. HON. LORD GLENAVY

announce you as in days of old, and you are led with the same pomp and decorum to the main drawing room.

I was greeted by Miss Healy, the Governor's daughter, who acted as hostess to her father; she waited with the Comptroller of the Household to receive the guests. We talked for a few moments till the folding doors at the end of the room opened and two footmen announced "His Excellency the Governor-General."

He entered, a small elderly gentleman with a white beard. He can no longer be called thin. His black hair and black beard which had so characterized him were mellowed by years and Irish fogs. He had taken on the benevolence which time and Irish weather bestow upon old buildings and great institutions. "Tim Healy" the firebrand, the fearless, is no more. In his place there was His Excellency the Governor-General, the King's representative in Ireland. Yet his eyes have retained their spark. Small black coals which snap and flash like cut jet, still tell of the fire of his spirit.

I sat at his left at lunch that day, and he plied me with questions about Canada and Canadian people. He had a most intimate and comprehensive knowledge of my country for a man who was born and has always lived in Europe. He takes a very keen interest in Irish politics, and as the Royal Proconsul, he was most anxious for the success of Ireland.

He spoke of Irish leaders, those who had served with him and those who had served against him, yet sympathetically of all. I mentioned that I was to have tea

that afternoon with Lord Glenavy, the President of the Irish Senate. I knew that for many years they had been great antagonists before the Bar and in the House of Commons when Lord Glenavy sat as James Campbell, M.P., for Trinity College, Dublin.

When His Excellency heard where I was going he said: "Oh, you will like James! We always got on well, he was always a friend of mine." It showed me the close personal relationship which existed between these two Irishmen, even when for political purposes they abused one another with such vehemence. It reminded me of a story I had heard of them when on one occasion they had appeared before the Bar on opposite sides in a divorce case. To impress the Court, James Campbell shed tears for the sad plight of his client, whereupon Tim Healy, seeing the water flow from his opponent's eyes, sardonically remarked: "Gentlemen, the greatest miracle since Moses smote the rock!"

After lunch I walked in the gardens with him, where he showed me the green-houses and the flower beds, but when I admired them, he flashed back: "I would rather have a weed in my own garden which I had planted myself than a rose in this."

Tim Healy hates snobbery, and while walking down the long avenue of trees planted by various celebrities, Viceroys, Generals and some petty German princelings, he led me to the end where, far from all others, conspicuously separated from their distinguished neighbours, stood two Canadian Maples with plates at their bases telling that they had been planted by Sir Wilfrid

and Lady Laurier—"An excellent example of snobbery" he defined it. A great Imperial statesman who had done more for the Empire than most men of his time was carefully placed aside—from what I know of Sir Wilfrid I am sure that he would have appreciated his isolation.

I mentioned to the Governor that as a small boy I remembered a speech of his in the House of Commons in which he spoke as the member for Uganda. He explained to me that the Speaker would not allow any reference to Irish affairs, and as there was the question of a university for Uganda before the House, he arose as the member for Uganda and pictured the Irish scenes which he wished to portray as happening in Uganda—with a snap of his eyes he said to me—"The Chair could not teach me Geography."

He is a very close friend of Lord Beaverbrook, and mentioned him many times. This brought to my memory a very characteristic and amusing anecdote of an event in 1916, when the Easter Rebellion broke out in Ireland. Mr. Bonar Law, the Premier, asked Lord Beaverbrook, who was then Sir Max Aitken, to telephone to his friend Mr. Healy, who resided in London, and to enquire if the rumours of revolt in Ireland were true. The telephone conversation is supposed to have been as follows:

"Is that you, Tim?"

"It is, Max."

"Is it true that there is a rebellion in Ireland?"

"It is, Max."

"When did it break out?"

"The day Strongbow landed."

"But how long is this going to last?"

"Till Cromwell comes out of Hell!"

The flashes of Tim Healy's wit will be remembered in the House of Commons for many generations, for his brilliant tongue has made an indelible impression upon his time. His simile, when he compared the Tory Party to a mule is unique—being "With neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity."

I have seen Governors-General in many places and under many conditions, but never have I seen greater dignity nor more delightful courtesy than I saw in Dublin under the governorship of this delightful old man. He possesses a unique quality for Governors, a brilliant mind, and no amount of official toggery can permit one to forget that he is still Tim Healy.

There is about him a mystic something which is indigenous of Ireland, and which comes with the mystic mists that hang like the great gray beards of mysterious giants who seem to protect this land. While there, you too feel their influence. It is only when you come away, you rub your eyes and wonder. . . . But one impression remains—Tim Healy is, oh, so human!

So much has been written about the religious differences in Ireland that I was particularly anxious to know the Protestant point of view in the Free State, and to be sure that the Protestants were really receiving the consideration which was theirs by the country's Constitution. It was with this in view that I called upon the

Right Honourable Lord Glenavy in the late afternoon of a dark and damp day. He was staying at Monkstown overlooking the Bay of Dun Leary, the Celtic-sounding name by which Kingstown is now called.

In 1912 I had heard James Campbell, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons. I remembered his forceful antipathy to Home Rule, and the fearless way in which he condemned it. At that time he was known as a die-hard Unionist who represented a Protestant minority and a great University. I knew that when the Treaty of Peace was signed between Great Britain and Ireland he had entered the Senate of the new Free State, and had been elected its Chairman by the practically unanimous vote of his fellow Senators. I was curious to learn how he reconciled his position, and it was to find this out that I went to Monkstown to see him.

I told him that I wanted to know his opinion of the Free State and the sort of treatment which the Protestant minority, of which he is the leader, was receiving. His answer was clear and to the point. "I doubt if even the most hostile critic of the present Government of the Irish Free State would question the sincerity with which it has endeavoured to fulfill the assurances for civil and religious liberty. . . . These assurances were subsequently incorporated into the Constitution, which if impartially considered may be found to contain even for the humblest citizen every essential guarantee for freedom of conscience, person and property."

I asked him if he was really satisfied with the solution, both for himself and for his co-religionists—"Certainly," he answered, "I am satisfied that so far at least as the minority is composed of those who before the Treaty were, for political purposes, described as Southern Unionists, the action of the Government in this respect not only gained their grateful recognition, but has also been responsible for their whole-hearted allegiance and obedience to its authority."

I admired Lord Glenavy. There was no trace of narrowness in him, there were no regrets for a Cause valiantly fought for and lost. There was a magnanimity which was bred of sheer love for the land where he was born.

I spoke to him of the Free State's attitude towards England. Speaking with clarity and decision he said: "In its relations with the British Government, the Free State, as the result of the plainest indications by both parties to the Treaty of an honest and sincere desire to loyally adhere and carry out its obligations, has been enabled to maintain the most friendly relations with England, while the dignified and reasonable attitude of its representatives in the recent Imperial Conference commanded the admiration and respect not alone of England, but also of the other Dominions in the Commonwealth of Nations."

Lord Glenavy is a big man in every sense of the word. He has shown it in his attitude and in his courage when in 1916 he differed from his Party on the question of the partition of Ireland to which he has always

strenuously objected, in the belief that self-government by consent of United Ireland was the only lasting alternative to the maintenance of the Union. It is well for Ireland that she has such men, for they shall always be an element of stability, a serious and conservative influence in a land where enthusiasm is often too apparent.

One cannot leave Lord Glenavy without mention of his son, Mr. Gordon Campbell. Everywhere in the political circles of all complexions at Dublin, one hears his name. He is not in politics, yet his influence is enormous, and all speak of him as the coming man. He is *l'Eminence Grise* who directs and is not seen, and is a tower of help to the inexperienced who are serving in the Government. Gordon Campbell has been a soldier and a barrister, with every promise of a great career in his chosen profession. He threw all aside to live in Ireland, and is helping greatly in the work of the new Government.

The kaleidoscopic succession of events which brought the Free State into being is now an open book, yet some of the interesting and extraordinary episodes which took place during that time are too unique to remain untold.

In 1920 I was in Paris, where I knew Mr. George Gavan Duffy, who was at that time the representative of Sinn Fein in France. He is a highly cultured Irishman, the son of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, one-time Premier of Victoria. He was educated in France, had lived in England and, like many of his brilliant race,

was mentally a Continental. He understood the French mind and its subtleties, and his propaganda had proved so troublesome to the British authorities that Lord Derby, the British Ambassador, demanded his expulsion.

His appearance is such that it would be difficult for him to pass unnoticed, for he wears a reddish beard, and it was much to his amusement that he was being constantly followed by secret service agents of the Government. He was ever aware of their presence, from the obsequious *maître d'hôtel* who every morning enquired in oily tones—"*Comment va la Cause?*" to the professional sleuth who could not hide his identity behind a house.

McSweeney, the Mayor of Cork, died that summer of hunger-striking. His death created a sensation and the Press opinion in France was divided. Some papers lauded him as a martyr, while others, particularly one of strong Royalist tendencies, showed curt sympathy and branded him as a common suicide. I met Mr. Duffy quite late that night and I asked him if he had seen the article. "Yes," he said, "it is answered." He smiled and told me that he had immediately taken the matter up with some papers which were sympathetic with Ireland, and had offered them the opinion of a "high French theologian" to prove that McSweeney was a martyr. He asked that he should be permitted to withhold the cleric's name. It was accepted. He tossed across the table to me a short, brilliant philosophic thesis on

hunger-striking. "There," he said, "what do you think of it? I have just written it."

Appearing as it did, at a critical moment, it created quite a flutter amongst the French clergy, but they never knew that their ecclesiastical *confrère* wore a red beard, and was asked to leave France a few days later.

It was through Gavan Duffy that Pierre Benoît was encouraged to write "*La Chaussée des Géants*," that delightful Irish novel which did so much to make Ireland and her sorrows known to the French people.

Mr. Duffy was one of the delegates who negotiated the Irish Settlement and signed the Treaty on behalf of the Free State. For a while he was Minister of External Affairs in the Dail, but he has since retired from politics. He was one of the geniuses which emergency produces, but he is much too cultured and idealistic to take an active part in a Government which requires politicians rather than idealists and statesmen.

One cannot leave Ireland without knowing the "Prophet," George Russell, the last of the Old Guard, the immortal Æ, and editor of *The Irish Statesman*. He took his pen-name of Æ from the word ÆNGUS, the name of the ancient Irish god of poetry. He was one of the original Sinn Feiners when that was but a literary movement, and was the associate of Singe and Yeats. He was a Sinn Feiner before that movement took on a political significance, when it was artistic, idealistic and pagan. He still personifies all these.

Those who have read *The Statesman* scarcely imagine the surroundings from which it emanates. I was in-

itiated into these by Mr. Osmond Esmonde, the much-travelled Ambassador of the Government of Ireland, the daring and independent son of Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde, Bart. He is a generation ahead of his father in politics as well as in age, and he combines the incongruous mixture of rebel and Oxford graduate.

One Sunday night I went with him to call on Æ, who chooses that time to hold his court. I had imagined a *littérateur* of such renown in a setting of ease and comfort. We were met at the door of a modest house in a quiet part of Dublin by Æ himself. Gigantic, massive and impressive, he greeted us in the soft, deep tones of his Dublin accent. His house was amazing; as he led us through the front room it appeared totally devoid of furniture or carpet, save for a small table which was scarcely large enough for one person and which was covered with dishes. The walls were hung with unframed canvases, mostly of mystery subjects done in light tones. They seemed to breathe fairy life and to have been touched by wandering spirits, pearly, iridescent nudes coming out of sunlight, or mysterious heads wearing rainbow halos. These were the work of Æ himself, who is an artist as well as a writer.

The other room was more inviting. Across one side ran a shelf covered with books, while on the other was a large fireplace with a comfortable wood-fire burning. In front of this sat the Prophet looking like his prototype of ancient days, with his great head of shaggy, black hair and large red beard like the matted mane of a mighty lion.

The walls of this room too were covered with his paintings, some of these were landscapes, while others were of warm-coloured dragons with heads of women surrounded with peacock feathers of unreal light. The mantel shelf was covered with small classic statuettes. The audience was also strange. Two elderly ladies sat one at each side of the fireplace, a youngish man with yellow hair and a taste for literature sat in a deep chair, while on a divan a girl in very short skirts and with a mass of short fair hair was curled up in the corner, smoking cigarettes in a long holder.

Æ smoked his pipe and spoke with the authority of a master, in his great, deep, booming voice, on all topics, from the Government of Ireland, of which he thinks very little but is willing to accept and support for want of anything better, to the export of wheat from Canada, as well as literature, art, morals and the Orange Order, the whole generously intersprinkled with paradoxes and subtle *tournures-de-phrases*.

His company was a silent audience, and Æ stopped his soliloquy from time to time to relight his pipe or to toss another piece of wood into the fire.

In all its strange setting it was a salon of high order. Though strangely Celtic, it was deeply profound and would show as great subtlety and finish as the most brilliant ones of France.

Ireland is a strange place and keeps you wondering. When you leave it you return to reality, but while you stand upon its soil you feel its magic and comprehend it.

CHAPTER THREE

The French people – relation with foreigners – their point of view – Herriot – in Montreal – Bloc National – Parties of the Bloc – position in the Chamber – removal of Millerand – Herriot's victory – his physical characteristics – his history – his colleagues – irreligious policy – Alsace and Lorraine – Vatican Legation – Briand – his family – his career – Minister of Public Instruction – Socialist legislation – War to the limit – unity of command – change of spirit – Caillaux – financial panic – Poincaré – his recall – effect on the Bourse – Minister of Finance – The Palace of the Louis – July 22nd – double anniversary – his characteristics – extraordinary worker – his conversation – the Lorrainer – his history – first election – rise of the franc – the journalist – great lawyer – versatility – Gaston Doumergue – sound judgment – the Protestant bachelor – France's hardships – "C'est Poincaré qu'il nous faut!"

THERE are no people in the world so logical as the French. In fact, their clarity of mind and precision in reasoning, together with the sublime patriotism which they evince towards their country, make them a particularly difficult race for the outsider to deal with in all matters which touch upon the interests of France.

It is with great difficulty that foreigners ever understand the French point of view because this deep love for the land of their forefathers enters to such an extent into all their national affairs. It tempers all their inter-

course, even with those whose interests are opposed to their own. If a stranger fails to agree entirely with their point of view on external political relations, he is told that he does not love France. Yet, nobody can possibly live long in that delightful country without coming under her spell and feeling a deep affection for her.

Her art is the highest, her logic the clearest and her patriotism superb, but these very qualities tend to make her misunderstood by those from beyond her frontiers who still retain a certain attachment for the welfare of the countries from which they come. They must accept her reasoning if they are to agree with her at all.

Even with regard to his national affairs, the Frenchman's reasoning is absolutely accurate, but he is unbending in his opinions of his friends and neighbours. The men who control the destinies of the Government of the Republic are not in any way different from the other citizens. This blindness to foreign viewpoints and their intransigence of character have given them the strength to overcome the ravages of war, and have permitted them to throw themselves headlong into reconstruction and rehabilitation with a vim and enthusiasm which have carried their country far along the highway of success.

Although I have spent much time in France, I have really met only two of her leading statesmen. Both of them have filled the rôle of President of the Council, yet they are complete opposites, mentally, physically and politically. The exigencies of the time have thrown them together in the present struggle, so that Edouard

Herriot and Raymond Poincaré have now to work hand in hand for the advancement of the franc, forgetful of their struggles and the wordy battles they fought with such vehemence across the floor of the Chamber of Deputies.

I met Monsieur Herriot in 1924, shortly before the election which he carried so successfully in that year. He was for a few days in Montreal, and lunched one Saturday at the Reform Club, the headquarters of the Liberal Party in that city. This institution always strives to entertain distinguished foreign visitors to the city who share in the idea of Liberal thought. Herriot came that day accompanied by his secretary, to tell the members about the position and platform of the political Party of which he was himself the leader, the Radical Socialists.

At that time nobody realized how near he was to the premiership. The Bloc National, that wonderful creation of Poincaré and Millerand, still governed France. Few people would have conceded its defeat at the hands of the extreme Left, yet that is what happened. The Bloc National had controlled the administration of France since the War and was really a coalition of all the moderate elements in the Chamber. It included not only the Centre where sat the moderate Democrats under Mr. Thomson, the Left Centre under Mr. Tardieu, but the whole of the Republican Entente under Isaac, Arago and de Lesteyrie, and it excluded only the Royalist group of the extreme Right under that brilliant and impossible playboy of political France, Léon

Daudet. This Bloc had carried France through the War and had valiantly shouldered the burden of French reconstruction. But such an undertaking was beyond the power of any one body. Its members had to find the revenue necessary to rebuild, and to re-establish normal conditions. They had to raise the taxes and float the loans. The interest rates were rising and the load was bearing more heavily day by day upon the shoulders of the French people. Seizing upon this financial burden as a lever, Herriot overthrew the moderates of the Bloc National. Prior to his election there were in the Chamber four hundred moderates as compared with two hundred partisans of the Left. This condition Herriot reversed by increasing his following to three hundred and thirty and reducing the Bloc to two hundred and fifty. He brought about this displacement of the French majority through the votes of Southern France, where the hot-blooded *Méridional* triumphed over his more sober-minded Northern fellow citizen, while Normandy, Brittany, Paris, the North and the East remained firm in their faith in Poincaré.

Herriot was not satisfied with his victory, but decided to abolish all that appertained to the success of the Bloc, and to rid the Government of all those who had been associated with Poincaré. There still remained the President of France, Monsieur Millerand. He was destined to be the next victim of the victorious Radical. Herriot decided that he too must go. It was an unheard-of thing to disturb the President, but he forced the issue, and Millerand retired. Herriot desired a Rad-

ical President but he was unable to handle the combined forces of the Senate and the Chamber. A compromise candidate was elected, and Gaston Doumergue was proclaimed the President of France. Although chosen for his adherence to the Left, once in office he showed himself to be a man of great sanity and erudition.

The result of the election was a tremendous triumph, for in one swift stroke he had shattered the Bloc National and dispersed all the conservative elements in the Palais Bourbon, where the coalition Government had created in France a diplomatic superiority over the rest of Europe which had not been equalled in a century. Herriot had over night sprung into the front rank of the world's politicians. It was but a short time before this that I met him and had an opportunity of hearing his views.

Physically, he is of the type that an enthusiastic newspaper partisan would describe as a lion. He is slightly above the average height, but is a massive, heavy man with a very large head covered with short, curly, brown hair, and he has a round and expressionless face. He is the sort of lion which would prefer to rumble than to roar, or of the type of lion that guards Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, enormous and sedate, but very placid and rather friendly. His voice is sonorous. His oratory is powerful and convincing, yet without the fire to be expected from a French leader. He strikes one as being un-French in his placidity of manner and in his immobility of countenance.

He is a native of Lyons and has been many times

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ

GENERAL ENRICO BAZAN

Mayor of that city. His career started there in the municipal field. Born of humble parentage, he has risen to his high post through his own ability.

His political position as head of the Radical Socialists made it impossible for him to retain power very long. The national situation required the stability of conservatism and a freedom from any political doctrine which might weaken the nationalistic sentiments of the French people. It is true that he had many brilliant associates among his *confrères* of the Left wing, notably, Briand and Painlevé, but he made an error when he brought into his Cabinet as Minister of Finance Caillaux, a former exile from France, known for his unpatriotic endeavours to conclude a separate peace, to betray Britain, and famous as the husband of "*Madame la Mitrailleuse.*"

Herriot had scarcely assumed power when he reverted to the irreligious policy of the former Radical Governments of the old days of the Republic. One of his first actions was an attempt to introduce the "Republican System" into Alsace and Lorraine, which was contrary to all the agreements with these Provinces whose desire was to retain their own particular systems of ecclesiastical school administration. This caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among these Irredentists who had so long desired to be reunited with France. Also at the head of his programme was the suppression of the Vatican Embassy and the re-introduction of the Godlessness of the Combes régime.

Here he met with the first dissension amongst his

followers, for they were only too well aware that the Vatican as an ambassadorial centre is the most important diplomatic clearing-house in Europe, and is the only place which can be regarded as a neutral ground on which all countries may meet.

Associated with him though not a member of his Government was one of the most brilliant men in the French Chamber. That was Aristide Briand, leader of the Independent Socialists, who to-day is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of M. Poincaré. M. Briand's position in the Chamber at that time was very much to the Left, for during the earlier years of his career he was a socialist of the school of Jaurès. I have not met M. Briand, but the position he occupies in French politics is such that he cannot be passed unnoticed.

He recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into Parliament in which he has played a rôle of exceptional brilliance. Born in Brittany of a peasant family, he first saw the light of day in Nantes. Through his own ability and effort he became a lawyer, and at the age of forty-one he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, where in a short time his mental gifts placed him among the front benchers. His socialistic creed demanded the betterment of the labouring classes through legal action, for he was in every way opposed to force.

In 1905 he was chosen to bring about the separation of Church and State. In the following year he became Minister of Public Instruction and of Cults. He has

held Cabinet positions for thirteen years, during which time he has been seven times Prime Minister. Years have modified his socialist views, and to-day his socialism is one of realism. It was through him that labourers were allowed to serve as jurymen in criminal trials, and under his Ministry an abundance of social legislation became law.

During the War his motto was "War to the Limit" ("*Guerre à outrance!*"). He saw at once that to carry this out a united action or a united front was absolutely necessary. The Salonika expedition was also due to him, as was also the idea of crushing the Bulgarian front. Above all, he fought hard for the great essential of victory, a unity of command.

Since the War he has been a man of peace, and has striven with equal energy towards this end. He has helped much in this through the excellent harmony in which he is known to work with Stresemann.

His versatility of statesmanship is well shown by his change of opinion with regard to Rome. Notwithstanding the fact that he brought about the separation of Church and State, he proclaimed himself in 1919 as being in favour of the re-establishment of relations with the Vatican. M. Briand has a strange combination of Celtic idealism and of practical methods. He is one of France's biggest men and one of the outstanding statesmen of Europe.

Herriot placed the financial future of the French budget in the hands of Caillaux, who had always had the reputation of being a financial wizard. This move

was disastrous, for the magic failed to materialize. Under the Herriot Government the franc began to weaken, then to drop till it almost seemed as if it would follow the way to oblivion like the currency of so many other countries. Government bonds and debentures also lost value to such an extent and at such speed that a financial catastrophe appeared imminent. The people soon realized that the Socialists were wrecking France, and credits disappeared. Caillaux was the wizard no longer and the people knew it. Something had to be done in a hurry or all seemed lost. Many attempts were made to prop up credit, but the props would not hold, and a financial panic was looming.

There was still one man who never had failed, the War President, he who had held France together during the trying time of the Peace negotiations, who had created the Bloc National and whose hand of steel had never shaken, Raymond Poincaré.

Of all European statesmen he is probably the most outstanding, for he is the only one of the great War leaders who is still in active politics. He has been the recipient of an unique compliment, that of being shown that France could not do without him. Everywhere it was felt that he alone had the iron determination necessary to cope with the troubled conditions which were rapidly becoming unbearable. The Herriot Government disappeared and Caillaux withdrew to the oblivion from which he had emerged, while Poincaré not only assumed the rôle of Prime Minister but also took charge of the much-embarrassed Ministry of Finance. Imme-

diately everything became easier. He showed again the same strength of purpose which he had displayed immediately after the War. In a few days the franc became stronger on the Bourse and the Government debentures showed a firmer tone. Day by day the value of the franc increased till it reached the equivalent of two pence. Around this point he stabilized it for the time being, and Government bonds became the safe investments they had been before the General Elections of 1924.

I called upon M. Poincaré and had a long chat with him at his office in the Ministry of Finance. This is situated in the Palace of the Louis. You enter through the large columned door on the Rue de Rivoli, almost opposite the entrance of the Palais Royal on the other side of the little square. When you have mounted the wide marble staircase, on the second floor is the Ministry. His office is at the end of a long corridor and looks out on the great court of the Louvre. Almost below his window is the statue of Gambetta and other works of art by great French artists which stand there that the citizens of Paris may realize the artistic work of their nation and may develop their artistic sense, the importance of which is unfortunately so little appreciated among the Anglo-Saxon people. Here was this little man who in his young days had been an advanced Liberal, now a champion of the people established in the Palace of France's Kings.

The art of a great dynasty which had shone so magnificently across the pages of history was now the

setting of a modest patriot. The Eagles of a great Empire, graven images of weathered stone, looked down upon these windows from the cornices across the court, and Marshals of France and Generals of the world's most victorious army stood in their niches on the façade, mute and motionless sentries watching over a simple Lorrainer who wrestled with finance and economics to produce the sinews of Peace.

I met M. Poincaré on an eventful day, this was July 22nd, 1927. The day before he had celebrated a double anniversary, the fortieth year of his entry into political life and the first year of the present Government. During those four short decades, what a life of movement and action had he lived. Every minute was crammed with some event of history. He seems to have been born to fill his rôle and save the financial life of his country.

He is a very small man, yet broad and active and extremely well groomed. His head is large, but moves quickly. There is none of the slowness of massive-headed men about him, all is action. Even the white hair standing straight on the top of his head and the bristling white moustache and beard, every hair seemed in motion. There is something dynamic about Poincaré which never ceases and which enabled him to put into the single year of 1927 an amount of work and success which no other man in France could duplicate. He shakes hands with you quickly. He speaks to you quickly. He is extremely affable, says many delightful things to you in a very few minutes, and parries any-

thing he does not want to tell you with the agility and ability of a "*maître d'escrime*," but with a smile and a manner which is quite irresistible.

He spoke to me about Canada and of the deep affection which France had for the cradle of French culture and language in America. He spoke about the Canadian statesmen and the part that Canada had played in the War. His conversation was general and engaging, but when I suggested that he tell me something of the economic future of France, with an adroitness and speed of lightning he changed the subject to Premier Baldwin's intended trip to Canada. This appeared to him a phenomenon. He said he thought that English politics was an extraordinary institution to enable the Prime Minister to steal away on a holiday in a far-off land at a very unsettled time, and to leave the reins of the whole Government in the hands of a colleague. "In France that could never happen," he said. He told me that he never enjoyed a moment's peace, and that he dared not leave the Government for a day. There is no doubt but that his personality is essential to the success of France to-day, and one realizes this on meeting him.

Poincaré is not a typical Frenchman. He has all the outward appearances and characteristics of one, but he is a Lorrainer in every sense of the term. He is endowed with supreme determination, complete fearlessness and an aggressiveness in action that brushes aside all opposition. I am sure that he cares little for public sentiment, for with him the good of his country and the suc-

cess of his enterprises are the first and outstanding considerations. He brooks no interference and carries his ideas in the Chamber with the determination of the devil. While Poincaré rules France his word is relentless and his will is law. The people of France now realize these facts and support him in his demands.

He was born in 1860 at Bar-le-Duc, and was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies at the age of twenty-seven in the year 1887, when he was chosen Deputy for Commercy. This was the only political fight of his whole career in which he took a personal part, for in later years his constituents always elected him in his absence. At the age of thirty-three he entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. Ardently republican and profoundly nationalist, he has always received the loyal support of his electors on the banks of the Meuse. For they, ever subject to all the invasions of France and well remembering their sufferings of 1870, understood the necessity of united action. He was elected Senator at forty-three, became Prime Minister at fifty-one, and President of the Republic at fifty-two. During his forty years at the Palais Bourbon and at the Elysée, he served as Deputy for fifteen years and a half, was Senator for ten years, then President of the Republic for seven years, and on relinquishing the highest post in the gift of his country he served seven and a half years more in the Senate. His political record is unique, for he was elected Premier four times, twice named Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, three times Minister

of Foreign Affairs, and thrice he has held the portfolio of Finance; and he has been in power in France for over fifteen years.

He is an indefatigable worker, a profound scholar, and he is endowed with a power of assimilation without effort which is exceptionally rare. Extremely logical and clear minded, he leaves nothing to hazard. Of deep patriotic feeling, he is loyal and devoted, and is above all of sterling probity. In his daily routine his work is prodigious. He sees all, he reads all, he knows all that happens, and directs all, even to the smallest detail. Those who knew him in his boyhood held him always in the highest esteem, and there is a story told that M. Buvignier, the Senator whom Poincaré was destined to replace later in the Upper Chamber, when introducing the young candidate to his electors, said: "Citizens, vote for this young man, I know him. One day he will be President of the Republic."

During his latest term of office of which there is scarcely over one year elapsed, his success has been extraordinary. In July, 1926, panic reigned in France, and the Bank of France notified the Government that it might have to suspend payment. Deposits were diminishing hour by hour and the franc had reached the low level of 49.22 to the dollar and 238.50 to the pound sterling, while the total value of the national securities quoted on the Bourse had dwindled to 97 milliards of francs. This was the situation when Doumergue summoned Poincaré to take over the Government.

On the simple announcement that he was about to

take charge of national affairs, the franc rallied to 42.87 to the dollar and 208.25 to the pound. Immediately confidence was restored and foreign money became available, which raised the reserve to 25 milliards of francs. Money was re-deposited in the savings accounts and temporary stabilization was accomplished at a valuation of 124.025 francs to the pound and 25.545 to the dollar. In July, 1927, the value of the national securities had risen over 37 milliards of francs and had reached a total of 134 milliards. The unbalanced budget of 1926 showed a surplus in 1927. This is Poincaré's record for one year in office. He had repaired the damage done by his predecessor and had placed France on her feet again.

M. Poincaré is a journalist of note. He began his career at the age of twenty, and while still very young published a novel under a feminine pseudonym which was received with appreciation. In 1882 he joined a paper called the *Volontaire* and edited the legal column under the *nom de plume* of Mtre. Aubertin. During later years he has contributed much to the large French dailies, and within the last few months he has collaborated with many foreign newspapers and reviews in which he has discussed the problems arising from the Treaty of Versailles. Besides his journalistic success he is also a writer of the first order and is one of the forty Immortals of the French Academy.

He is one of France's greatest lawyers, and his success at the Bar has been supreme. He is a most versatile man, and it is wonderful that he has been able to ac-

complish so much and to achieve such success in the midst of all the political turmoil with which his life has been surrounded. I believe that he is one of the greatest statesmen of Europe, brilliant, clear-sighted, fearless and successful. His place is among the great men of his country, for France owes him much, and the French people knew what was best for themselves when they recalled him from his retirement of 1924 and placed both their confidence and their Government in his hands.

Gaston Doumergue, the President of France, is a man who shuns spectacular effects. I have not met him, so I cannot speak about his personality. Succeeding as he did M. Millerand, at the very moment of a political and national *débâcle* such as the Herriot Government brought about, he has shown himself to be of sound judgment and good political sense. He has made an excellent President, and he proved himself to be above Party politics when he called Poincaré to the Premiership.

There are two interesting facts about him. He is a bachelor and he is a Protestant. For the first time in the history of France a Protestant holds the highest post. He is very popular, and his breadth of mind earns him the admiration of all people and of all creeds. His position is and has been a difficult one, but he has filled it well and with diplomacy. One hears only the highest praise for the celibate who sits in the Elysée and directs the Government of the land.

France has endured great hardships, and the struggle

from which she has emerged with such splendour and such suffering would have been enough to break the morale of any people; but the Gallic Celt has been too clear minded to allow himself to be infected with unwholesome propaganda. When the hour was darkest, he hesitated not a moment, but called to the President of the Nation—*"C'est Poincaré qu'il nous faut!"* The Frenchman was too coldly reasonable and too sanely nationalist to submit to a Government tainted with radicalism. Through France's own efforts she saved herself.

CHAPTER FOUR

Fascism in the future – public impression of Mussolini – his name – his birth – parents – idea of Rome – education – goes to Switzerland – Lausanne – wanderer – the hodman – expulsion – Zurich – a duel – back home – military service – Professor of French – Secretary of Labour – Trent – Claudia Particella – expulsion from Austria – La Voce – the class war – "Down with War!" – change of mind – "The People of Italy" – "The Fascia of Revolutionary Action" – arrest in Rome – "Trentino and Trieste" – Corporal of Bersaglieri – explosion of trench mortar – justice for soldiers – Bolshevism in Italy – "The Journal of Fighters and Producers" – D'Annunzio and Fiume – political defeat – Nationalism extinguished – elected for Bologna – refuses Ministerial post – "To Rome!" – the Fascist Revolution – offer from the King – Rome – understands mentality of compatriots – Ostia-Mare – the red motor car – the man in white – the Roman salute – many Portfolios – physical characteristics – "My life my masterpiece" – two armies – the Roman ideal – General Bazan – war service – youth of officials – call to arms – liability for service – Fascist organization – The Black Shirt – The Commander-in-chief – "Bene—M." – the Vatican – the Roman question – Cardinal Vannutelli – Mass in the Sistine Chapel – gorgeousness – the setting – Cardinal Merry del Val – the English Spaniard – Ecclesiastical diplomacy – the Democrat of Rome – before the Grill – Perosi – another age – Spiritual Emperor and Temporal King – the Vatican entrance – Soldiers of the Guard – the Palace of the Popes – the waiting room – the Palatine Guard – the private Audience – the Pope – Pius XI – the Servant of the Servants

of God – in full magnificence – the prisoner of the Vatican – Eternity.

Not since the little Corsican died at St. Helena has Europe known a leader like Mussolini. Not since Bonaparte shook Europe with the strength of his personality or made the thrones of Kings and Emperors rock by the stamping of a spurred boot, has the world known such a force as the Dictator of Italy. There is a parallel between the Soldier of the Nineteenth Century and this Leader of the Twentieth. Both disdained democracy, yet both were of the people, and both knew the fallacy of tearing down civilization to the level of the lowest. Both were nationalists. Both were Italians.

Mussolini, like all men of an era, has many enemies, is the object of plots and attacks and the victim of vicious prejudice. That is only natural. Fascism may be called all the damning names of which the mouth of the radical is capable, yet that will not lessen its force one iota nor change the fact that Mussolini with his Fascist legions is the first great check that the world has produced against the dangers of Bolshevism and the Red movement. In future centuries this fact will be admitted, and when the world has returned to sanity his name will live as the leader of that counter-revolution which stemmed the flow of blood that threatened to redden Europe.

Much has been written about Mussolini, and the world as a whole has a very erroneous idea of him. It has become fashionable to picture him as a blacksmith

with a sledge hammer who by sheer brute force has banged his way almost to a throne. Some weave about him a Machiavellian legend of craft and mystery, and attribute to him some diabolic power, while other wiseacres roll their eyes and with knowing wink call him an uneducated opportunist. All are wrong.

I would like to be permitted to do my small share in rectifying these impressions by placing before the public in as short a space as possible the story of the rise of Mussolini, for it is, I believe, the most colourful epic of any man in centuries and far outdoes the most daring scribblers of romance. To begin with, Mussolini is not an uneducated man. Born of a respectable family, through the efforts of his mother while he was a child, and through his own initiative and energy, he has given himself a very thorough training.

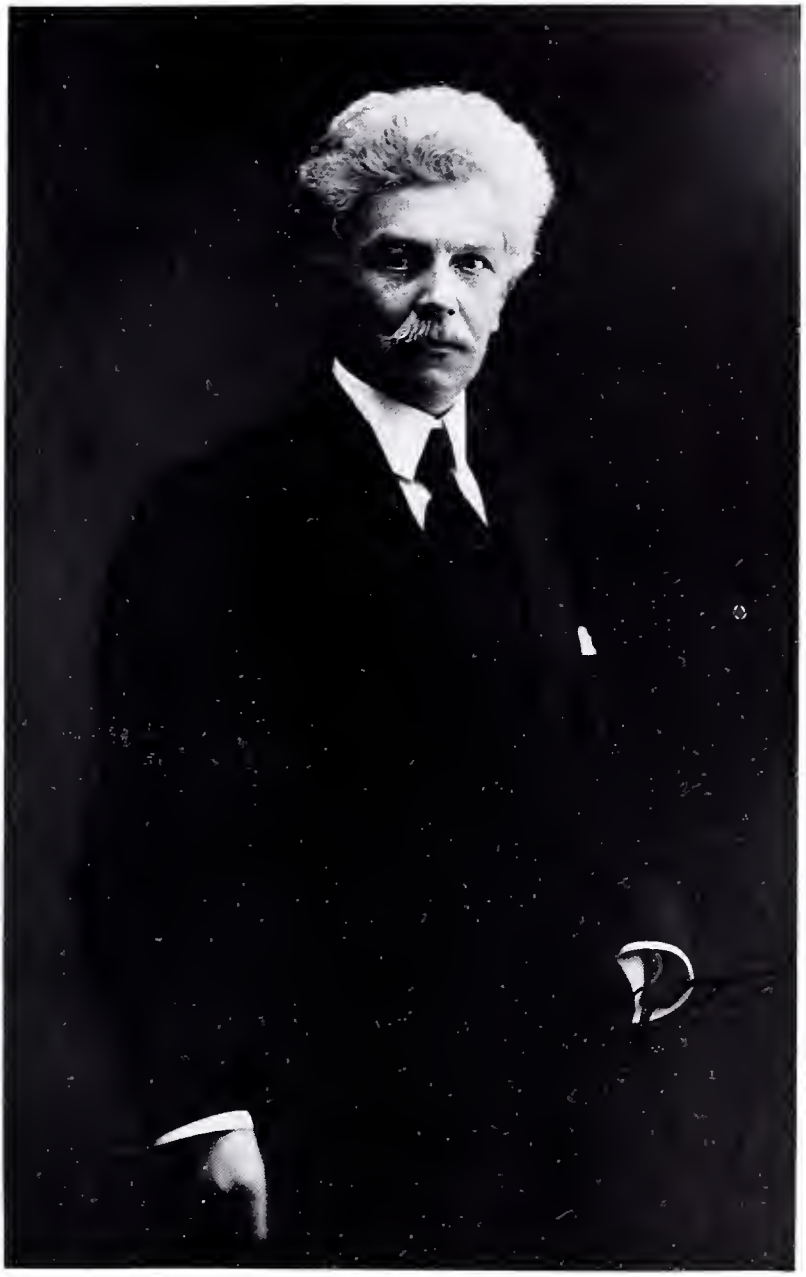
The name Mussolini signifies one who deals in muslin, and dates from the time of the Crusaders. Alessandro Mussolini, his father, was first a blacksmith in the hamlet of Varano di Costa, and later became an innkeeper in the village of Dovia. This Alessandro was quite an exceptional man. At first he was an ardent socialist, then became a republican and was a leader of this movement in his locality. The Signora Rosa Mussolini, his wife, was a particularly high type of woman. She was the schoolmistress of the village and was possessed of a deeply religious nature.

Benito Mussolini was a pure Romagnolo, with all the impetuosity and fire of the Romagna, which has given many men of independent spirit to the Italian nation.

He is a Sunday child, which is regarded there as a propitious omen. He was born on July 29th, 1883, and is therefore now only forty-six. Through devotion to his socialistic creed, Alessandro Mussolini christened his son Benito Jaurès, after the Mexican Revolutionary who led the revolt against Maximilian. As a youngster, the boy attended his mother's school, but later, through her influence and desire that he should continue the religious training which she had begun, he was sent to the College of the Salesian Fathers at Faenza.

There, through the reading of Cæsar and Tacitus he began to learn of Rome, her past and her glories as the mistress of the world. This story fired his youthful imagination and struck an important chord in the future of his life. Often as a child, he watched the stars, and the Milky Way particularly fascinated him, for amongst the peasants of the Romagna it was known as the "Strada di Roma," the road that leads to Rome. The very word Rome lured him, and it became the watchword of his destiny.

When he left the College of the Salesians, he attended the Teachers' Institute at Forlimpopoli, where he took his diploma of schoolmaster, and at the age of eighteen he became an elementary teacher at Gualtieri, in the district of Reggio Emilia. There he had a misunderstanding with the Mayor of the town, who was a cobbler, and with his inborn independence, he told the chief magistrate "to go back to his trade." This ended his career at Gualtieri, and he departed, leaving his



HENRI JASPAR

HIS MAJESTY KING ALBERT

rough peasant's coat behind him as payment for his board. He determined to try his future in Switzerland, so telegraphing to his mother for financial help, he received from her forty-five lire (at that time nine dollars), which severely strained her resources. He first stayed at Yverdon, but soon drifted to Orbe, where he got a job carrying stones in a wheelbarrow to the second story of a building under construction. From there he went to Lausanne, but finding no work he was soon without money or food. At the age of nineteen he was so destitute that he spent his nights under bridges and had to beg to eat.

The sight of the comfort which surrounded him on all sides at Lausanne became unbearable so he wandered over the countryside seeking work wherever he could find it. One morning he was arrested for sleeping under a bridge. This was his first encounter with the law, but later he had many opportunities of looking at an unkind world from the barred windows of a prison.

When in Switzerland, from a hodman he became a mason and finally a skilled labourer. During the winter months when building was suspended he acted as an errand boy for an Italian wine merchant in the Grande Rue at Lausanne, and while at this work he attended the University of Geneva. During this period of his life, which includes the years of 1900 to 1904, he describes himself as "*l'homme qui cherche.*" While a student there he learned French to perfection, as well as a smattering of English, Spanish and German. He met

and associated with many strange people in the little Swiss Republic: Bohemians, Socialists and Nihilist refugees from Russia.

In a short time he found himself in trouble with the authorities, and was expelled from the Canton of Geneva. He made his way to Zurich to continue his studies at the Polytechnique. There he learned his first lesson in German organization and discipline. In time he was expelled from Zurich. He made his way first to Germany and then to Berne, which was one of the few Cantons not closed against him. There he returned to his trade as a stone-mason, but became involved in a dispute with a fellow workman, it is insinuated, over an attractive young woman who kept the humble lodging house where he lived. To settle his difficulty he did the undemocratic thing of fighting a duel with his fellow mason, and for this he was expelled from the whole of Switzerland and deported to Italy.

On arriving home, he was called up for military service in a Bersaglieri Regiment, but he managed to spend most of his time on leave with his father. In the years 1905 and 1906 he again became a teacher in a school at Camena, and during this period he took lessons from a learned prelate of the neighbourhood, Monsignor Candotti, who perfected him in Latin and Greek. From there he went to Tolmezzo, on the Italian Riviera, as Professor of French at the Collegio Ulisse Calvi. In 1908 while on his holidays he took part in a workman's socialist demonstration. This brought about his first encounter with the police of his own

country, for he was arrested and condemned to ten days in prison.

At the close of 1908, he was appointed Secretary of the Socialist Chamber of Labour at Trent with a monthly salary of 120 kronen. There he met Cesare Battisti, who was later to become a great Italian hero, but who at that time was the socialist editor of *Il Popolo*. With him Mussolini collaborated. This was Mussolini's beginning as a journalist. He wrote several theses, notably one on the poetry of Frederick Klopstock, another on the women characters of Schiller's "William Tell," and a volume—"Critical Studies on German Literature." Finally, he published with great success a highly coloured romance called "Claudia Particella," or "The Cardinal's Love," as well as several other works.

After a time he was expelled from Austria, for, notwithstanding his socialist doctrine he wrote several articles on the Italian aspirations in the Trentino, and this act sent him home forthwith.

Back on Italian territory, he became associated with Prezzolini and Papini in a paper called *La Voce*, and then published a monograph "The Trentino as Seen by a Socialist."

In 1910 he returned to Forli as secretary of the local Socialist Association. Then at the age of twenty-eight, he established a paper which caused much discussion, called *La Lotta di Classe* (The Class War). In this he often differed from the main socialist body, and in 1912, together with his associates, he gained

control of the *Avanti* (Forward), the chief socialist organ.

In 1911, he was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for organizing a socialist protest against the War in Tripoli, and in 1912, the circulation of *Avanti* had risen to one hundred thousand copies, and his editorials had produced a profound effect upon the working classes of Italy.

In August, 1914, while still the socialist editor, he led the cry "Abasso La Guerra!" (Down With War!), and threatened a general strike should Italy enter the World War on the side of her erstwhile allies, Germany and Austria. In a short time he applauded the national spirit of the French and Belgian socialists. Then he approved of the Italian mobilization to preserve the neutrality of his country. Shortly after this, realizing Italy's untenable position and feeling the supreme urge of national patriotism, he resigned from the control of *Avanti.* Beginning very modestly, he then established a new paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia* (The People of Italy).

His paper was brilliant, reckless and nationalist. Though still proclaiming himself a socialist, he raised the war-cry and signed his editorials. Through this paper he started the "Fasci of Revolutionary Action," and in a short time he had enrolled great numbers of the youth in this association.

His plea for intervention in the War on the side of the Allies became so riotous that on April 19th, 1916,

he was arrested in Rome, and a few days later he fought a duel with swords with Signor Treves, whom he wounded slightly. He opposed von Bülow's offer to Italy as being unworthy, and started the war-cry "Trentino and Trieste."

On May 24th, Salandra declared War on Austria-Hungary. Mussolini then threw down the pen to take up the rifle, and left for the front with the others of his class of 1884 to serve his country as a private soldier. In a short time he became a corporal in the 11th Bersaglieri, and on February 23rd, 1917, he was severely wounded by the explosion of a trench mortar when he received forty-three wounds, and he refused an anæsthetic when brought back from the front for treatment.

When he recovered sufficiently to walk, he threw his whole being into his paper and he strove with all his strength to preserve and fortify the Italian morale, and there is no doubt but that his work was of great value to his nation.

At the Peace negotiations of 1919, feeling that Italy was not receiving her just deserts *Il Popolo* proclaimed that she should be given Dalmatia and Fiume. He then demanded justice for the men who had recently returned from the trenches for whom no provision had been made. The lira dropped in value and the factories closed down, while thousands were without work. Four months after the Armistice Bolshevism began to appear in Italy, and on the 23rd of March the first group of

Fascisti was organized. This little company of forty-five men was the seed of that great political organization of to-day.

Shortly after this, Mussolini changed the sub-title of *Il Popolo* which had described it as a socialist daily. From this time on it was to be the *Journal of Fighters and Producers*, and he took up the task of checking and obliterating Communism by every means.

This year of 1919 was a dark one for Italy. Strikes were general, and the soldiers returning from the front as well as the citizens in the cities were molested on the streets. A weak and impotent Government could in no way cope with the situation. Everything was at its worst, when Gabriele D'Annunzio with a handful of followers seized Fiume in the name of Italy, only to be repudiated by his own Government. *Il Popolo* rallied to his side. An ungrateful and stupid administration arrested its editor, but the storm of protest became so great that he was released on the following day.

In 1920, during all this strife, Mussolini sought election to the Chamber of Deputies, but was defeated. Affairs in Italy had now reached such a pitch that the socialists sang "The Red Flag" in the Parliament itself when King Victor Emmanuel entered. In all corners there was talk of a dictatorship of the proletariat. The socialists had seized the factories and a Bolshevic court had been set up in Turin, which had condemned and executed two men whose only crime was that they were Fascisti.

The army also had become infected by this fecund

germ, and revolts were breaking out in many places. In Ancona it was necessary to bombard a part of the city in order to subdue the garrison. Nationalism had been extinguished in Italy, and the only light of patriotism left came from the flame kept burning in Fiume by D'Annunzio.

The winter of 1921 was a bloody one. In February the Communists blew up the Diana Theatre in Milan, causing great bloodshed and death among the audience. The funeral of the victims was an impressive one, and at it the Fascist Companies in military formation made their first appearance with Mussolini marching at their head. In this sad procession the bodies were received at the door of the Cathedral by Cardinal Ratti, who was later to become Pope Pius XI. The appearance of the Black Shirts not only calmed the crowd, but preserved order and showed the rising socialist mobs that a counter-revolution had been organized against them by what threatened to become a very formidable force.

On May 16th, 1921, elections were held, and Mussolini was elected for Milan, Bologna and Ferrara. This was a tremendous triumph. He now found himself amongst the law makers of Italy, at the head of a Party of thirty-three members.

The following year socialism made another attempt to gain power, and a general strike was proclaimed. This time Fascism was prepared, and Mussolini's men manned the factories and public services. In a short time they had broken the strike, and Fascism emerged the controlling force in many parts of Italy. Soon the

greatness of his popularity was felt. All those who desired that Italy should return to conditions resembling normal times looked to him to bring this about, and with characteristic fearlessness he declared open warfare upon all those who in any way threatened to wreck his country. In October he was offered the post of Minister without Portfolio. This he refused. On the 24th of that month the Fascists of Naples held a congress. At this, Mussolini appeared wearing the colours of Rome across his black shirt. Here Fascist enthusiasm reached its pinnacle. The shout "To Rome! To Rome!" echoed on all sides. On the 27th the Fascist armies seized the telephone, telegraph and postal services of Cremona, and in no time the greater part of northern and central Italy was in the hands of Mussolini's men.

Perugia was chosen as the geographical headquarters of the Fascist cause, and orders were issued for the mobilization of two hundred and fifty thousand men. Mussolini drew up the plans himself. The Fascist Revolution had begun and it was already called "The March on Rome." Facta was the Prime Minister, and he thought of offering armed resistance but the King prevented him. Then a compromise was attempted by offering posts in the Cabinet to the prominent Fascisti, but it was of no avail. General Sara issued orders to the Fascist legions mobilized at Marinella, Tivoli, Monte Rotondo and Orta:—"At all costs, the March on Rome was to start at dawn on the following Monday!" Mussolini had decided that the Revolution towards reaction was to begin, and the fuse was set. The

headquarters of the Revolution were in the offices of *Il Popolo* at Milan, where Mussolini was established. The Government offered to co-operate with him, but he brushed the suggestion aside and announced that he would leave Milan only at the head of his legions. His enemies soon saw the uselessness of opposing so popular a movement. Next day, on the 29th, he received a message from an aide-de-camp of the King telling him that His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel had placed the destiny of the Kingdom in his hands. That night he left for Rome, and by seven o'clock the following evening his Government was completed, had entered upon its duties and had been sanctioned by the King. Italy once more had a Parliament and Bolshevism was crushed. At dawn that morning the Fascist troops entered Rome. There was but one slight skirmish, and by nightfall Mussolini had despatched them home.

This is the romantic story of that remarkable man of iron and action. This is the truth about his career stripped of sentimental sloppiness and pruned of rancour and mistrust. I give it in all fairness to him, that it may clear up the false impression of anti-Fascist propaganda and that it may put an end to the popular idea that he is simply an uneducated blacksmith who has seized power in Italy.

Mussolini understands well the mentality of his compatriots. He knows their love of the theatrical and the spectacular, and he uses this knowledge to the fullest extent in order to excite in them the national

sentiments necessary to keep crushed the seed of socialism. I once witnessed an excellent example of this. On a Saturday afternoon in July, I had motored to Ostia-Mare with some friends to spend a couple of hours by the sea. A large fleet of Italian warships was anchored off the coast. The squadron was a powerful one, I counted forty-five vessels in all.

While we were standing on the promenade which runs along the sea-front, a powerful, low-slung racing motor car approached followed by a high-powered touring car and preceded by a motor-cycle and side-car. All of these drew up on the other side of the roadway, opposite to where we were standing. Immediately on stopping, the occupants of the motor-cycle and touring car, who were all men, alighted and dispersed amongst the few people who were standing watching the sea.

I did not particularly notice the incident at first, but the colour of the racing car attracted me. It was red, and on either side of the radiator bonnet were large white discs on which were painted a large green four-leaved clover. It could only seat two, and was a very rakish affair without a windshield. One of the occupants, who wore the livery of a chauffeur, immediately got out and stood aside while the other, who had been driving, stood up and placed one foot on the edge of the seat.

He had on a white linen duster cut like a trench coat and held in place by a large belt, a gray felt hat was pulled well down upon his head, and he wore white kid

gloves. With his hands on his hips he stood looking out to sea. His appearance seemed familiar, and when I looked closely I saw who it was. It was Mussolini. I did not expect to see Il Duce under such circumstances or in such an exposed position, where he could so easily have formed a target for any would-be assassin. I stood up and held my hand above my head in the Roman salute, which he returned with much affability.

I spoke to some of the Italians around me who seemed conversant with his doings and they told me that he had come to Ostia to see the fleet. When he was satisfied, he took his seat again and departed, driving his own car. This incident is typical of him. The whole episode was theatrical in every detail and caught the popular imagination of the temperamental people with whom he has to deal. Also, his utter fearlessness and complete exposure to danger could not fail to excite admiration in others who are less moved by the spectacular.

He is the hardest working man in Italy to-day. Besides his position of Premier, he holds and actually administers the Departments of War, Aviation, Marine, Interior, Foreign Affairs, and Corporations, as well as being the actual Commander of the Fascist Militia, that Black-Shirt Army which is ready for any emergency at any moment, and whose first duty is to purge its country of all Soviet or socialist menace.

Personally, Mussolini is not a tall man, but he is extremely broad and powerful, an expert swordsman who fences every day, and an enthusiastic horseman.

Even his pastimes are spectacular and have heightened his popularity with the people. Any morning at about nine o'clock he may be seen in the Roman Zoo, where he enters a cage to fondle his pet lioness. There is no doubt that Mussolini saved Italy from the dangers of Bolshevism, yet, notwithstanding all the stage-craft with which he is surrounded, he is really very modest, and he has refused a high and honourable title because, he said, he is of the people. His motto is well known and is characteristic of him:—"I shall make my own life my Masterpiece."

In Italy to-day there are two armies, the Royal Army of Italy and the National Militia. This is Mussolini's own personal weapon, for it is known as "The Volunteer Militia for National Safety." The name is threat enough to any one who might seek to stir up trouble in the land of the Cæsars. In its organization, his ideal "ROME" is ever present. He has tried to re-create the army of the Roman Empire, not only in its organization but also in its regimental discipline. Unlike the regimental and divisional grades in the Royal Army of Italy and in those of the other European Powers, the ancient Roman organization, names and titles have been resuscitated. To-day the *Squadra* has replaced the Section, the *Manipolo* the Platoon, while the *Centuria* of other days is the Company. The Battalion is now the Cohort and the Legion is the Regiment, while the *Zona* represents the Division.

The ranks of the officers who command these units are also Roman, for the *Capo-Manipolo* is the Lieu-

tenant and the Centurion is the Captain. The *Seniore* and *Console* are respectively the Major and the Colonel. The Brigadier-General is the *Console-Generale* while the *Luogotenente-Generale* (Lieutenant-General) and the *Commandante-Generale* represent the Commanders of the Divisions and the Commander-in-Chief, but Mussolini has been given the supreme Roman title of all, *Dux,* and he is everywhere known as Il Duce.

The headquarters of this force is in the Ministry of the Interior and not in that of War. There, General Enrico Bazan, the Chief of Staff, has his office. He described to me the whole organization and object of the force. General Bazan is a man in the middle fifties and has had long service in the Italian Army where he served with distinction, and rose during the War to the rank of General-of-Division. He is of medium height and does not look Italian. He is bald and wears *pince-nez* glasses, but he is particularly active, both physically and mentally. He was most affable and spared himself no amount of trouble in order that I should be thoroughly conversant with the object of the force he administered.

I was presented to him by Commendatore Freddi, the Secretary-General of the "Italian Fascist Organization in Foreign Lands." This hard-worked secretary impressed me by his youth, as did all those who surround Il Duce. He seemed barely thirty. This is particularly noticeable at Mussolini's office in the Palazzo Chigi and at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In other countries I was always met by men matured in years

of service and experience. Old diplomats and officials still tangle the red tape of Europe in almost all her capitals save Rome. There all is youth. From Il Duce to the messengers, all are young and enthusiastic, while some of those who administer the offices and departments seem scarcely more than boys. From this fact, action has become the watchword, and youth is the threat to the slightest whisper of socialism or sedition.

General Bazan was the exception. Probably his years of soldier service have earned for him his place at the head of the Army of Public Safety, perhaps also his youthful enthusiasm for Fascism and its aims has kept him in the ranks of the young.

While I was talking to him an orderly entered. He saluted in the Roman way, with his right arm fully extended from the shoulder, palm outwards, for this is the salute of the Fascist Legions and is intended to indicate the Roman origin of the Force. The General told me that in the month of May, two years previous, ninety thousand young Fascists had been called to arms as an antidote to socialist activities. He said that there were now two hundred and forty thousand Black-Shirt soldiers enrolled in the Militia. All these live at home, but a small permanent nucleus of thirteen hundred is maintained to serve on the administrative staff. The Force is essentially one of peace, and is preserved for service within the frontiers of Italy. In case of war all those who are liable for service in the Royal Army must join their battalions, while the others who owe not

this duty remain in the Fascist Legions to serve wherever they may be used to best advantage.

"Our Force," he said, "was created by a Decree-law of the King. Our men swear allegiance to the person of the King; our object is to oust Communism and to preserve public order." He told me that it is distributed throughout the Kingdom on a territorial divisional basis, and that every man retains his uniform and equipment at his home. Every Sunday they have military exercises and manœuvres, while much musketry training is practised. "Added to this," he said, "we have sports and games." The Force is mainly infantry, although there are cyclists, motor-cyclists and machine-gunners.

In Italy the Fascist Army is ubiquitous and efficient. Everywhere you go you see the Black-Shirt. He is respected and feared by all, especially by those who disapprove of Mussolini's régime. The weapon used to purge the Country of socialism was appropriate indeed. Castor oil was administered forcibly by the Fascisti to all who attempted to foster sentiments of Communism or who opposed the national aspirations of the Italian race.

I asked General Bazan who was the Commander-in-Chief.

He answered, "Il Duce."

"Surely," I said, "a man so busy as Mussolini can hardly take an active part in such an organization as this!"

He handed me across his desk the "Orders of the

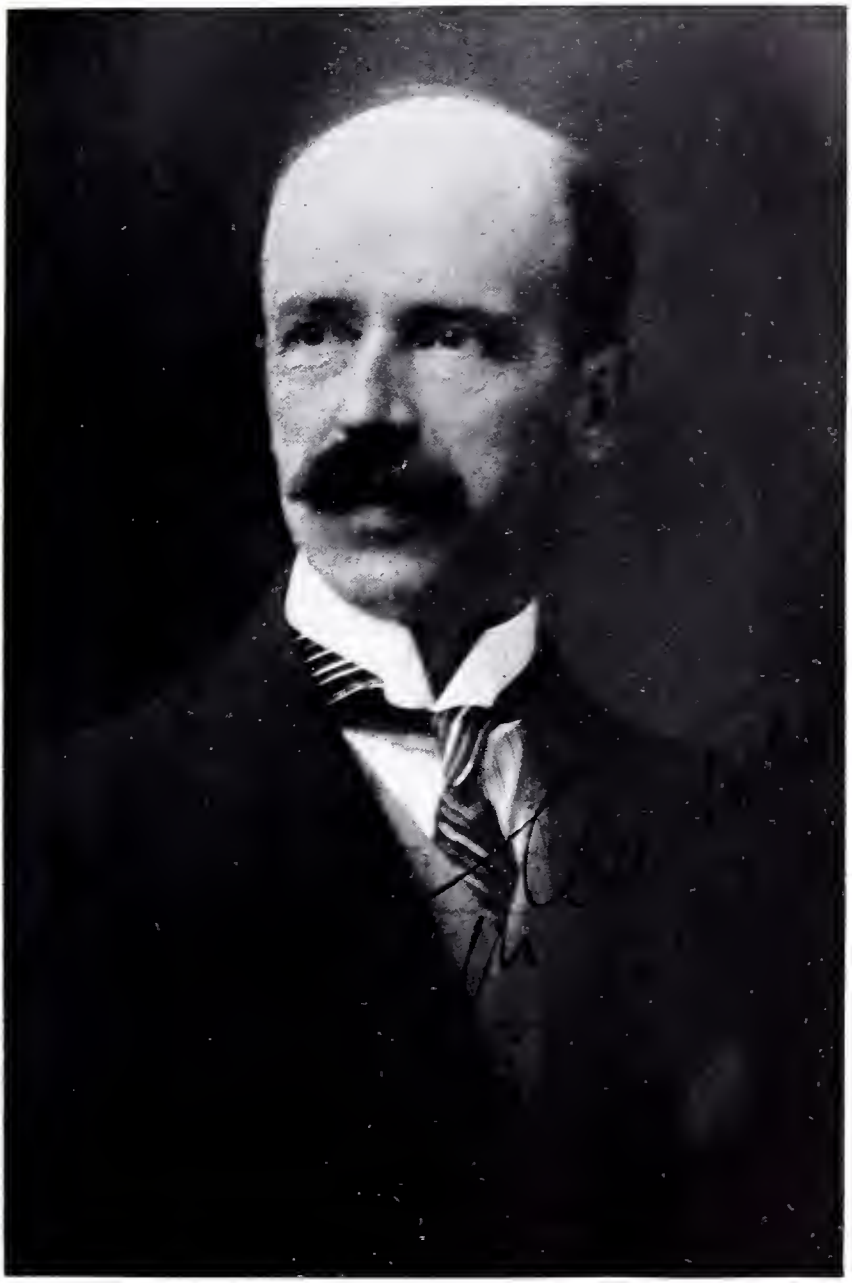
Day." "There, you can see for yourself," he answered.

Across each paragraph was scribbled approval or disapproval in the handwriting of Mussolini himself—"BENE—M" told the tale of his satisfaction, or a dash of a blue pencil his condemnation. Every day all orders and daily reports have to be submitted to him. He reads them carefully and authoritatively. He commands in person the Fascist Army. The sight of these Black-Shirt legions is a striking menace to all who would be so foolishly temerarious as to interfere with Italian nationalism, and it is well that this should be.

There is in Rome another force which is not Italian, but universal. That is the Vatican. Though Fascist Italy to-day is the epitome of nationalism, the Vatican is the apotheosis of the universal. Yet, there exist between them the most cordial relations that have reigned since the breaching of the Porta Pia.

For some time many who are closely in touch with the Head of the Church believe that, after almost sixty years, Mussolini will solve the Roman question, and that the Pope shall once more step forth from his Palace Prison to take his place among the Sovereigns of the world. In 1927 Cardinal Vannutelli, with prophetic insight, told me that he expected Il Duce to heal the wound that exists between the Church and State.

One has to go to the Vatican to understand it, and to realize its magnitude. I remember during the reign of Pius X attending a Pontifical Mass to celebrate the anniversary of his Coronation. It was sung in the Sis-



COUNT BETHLEN

HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY

tine Chapel. The setting was of the Middle Ages, so far removed from the humdrum of the modern world that it seemed like an extraordinary dream all made up of colour, incense and music. The tradition of centuries was called into use, and the magnificence of countless generations was brought again into being to serve the dictates of its master, the Church of Ages.

The scene was of utter gorgeousness. The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo looked down upon pigmy man, gathered there under the light of great sedate, towering candles which flickered on the altar. The procession of Prelates entered the Sanctuary. Cardinals in scarlet and lace were the first. Tall, magnificent men, the cream of the brains of Europe, the highest trained diplomats in the world whose hands held the silken strings that bound to Rome the faith of many nations. Serious-faced thinkers with deep-set pensive eyes moved like flame-red phantoms to the places they were to occupy. Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli, the Dean of the Sacred College, six feet four and almost eighty, yet straight as a rod, walked at their head, and with slow measured step he led his brothers. Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, Cardinal Deacons entered according to their seniority and grouped themselves around the altar.

Then followed the Archbishops, Bishops, Mitred Abbots, Monsignori; all passed in gorgeous purple. Then came the black-robed Priests and the rough brown cassocks and sandals of the Friars and the Franciscans, while Noble Guards, Swiss Guards and Palatine Guards

stood in their brilliant uniforms at the stations which their prestige demanded.

When all were placed, Cardinal Merry de Val entered, for the Pope being ill was unable to sing the Mass. He occupied one of the most important offices in Europe, for he was the Secretary of State, and directed the foreign policy of the Vatican Government. He is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. Extremely tall, his origin and mien are most aristocratic. Notwithstanding his Spanish ancestry he is an Englishman to the finger tips, for he was born in London where his father was the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, and where his brother holds that same post to-day. His education is English, and speaking to him it is difficult to think of him as anything else.

It is impossible anywhere else in the world to find the same brilliancy and profundity of mind and training as amongst the Princes of the Church. They are picked from the most outstanding men in the whole hierarchy of that enormous body. In Europe, sons of the highest lineage are trained from infancy for the career of ecclesiastical diplomacy, yet men of a less exalted sphere have risen through the sterling worth of their own mental prowess.

This is the Democracy of Rome in which all are equal, but in which ability draws one up to the level of one's attributes. Birth is no barrier and brains are the password. The highest training and the tradition of twenty centuries are always at the disposal of the Mother Church.

In front of the grill in the Sistine Chapel sat the members of the Roman nobility and the Knights of the Orders of Chivalry, wearing upon their uniforms the crosses of their caste. Knights of the Holy Sepulchre dressed in white and red with flowing capes of snow-white wool knelt beside the green and silver of those of Saint Gregory, or the black and gold of the other Orders. Ambassadors and Ministers of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See on bended knee did homage for their countries.

On the wall to the right was a box-like platform and on it were the members of the Sistine Choir. There was no organ. Softly at first, then swelling to great volume these trained voices seemed like some strange unknown instrument. They sang a Mass by Perosi, and that great modern master of ecclesiastical chant directed them himself. This was not so long before the sad calamity overcame him and closed to the world one of its greatest musical geniuses.

The whole scene was of another age, for the Vatican never grows old. The ritual, the vestments, the uniforms, the habits of the monks and missionaries were just what they were five hundred years before. The modern limousine might roll silently to the doors where of old pawed the steeds in panoply, but once the portals passed, there is no time and all is an unending present.

Pope Pius XI, who to-day wears the triple crown of the Papacy, commands at his bidding three hundred and thirty million subjects. These are his children in

the Faith who owe him their spiritual allegiance and who look to him for their religious authority.

The Spiritual Emperor is also a temporal King. When Victor Emmanuel seized the Papal States, he never formally annexed the territory covered by Saint Peter's, the Vatican and the Gardens. These are lands which have no Sovereign but the Pope, and are not part of the Kingdom of Italy. Even Mussolini has proclaimed this in the name of his country. Within their narrow limits no flag is unfurled save the Gold and White Standard of the Church's Head. The Pope alone holds sway, and the Keys of Peter are his sceptre.

It was with a certain feeling of emotion that I received the card from the Papal messenger which informed me that His Holiness would receive me in private audience. I had been many times in the Vatican, where I had come into contact with those who serve the Government of the Church, but I had never met the Head around whom all revolves. I had become accustomed to the all-embracing colonnade of Saint Peter's Square, that masterpiece of Bernini, and the great splashing fountains that waved their plumes of spray, teased the sun rays into rainbows and spilt their waters on the flagstone pavement throughout the lives of many men. Yet, it was always with a sense of fascination that I entered the great Bronze Door at the end of the colonnade which serves as the business entrance to the Vatican Palace. The sight when I entered ever seemed unreal, the size of the great corridor and the sentry of

the Swiss Guard who shoulders his halberd and directs your movements.

Here the soldiers of the Guard sit around on benches, dressed in the uniform which Michael Angelo designed for them. These men in the blue, yellow and red of their mediæval doublets and loose, beribboned breeches, their neck-ruffles and flopping berets, seemed to have stepped from the canvas of some old master. When you enter here the Twentieth Century is no more. Another world, another age is resuscitated again, and dull reality seems passed away.

In the full glare of the noon of a Summer day I left for the Vatican. To reach the entrance to the Pope's apartments one must drive around behind Saint Peter's. Through two courts you pass till you find yourself in the great Main Court of San Damaso. There you enter the Palace of the Popes by the large door where stand the Papal footmen wearing their chains of office, and members of the Vatican Gendarmerie in the full dress uniform of their Corps. You mount the magnificent marble staircase to the second floor, where you are met by sentries of the Swiss Guards in their motley costumes. You pass through the wonderful Sala Clementina with its marbles and its frescoes, where a squad of Swiss Guards are always on duty during receptions. Next you enter the beautiful room known as the Antecamera Bassa, where Papal servants dressed as Chamberlains in red brocade relieve you of your hat and overcoat.

When I entered there, I found many priests and many people. The black evening dress which the protocol ordains to be worn by the laity was bizarre and striking in the full glare of noon, but the purple of the Prelates added the colour necessary to soften the hardness of the black. Bearded missionaries with sun-tanned skins had come to see the Holy Father, and little nuns moved noiselessly about like small blackbirds in their tight-fitting bonnets, or Sisters of Charity stood silently in their picturesque fly-away caps. Tourists and faithful, rich and poor, rubbed elbows in this Palace of strange equalities.

A red-clad servant led me through the Sala del Cantone, where a whole Company of the Palatine Guard were drawn up, standing at ease and leaning on their rifles. This was a beautiful corner room, and led into the Sala degli Arazzi. There huge Gobelin tapestries hung upon the walls, a gift to the Popes of the past from Louis XV of France. These are the rooms set aside for Papal audiences. All around the walls were grouped the faithful who were to be received in public audience. As I was the only person to be received privately, I was hurried forward to another room less gorgeous, where a bevy of young ecclesiastics headed by an elderly superior, waited to see the Head of the Church.

I was left for a few moments in the Pope's gorgeous Throne Room, where a Monsignor from a foreign land and a white-robed Dominican sat waiting. This was the Throne Room of a Sovereign in fact as well as in

name. On the floor was a rare carpet of Spanish make which had been presented to Pope Leo XIII, while the lower part of the walls were of silk brocade and on the upper part and on the ceiling were frescoes of the Renaissance. At either side of the room were gold and onyx wall tables, each flanked by great gilt candelabra high upon pedestals. At the end was the gilded Throne shaded by a canopy of red and gold, upon which were blazoned the Arms of Pius XI, an eagle spread and three cannon balls were there to tell the speed of fleeting life, and over all, the Tiara and Keys of Peter to proclaim the everlasting Church.

I was kept waiting but a short time when Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, the Pope's secretary, brought me through the sentries into the Sala del Tronetto. There stood several Officers of the Noble Guard, that body of aristocratic giants whose requisites for enlistment are nobility of unquestioned proof and physical perfection. In a few moments they disappeared and I was alone. The room was less resplendent than the others. A small golden Throne ornamented with the Arms of some former Pope stood at the end. The furniture was scarce, yet of the usual beauty. Gold and marble wall tables were placed against the crimson silk of the walls, and a large oil painting of Benedict XV looked down upon me, while across the top of the door a marble slab bore the name PAULUS QUINTUS.

In a few moments the door of the Pope's study opened, and the Pope entered accompanied by his suite. This was the Pontifex Maximus, around whose person

revolved the whole administration of the Church, the Sovereign of the See of Peter. Of medium height, this white-robed Prelate came in with great simplicity. He has the appearance of the student and the reader, and his face wears the concentrated mien of one who lives in books, while the thick eye-glasses he has to wear denote his life of labour. He spoke French to me when he mentioned my native Canada in a soft mellow voice, and before leaving me he raised his hand in the Papal Benediction.

When he left me he entered the other apartments to meet the Prelates and the Pilgrims. "The Servant of the Servants of God" had come and gone in the solemn magnificence of a Sovereign. When he had passed I approached the door of the room where the faithful were gathered. There, on bended knee were people from many climes holding in their hands rosaries and religious objects for the Pope to bless. Wealthy women in black mantillas held out medals of gold and prayer beads of real pearls, while little nuns implored his blessing upon their modest little beads of wood and medals of nickel and aluminium. In that room many tongues were spoken, and many religions bent their knees in the presence of the Holy Man, for a large percentage of those who seek audiences with the Pope are not Catholics, but members of other Christian creeds.

This was the Church in its full magnificence. Raphael, Fra Angelico, Sandra, Roselli and Michael Angelo live again upon the ceilings and the walls to

lay their genius before the Papal Throne. This is the Church of Ages in the full circumstance of its storied centuries. Gorgeous, colourful, efficient and austere, it carries on. And the Crown of Peter rules for ever.

Pius XI is the scholar. In his prison of the Vatican he feels the bonds of his isolation. Before he ascended the throne of the Popes he was an indefatigable mountaineer who spent his holidays among the peaks of the Alps. His father was the director of some mills in Northern Italy, so his origin is unlike that of his predecessor, Benedict XV, who was a nobleman of ancient lineage, for birth does not exist under the Papal Crown. Pius X, the holiest of them all, who soon will have his place in the Calendar of Saints, lived his simple life in its golden setting always retaining the simplicity of the soil so dear to the peasant stock from which he came.

The lives of Popes or people are but a moment in the Church, for it knows no time. Centuries and eras are the beads of its chaplet, and the orbit of the earth revolves unnoticed.

CHAPTER FIVE

Belgium – serious people – theatres – anti-foreign sentiment – Foreign Office – lunch at the Cercle Gaulois – Prince Varnvaidya – Oriental culture – silent dignity of the East – the speeches – Henri Jaspar – American Club – Hugh Gibson – "How is Your Excellency" – Ministry of the Colonies – artist and dreamer – silent person – Jaspar's career – his conversation – Parties in the Chamber – Emile Vandervelde – unlike the Premier – very deaf – political life – his office – Walloons – and Flamands – national security – the King – his position – the Royal Palace – Belgian sentries – Commandant Van Coubergh – ideal A.D.C. – the King's work-room – Albert of Belgium – personal charm – great memory – interest in his subjects – Working King – "Send that to the Royalist Press" – great simplicity – Bernard Partridge's War cartoon – "No, not my soul."

I HAD been many times in Belgium both before and since the War. There, the thrift and seriousness of the country always impressed me as being somewhat overpowering. All the gayety seemed to belong to the outsiders and very little to the people. All seemed too prosperous or too conscious of their prosperity to really enjoy life, or else they fooled me by taking their pleasures seriously. Even at their sea-side resorts the foreigner only is the gay one, and the laughter is imported from other lands.

The Belgian is a strange mixture. In many ways he is

like the Frenchman on one hand and like the German on the other. To Brussels he congregates from all the Provinces, and it is there one sees all classes. He sits in the cafés and sips his coffee like a Frenchman or drinks his beer like a German. His theatres are characteristic, for nearly all those in the Capital are cheap editions of the Paris article with a sprinkling of heavy Flemish wit thrown in to help local appreciation and to give weight to the performance.

In 1927, there was a strange anti-American and anti-British wave rolling over France, and this was reflected in Belgium to an enormous extent. In all the music halls of Brussels constant unsympathetic remarks were hurled at Americans particularly. This appeared to me as the height of bad taste in view of the fact that so much money had been subscribed by the American people for the rebuilding of Belgian monuments and Belgian ruins. This was not Belgian, but rather a French importation which might easily have been left out by the theatrical producers.

I had had some relations with the Belgian Foreign Office in 1920 which had been exceedingly cordial, so I felt myself no stranger when I returned there in 1927. I was frankly on tour as a journalist and they showed me every courtesy and consideration, and spared no amount of trouble in making my stay as agreeable and successful as possible.

My first close contact with the General Departmental heads and with the Diplomatic Corps in 1927 was an interesting one. It was at a lunch at the *Cercle Gaulois*,

a well-known Brussels Club much frequented by foreigners, where I assisted as the guest of Mr. Yves Lamontagne, the representative of the Canadian Government in the Belgian Capital. It was given in honour of Monsignor His Most Serene Highness Prince Varnvaidya, the Siamese Ambassador to the Court of Saint James and to the Court of King Albert of Belgium. He was making an official visit to thank the Belgian Government for a Treaty which had just been concluded with his country.

Coming from a Western land which is still in the creeping stage of diplomacy, I would neither have been surprised nor disappointed to have met a galaxy of barbaric splendour or of Oriental magnificence compared with which the European statesmen would have appeared as mere shopwalkers or hotel waiters. Instead, I met a very charming and highly cultivated young man, dressed in the most correct of Bond Street tailordom. He was slim, but tall for an Oriental. Although rather dark, his features were well defined, and his perfect teeth set off a very contagious smile. There was about him that quiet dignity, almost the silent dignity of the East of which we Westerners know so little, and his personality was very pleasing. I was sitting quite near him at lunch that day and I had an excellent opportunity of studying him.

The speeches were limited to two, a feature that could easily be imitated with advantage at ceremonies of a like nature on the American side of the Atlantic. After the Chairman had spoken a few words of greet-

ing, His Most Serene Highness made a very finished little speech in most perfect French with scarcely a trace of an accent. There emanated from him a polish which was much too finished for a European, and even his gestures had a feminine fineness about them. There were present many Foreign Envoys who were accredited to Belgium, and I must admit that the Siamese Ambassador was capable of holding his position with those of any country in Europe.

I have met many of the Belgian leaders, and I had the good fortune to meet Monsieur Henri Jaspar, the Prime Minister, on two occasions. Once in his office at the Ministry of the Colonies and again at the American Club in Brussels, where he was the guest at a lunch presided over by His Excellency the Honourable Hugh Gibson, the American Ambassador. Mr. Gibson is a tremendous favourite with the Belgian people, for he was Councillor at the American Embassy when the War broke out, and he did a great deal to help that betrayed little land. He afterwards married a Belgian lady, Mlle Raynjens. This has all the more enhanced his popularity in the country to which he is accredited. Immediately after the lunch he was surrounded by his compatriots, where true American banter was in order. I had just spoken to him when a pompous little man from the U. S. A. said in sonorous tones:

"How is Your Excellency?"

Gibson snapped back with a grin: "My Excellency is all right! How is yours?"

I called upon Monsieur Jaspar at his office in the

Ministry of the Colonies. Although a large and sumptuous room, it was a modest one for a Prime Minister, for in Continental Europe men in that station generally occupy suites that were the erstwhile homes or playgrounds of deceased or departed Royalty, and surround themselves with much that was once the pomp of Kings.

M. Jaspar is a smallish man and gives one the impression of being a dreamer. He has the appearance of an artist of the old times in Montmartre, but of an exceptionally well-groomed artist, if such a thing were possible. His eyes are light and dreamy, the tired eyes of a thinker, while his skin is that of a child. He has a mass of thick white hair which he wears quite long, and a white moustache which would delight the heart of a Victorian era Englishman; its form is perfect and there is not a hair out of place. He always seems to be dressed in black, like a Frenchman on Sunday, and impresses one by his sincerity and his devotion to Belgium.

He is really a silent person and devoid of all that is spectacular, which one is so wont to seek in Continental statesmen. His voice is particularly agreeable and he speaks slowly and with precision. He was born at Schaerbeek-Brussels in 1870, and before entering politics had a brilliant career at the Bar. He became Minister of Economics under Delacroix in 1918, then Minister of the Interior, and finally he assumed the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1921. This he held until 1924, when he became Prime Minister of

Belgium, and since the War he has been a delegate to many of the International Conferences, notably, those of London, Paris, Cannes and Geneva.

M. Jaspar is never voluble and in personal conversation he speaks in an undertone. I remarked to him that I found Belgium much more French than on my last visit, which was not long after the German evacuation. This to him seemed quite natural, for he said that a French *rapprochement* was inevitable owing to a common language and to the fact that the seat of the Belgian Government had been on French soil during the War, together with the co-operation which is ever necessary with this powerful neighbour. But he added: "With England also, for our economic relations have become very close in the stabilization of our currency."

In the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, M. Jaspar leads the Catholic Party, the extreme Right, which in British countries would correspond with the Conservative group. The Left, or Democratic Socialists, have also their leader to represent them in the Cabinet. Monsieur Emile Vandervelde, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, defends their programme in the Council of the Nation.

M. Vandervelde is completely unlike the Premier. He is a large and ponderous man, somewhat bald, but his hair and beard are black. He is short-sighted and wears thick glasses, but his great handicap is his deafness which obliges one to speak very loudly to be heard. He is more cordial than M. Jaspar, and much more open in his conversation, for he is prepared to discuss all

the topics of the day or of his country without any attempt at camouflage.

He was born in a suburb of Brussels, and like the Premier, he is a lawyer by profession. He has had a seat in the Belgian Cabinet since 1914, and during the War served on most of the committees. He represented his country at the Peace Conference and signed the Treaty of Versailles. He is a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes of the new University, and is a member of the Royal Academy. He has written extensively and is the author of numerous works on sociology. I had seen M. Vandervelde in America, but I met him recently in Brussels, where he occupies the very gorgeous rooms of the Foreign Office on the Rue de la Loi. There is one thing at which Europeans excel. It is in the environment in which they place their important men. The Chamber of Deputies, flanked on either side by the row of Departmental Ministries with their not unimposing exteriors, faces the beautiful Square opposite the Royal Palace, with its colonnade and its pavilions.

In these offices the Chief Ministers of State sit in settings which are really in accordance with their rank, and this does much to enhance the prestige of their positions. As a suitable frame is important for a picture, so also the surroundings of public men, for they are part of the Government of the nation and the nation gains by their prestige.

M. Vandervelde spoke to me a great deal about the conditions which the War brought about in his country, and of the difficulties connected with its rehabilitation.

HORTHY MANSION AT CANDARES

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT

He also explained to me the relations existing between the various Parties in the Chamber of Deputies, where a coalition Government of Centrists, Liberals and Socialists administer the land. But most of all, he discussed the eternal question of Belgium's dual language and the constant misunderstanding between the Walloons and the Flamands. This question of dual race has been a knotty one for many years and has been the source of much division and discussion amongst the members of the Belgian Chamber.

The feeling between the French and the Flemish-speaking Belgians is never cordial. Though both are thoroughly national, they are fundamentally different in temperament and mentality. The question of their respective languages is ever preventing their co-operation. M. Vandervelde explained to me that before the War the Walloons were very Francophile on account of their common origin and tongue, while the Flamands, who inhabited the lands adjacent to the German frontier and who were to a great extent represented by the Centre Party in the Chamber, looked to Germany as a land of law and order, but he explained: "The War has changed all that, and though they still disagree on many internal matters they are thoroughly united on all matters which pertain to their nationality and to their state."

When speaking of Belgium's national security, he said, "I consider Great Britain as the best guarantor of Belgium's independence, and I realized that when Britain entered the War, Belgium was safe."

M. Vandervelde is a very sane socialist, and I believe that his socialism is tainted with much too national and patriotic a spirit to be understood in the English sense of that term.

Of all the men in Belgium there is one who towers over all others. This is His Majesty the King. There is no other Sovereign in Europe who occupies so unique a position, not only amongst his people but in the eyes of the whole world. I was most anxious to meet this man who through his self-sacrifice and heroism has made himself the idol of two continents. It was therefore with great pleasure that I received a telephone message from the Royal Palace telling me that I was to be received alone at a quarter to twelve on the following day.

The Palace which the King occupies in Brussels faces the Rue Royale, opposite the beautiful park. It is a long and rather low building which extends the whole width of the square and is flanked on the corners by pavilions, which serve as quarters for the Guard, while the centre portion is a long and handsome colonnade in classic style. I arrived five minutes before the appointed time, and passed the sentries. There is something so forlorn-looking about Belgian sentries that they seem to evoke pity, for they always appear tired, stand very much at ease and lean dejectedly upon the muzzles of their rifles.

On entering, I asked for the Aide-de-Camp-in-waiting. I was ushered into a large and gorgeously furnished room, but I scarcely had time to notice its contents when

I was greeted by a very dapper little officer, the Commandant Van Coubergh, A.D.C. to the King, who impressed me as having been born for the post he occupied, for he was swift, silent and efficient. After the usual politenesses he disappeared for a moment and returned to tell me that the King was waiting.

He conducted me across the full width of the building, through the great corridors, to a large and luxuriously furnished room which served as an ante-chamber to the Royal Office. A door in the corner led into the private workroom of Albert the First. It was a small and businesslike office, really much less pretentious than many of those of the heads of great corporations in America.

In the centre of the room was a large desk piled high with papers, books and files. Bookshelves filled with volumes of reference, many of them in English, stood on the four sides, and some fine paintings adorned the walls. It was the room of a worker, and at the desk sat Albert of Belgium, doing his daily task like every other man in his Kingdom. He arose when I entered and extended his hand. His great height impressed me immediately; he must be over six foot two, and is very slim. His shoulders are slightly drooping, but if these were square he would look a giant. He wore a plain khaki uniform without ornament or decoration. It did not look new and gave him the appearance of extreme simplicity which so characterizes him. His hair is fair and abundant, and his smile is most ingratiating. He welcomed me and bade me be seated. He immediately

plied me with questions about Canada and the Canadians with whom he had come into contact during the War. His memory is extraordinary, for he had a most accurate idea not only of their names but of their civilian occupations.

He spoke to me of a voyage he had made to Canada thirty years before, and he had many vivid recollections of a boat trip down the Saint Lawrence to Quebec, where he had stayed at the Château Frontenac. He takes a very keen interest in his subjects who emigrate to foreign lands, and was most anxious to hear news of how the Belgian settlers were progressing in the Canadian West, and of their callings and conditions.

King Albert is a working King. When a youth, before he became heir to the Throne, he came to America and worked as a journalist on a Western newspaper. He is a King who knows the life of his people, the sufferings of the poor and the horrors of war. This has left its mark upon him, for when he is serious his face takes on a sad look, but this entirely disappears when he smiles, and when he signed his photograph for me he joked, saying that it made him look younger than he really was.

His interest in his people is very great, and on one occasion M. Vandervelde read a letter in the Chamber of Deputies which so pleased the Socialists and coincided so well with their views that he was greeted with cries of: "Send that to the Royalist Press!" He turned to the enthusiasts and called back: "Do you know who wrote that? . . . Your King!"

There is a complete absence of anything about him which would denote any pomp or pose, but there is much majesty in his simplicity, and this is his chief characteristic. Throughout all the years of the War he was always the same, and during that terrible time he lived in mud and blood like the humblest subject in his realm. He served his people in time of strife and now he labours for them in time of peace. But he has achieved a conquest, for he has become their idol. His name to them is a synonym of their country. They include him personally in the affection they feel for Belgium, so that though he suffered mightily, he has lived to feel the satisfaction of a deep love which has been reserved for very few.

When I was taking leave of him, there flashed across my mind Bernard Partridge's famous War cartoon, in which the King is represented as standing dishevelled amid the ruins of Ypres, facing the Kaiser, who is saying to him—"Give in, you have lost all!"—and to which he is answering—"No, not my soul!"

CHAPTER SIX

Stripped of all through the War – Reign of Terror – Karolyi and Bolshevism – the Hungarian Peasant – victim of the Reds – stability of Government – the Chamber – Tibor Zsitovay – the Council Room – the Speaker's office – his youth – Parliament and Peasant – pride of Peasantry – Count Bethlen – keeps a secret – his family – flight during Karolyi revolution – his Treaty with Italy – difficulties after the War – economic life disrupted – chaos in the country – the Regency – sufferings of the middle class – help from the League of Nations – industrial improvement – failure of guarantee to minorities – gratitude to England – "Did you meet Bethlen?" – the Crown of Saint Stephen – Admiral Horthy – the sailor – career at sea – bombardment of Mount Lovcen – Commander of the Navy – wounded in action – Commander of the National Army – march on Budapest – Kanderes – the Hungarian Plain – national costume – the Mansion – the sailor ashore – perfect English – the pictures – fearlessness – "Lady" – the buffalo – the huntsmen – Madame Horthy – "Such a handsome couple" – the Admiral on horseback – lonesome for the sea – chivalrous sportsman – Count Paul Teleki – Professor and Diplomat – Hungarian Minorities – the Treaties – Baron Bournemisza – the Archduke Albrecht – his knowledge – French characteristics – Hapsburg and Magyar – his popularity – delightful Hungary – the serenade.

THERE is one bulwark against Bolshevism in Europe and that is the Kingdom of the Magyar. Notwith-

standing all that Hungary has suffered at the hands of her neighbours, she still retains a mental stability which is extraordinary. She has gone through much, for during the period of her power she was a self-contained State. The great Hungarian plain was surrounded by mountains which supplied her with the wood and minerals so necessary for her daily life. These have now been taken from her and nothing but a part of the plain remains. To-day she is without wood to build with, stone for her roads, minerals or salt. Only the ever-unbroken horizon of this great stretch of level land may now be seen within the borders of the State.

Transylvania and the Banat, the most fertile parts of the country, have been cut away and now lie mostly within the confines of Roumania. Jugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia have also claimed their prizes, and now the proud Magyar is but a peasant and herdsmen who shepherds his flocks or reaps his grain in the little land where once the Kingdom of Saint Stephen stood.

After the War Hungary had her Reign of Red Terror, when Count Michael Karolyi betrayed the trust which his King had placed in him, and handed his country over to Bela Khun and his communist mob. For over five months this horde overran the land carrying out wild atrocities to the accompaniment of the war-cry: "Extermination to the Aristocracy, the Capitalists and the Peasants!" It is amusing to note that the peasant was especially pointed out as an object worthy of vengeance, but for once the Reds were right when they realized that the stability of the land lay directly in

the hands of those who tilled the soil and drew their living from the very body of their native country.

The Hungarian peasant is a very sober fellow, and was not in the least moved by the communist promises, and many paid the price of their conservatism by being hanged in their own orchards. This Red revolution was much abetted by the vacillating policy of the Allied Missions and did much damage to the country in general, but it taught the Hungarian people the truth about Bolshevism and as a result it has created a natural bulwark in central Europe against this form of national perversion.

Hungary never lost her head. To-day the Government is a very strong one. All the serious Parties are in it, and the Left consists of but a handful of socialists. Everything there is orderly and well run, even the precedence of the National Officials is established by statute. The first person in the land is the Regent, the second is the Premier and the third is the President of the Chamber.

I was present once during a debate in Parliament. It was a very hot day in June, and I watched the dispassionate way the proceedings were carried on. The Chamber is now too big. The beautiful Parliament Buildings set on the banks of the Danube were built while Hungary was still great. The splendid dome and the many cupolas can be seen for miles and are a worthy setting for the Government of this proud and aristocratic race. The buildings are quite new and the decoration is very national. Statues of the local types have

been worked into the ornamentation and a Magyar touch is present in every corner.

The sitting of the Chamber was presided over by Monsieur Tibor Zsitovay. He impressed me as being a very young man for such an important office. He was then about forty-three and he enjoys great popularity with the members of the House and with the people throughout the Hungarian State.

I called upon him in his office in the Parliament Buildings. It adjoins a large Council Chamber of fine proportions overlooking the river. It is a typical Council Room for meetings of a political kind. The walls are hung with paintings of former Hungarian statesmen, most of them in the gorgeous sable-trimmed uniforms of various coloured velvets which are worn by the Hungarian nobles, and over the entrance above the oaken wainscoting is a very large picture by a famous Hungarian artist named Munkácsy. It represents Arpad, the first Hungarian Chieftain who in the Sixth Century led the Magyars into the plains of Hungary. He is mounted upon a white horse receiving tribute from the local tribes. It is an exceedingly fine piece of work, of striking colour, and served as a vivid and ornamental reminder of the birth of Hungarian history.

Through a small door in the corner I was ushered into the office of the President of the Chamber. M. Zsitovay was physically a typical Magyar. Tall, thin and with a deep olive complexion, his eyes were particularly dark, while his moustache was the long black

well-kept one so common in that part of the world. He was the usual well-groomed, soft-spoken diplomat. He spoke excellent French, and explained to me many things about the intricacies of the Hungarian Parliamentary machinery. His youthful appearance impressed me for he seemed almost too young for the responsibility which he bore, but which certainly did not in any way bear him down.

This Parliament was a most interesting one, for all Hungarians are not of the same mould and noble birth plays an important rôle. Yet, in all this proud land the proudest of all is the peasant. He is unique in the superiority which he affects, and the freedom he enjoys causes him to pity any one who has to work for another. He feels that on the land he is his own master, self-supporting and self-sufficient. He looks down upon the liberal professions, for they have to depend on the good-will of other men. Even in his clothes he shows an equal independence, for the peasant members wear their national costume even when sitting in the Chamber.

One sees them in all the corridors of Parliament in their short black coats and soft white collars, with their tight black breeches and well-polished long-legged boots. It gives a local touch to the scene which is not found in places where democracy has reduced all to the level of the lowest common denomination. On the contrary, in Hungary each man prides himself on his station, and the peasant will sympathize with the Premier, but in his heart disdain him, because his lot is not as free as his own. This does much to produce class con-

tentment and kills the game for the mongers of class hatred and international prattle.

Next above M. Zsitovay in the order of Hungarian precedence is the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen. I was introduced to him in his office by Count Paul Teleki who a few years ago was himself the Hungarian Premier, but who has since retired from politics and is now a University Professor and the leading geographical expert of the League of Nations.

Count Bethlen is very tall, and slim to a degree. He is bald and very serious. He has about him a softness of speech and manner that disguises a very determined and fearless personality. He is a political enigma for most of the people. Very silent, it is impossible for any of the politicians to fathom his intentions. There was an amusing story told about him while I was in Budapest. It seems that some one interested in a political question approached him seeking some important information on which there had been much conjecture. Count Bethlen led his interrogator away with great mystery till he had him far from all the others, then he whispered:

"Can you keep a secret?"

The man in expectation answered: "Yes."

"Well, so can I," retorted Count Bethlen as he disappeared.

The dynastic question is ever present and the partisans of the various possible candidates for the Crown of Saint Stephen have never been able to fathom his opinion on this all-important matter for Hungary.

Count Bethlen is in his middle fifties, and was born in Transylvania of an old and noble family. After graduating in Law he travelled much, not only in Europe but also in America. In 1910, he entered politics as a Liberal, but retired at the time of the Karolyi revolution and immediately threw himself into the task of preparing a counter-revolutionary association, but the Bolshevist Government forced him to flee from Hungary so he established himself in Vienna. From there he returned to Szeged where he played an important rôle in suppressing the revolution.

After the fall of Bolshevism he returned to Budapest, there to take an active part in the Peace negotiations between his country and the Allied Powers. He was called upon to form a Government in 1921, and since then he has done much to restore stability in Hungary. It was through his efforts that the Magyar Kingdom entered the League of Nations, and through him that a Reconstruction Loan was obtained. In 1927 he concluded a Treaty of Friendship with Italy, and is rapidly leading his country back to her place among the nations which is hers by right.

Count Bethlen discussed the position of Hungary in a most dispassionate way. In well-modulated English with a slight foreign flavour, and occasionally lapsing into French, he said: "We had a very difficult time after the War before the Peace was signed. With our country torn to pieces, we had a foreign occupation of Serbian and Roumanian troops as well as two revolutions within our frontiers. One was after the Armistice

and the other was communism, when the communists ruled the country for five months.

"Also, we lost five hundred thousand killed during the War which was an enormous number for our country. The consequence was a completely ruined State of only one-third of its former area and population. The whole economic life was disrupted, and as a consequence the fundamental situation of the State was hard to envisage. A reparation tax was applied, but it was not fixed and had for effect the annihilation of the currency. That was the situation when the new Hungarian Government began its work. There was a very difficult psychological movement. The atrocities committed by the communists had separated the different social classes, and the result was a mentality of revenge amongst the classes who had been made to suffer during the revolution.

"There was no State authority," continued Count Bethlen, "the population had no respect for the authorities, and often the officials abused their powers. This was Hungary in 1921. The head of the State was abroad and repeatedly made threats of returning, in spite of the fact that the restoration of the Hapsburgs had been declared a *Casus Belli* by our neighbours. In one word, there was complete chaos in the country.

"During the last six years, step by step, the situation has succeeded in changing. Hungary remains a Kingdom in theory, really the Regency was instituted to serve until the time comes when the question of the Kingdom will be settled. State authority has been re-

stored. There are now no violations of the law as there were formerly. Economic life now begins to work smoothly again and we have few unemployed, certainly none in agriculture, and few in the industries.

"Our difficulties are rather with the middle classes who lost their fortunes completely in consequence of the revolution, and with those who were driven from the secession States.

"We succeeded in creating a Reparation Commission, and with the help of the League of Nations our credit was restored so that we could get a loan from abroad to rehabilitate the Hungarian currency and establish a gold basis. A year ago we organized a National Emission Bank. Before that, financial control was exercised by a United States citizen, Mr. Jeremiah Smith, to whom we are so much indebted.

"We begin now to be in a better condition industrially than before the War. Many difficulties have been settled with our neighbours in the last few years. Only one point still causes trouble, and that is rather a psychological one. It is the situation of the Hungarian minorities in the neighbouring States. This is now worse than it was some years ago. It has caused a certain amount of excitement in Hungarian public opinion and it makes it difficult for Hungary to have better relations with her neighbours, which, from the point of view of general interest would be a great advantage.

"The guarantee which the League of Nations gave to the minorities has been a complete failure. The neighbouring States which have concluded such Mi-

nority Treaties with the big Powers already feel that they have nothing to fear from the control of the League of Nations, therefore they often overlook the League and carry on.

"We owe to the English Government and to English public opinion a debt of gratitude. They were the first to help us in our difficulty. They were the first to help us in our finances and in our economic life, as well as in the restoration of public credit. Therefore the whole public opinion of Hungary is pro-English, and the Hungarian Government has excellent relations with the British Government, and our greatest hope for the future rests in the British Government. This is not a phrase, but a real feeling."

I have tried to give the conversation I had with Count Bethlen word for word as he said it. It was told to me with both earnestness and sincerity. One feels when talking to him that under a soft and suave exterior there is an iron determination, and the best evidence I could gather of this was that in most of the Balkan States the first question put to me was always: "Did you meet Bethlen?"

According to the Hungarian Constitution the First Subject of the Crown of Saint Stephen is the Regent who is governing during the interregnum, and who bears the title of "His Most Serene Highness the Governor General." The Hungarian Chambers chose well when they nominated Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya to fill this post. He is a sailor man in all the sense of that word. Above middle height, with the

square determined jaw of the sea fighter, he rules from the seat where the Hapsburgs sat. Horthy is a romantic figure, as fearless in Government as he was on the bridge. Somehow he does not look at home on shore and the sea air has darkened his skin. Although he is fifty-nine, he looks ten years younger and carries himself with a bearing that commands.

He was born on the family estate at Kanderes and has spent all his life in the Imperial Navy. At the beginning of the War he was in command of the Cruiser *Novara,* and with it he shelled the harbour of Ravenna and the shores of Porto Corsini. He then entered the harbour of San Giovanni di Medua, where he did much damage to the shipping. There is a story told of him that is typical. At the beginning of the War he was sent to bombard the Montenegrin positions on Mount Lovcen. Entering close to the shore to get inside their zone of fire, he found that he could not secure enough elevation for the guns on his own boat, so in order that he might bombard their mountain positions he flooded the stern compartments of his ship and thereby raised the prow enough to use his forward batteries with effect.

His greatest feat was his attack on the blockading fleet in the Straits of Oranto with his three ships, the *Novara,* the *Saida* and the *Heligoland.* Horthy was severely wounded in that engagement, but remained at his post on the bridge and brought his ships safely back to their harbour. At the end of the War he was the Admiral commanding the Austro-Hungarian Navy.

When he was brought ashore to convalesce from his

MONSIGNOR W. H. NOLENS

DR. WILHELM MARX

wounds the Emperor offered him quarters in one of the Imperial Palaces, but his answer was characteristic when he said that he would rather lie on the sands of Hungary than in any Royal Castle.

He raised, organized and commanded the National Army which fought the communistic revolution, and had not his military effort been checked by France the downfall of Bolshevism would have taken place much earlier. When the anti-Bolshevist Government was established at Szegad, Horthy was chosen to command the Hungarian Army. With it he checked the Roumanian invasion of Transdanubia, and on the Roumanian retirement he marched to Budapest amidst the greatest enthusiasm of the population. From this feat dates the reconsolidation of Hungarian national life.

He now occupies a wing of the beautiful Imperial Palace in Buda on the hill overlooking the Danube, but whenever an opportunity presents itself he shakes off the trappings of Regency and returns to the home of his family at Kanderes.

I had tea with him and with Madame Horthy at this beautiful old place, lying in the middle of the great Hungarian plain. I shall always remember the motor drive through this delightful country. Flat as a table, parts of it were under intense cultivation while others were left as range lands, with herds of cattle, horses and sheep grazing under the protection of shepherds, dressed in the national costume. I thought what a pity it is that the cultivators of the soil in other parts of the world should have cast off the garb which was distinc-

tive of their nationality for the more uncomfortable and less picturesque one of the international being who inhabits the cities. Throughout the drive, great white woolly Hungarian sheep-dogs barked at us, and little hairy Pumies added their treble protest and ran after us like little black teddy bears.

When we reached the Horthy mansion the guards at the gates in their feathered caps saluted, and we drove in to the circular driveway. The house is a long, low one with a pavilion of ornate style in the centre and with two wings extending from the sides, while a small flag of blue and red, the armorial colours of the Horthy family, flew from the staff-head to announce that the Master was within.

We were met in the drawing-room by the Admiral, who wore the short blue coat of the Navy with its gold indications of rank. He might have stepped from the bridge of some British battleship so much he looked like the officers one sees at Portsmouth or Dover. His clean-shaven, weather-browned face, his well-brushed hair and jaunty air seemed out of place on the plain of Hungary. He has all the simplicity of the seaman, for he is without any trace of pose or affectation. His two most apparent characteristics are his courtesy and his determination. He speaks English perfectly, and he led me into his private study adjoining the drawing-room and looking out upon his extensive gardens.

This was a sailor's room and the walls were adorned with paintings of the sea. Over his desk hung a picture of the *Viribus Unitis,* which had been his flagship. It

was depicted in the act of helping a disabled torpedo boat. This had been an episode in one of his battles. Another was a scene in the moonlight of the sinking of the French Warship *Léon Gambetta*. This particularly interested me for I well remembered being on board that ship in the harbour of Quebec many years ago. Another was a larger painting representing a full-rigged sailing frigate, the ship on which he had served his apprenticeship as a cadet and on which as a middy he had sailed all over the world.

He spoke to me a great deal about the work he is called upon to do and of the fight he had to wage before he completely suppressed Bolshevism. Even these Red tyrants feared him, and I was told that when all the surrounding countryside was in the hands of these terrorists who were bent on pillage, he remained alone at his home. One day when walking unaccompanied he met five of them whom he stopped. He said to them: "I alone cannot stop the making of history, but I want to tell you that the first one of you who dares to enter my house—I will shoot him myself!"—and Horthy was left alone.

At tea that afternoon his large English pointer "Lady" was ever at her master's feet. He summoned a butler who, after an order in Hungarian, reappeared with a large white roly-poly pup just two weeks old. It was a pure bred Hungarian sheep-dog. Horthy is very fond of animals and possesses the last little troop of European bison in Hungary. Unfortunately, there are only five and they are all cows. Before the revolution

they formed part of quite an extensive herd, but the Bolshevists slaughtered them with machine guns; somehow these five cows escaped. The Regent now protects them as his own subjects.

He showed me his trophies, antlers of the stag and of the chamois and great boar tusks, as well as a large bustard and many small horned deer.

Madame Horthy is ever with her husband, and no ruler of any European State has a more beautiful or charming consort. She is tall and slim, with light gray hair, but with the largest and darkest eyes that I have ever seen, and there is about her a grace and charm which is very rare. She is thoroughly tired of regal setting and likes best to be far away from it all at their private home at Kanderes. Madame Horthy is very popular with the Hungarian people, and everywhere you hear them say: "We have such a handsome couple to rule us!"

Admiral Horthy has been called "The Admiral on Horseback." This is no misnomer, for although a man of the sea he is as much at home in the saddle as on the bridge, and not only rides to hounds but is a steeplechase rider of the first order. Much has been written about him and his ambitions as a ruler. This is all pure rot. He is really a patriotic Hungarian who is doing his duty by his country, even against his will.

I mentioned to him that he must be lonesome for the sea. He did not answer, but his eyes became very moist and glistened unnaturally. Later Madame Horthy told

me that the sea was never mentioned, for it was too dear to him.

Horthy is a firm, patriotic, fearless sailor, a nobleman, a gentleman and a sportsman to the finger-tips. Very kind and very human, his idea of duty is the highest and he has filled his rôle with all that is in him. When King Charles returned from exile, he demanded that Admiral Horthy hand over to him the Government of Hungary. Horthy respectfully but firmly refused, and loyal to his oath he banished the Sovereign he had served. Admiral Horthy is one of the most sympathetic great men that Europe has produced.

While in Budapest it was my good fortune to have been in frequent contact with Count Paul Teleki, the first geographer of Europe. Although now only fifty years of age, he has filled many important posts in the service of Hungary. He has been Prime Minister and he is now Professor of Racial and Political Geography at the University of Budapest.

Count Teleki is very slim, with most earnest blue eyes and the smile of a boy. He is now in constant consultation with the League of Nations, which sent him to settle a dispute concerning the boundaries of Mosul. He is the author of a wonderful series of maps of his country. Those in particular showing the racial origin of old Hungary constituted a very strong argument for his people and baffled the other European nations whose pretensions they disproved. They nicknamed these maps "*les cartes rouges.*"

He is most enlightening on the question of the Hungarian minorities in the secession States. He explained to me that in the Peace Treaty between Poland and the Great Powers there were twenty-two paragraphs which dealt with minorities. These were arranged by the Jews of London and Paris for the protection of their co-religionists, but in the Treaties between other countries there are but seven paragraphs which are supposed to embody all that is contained in the Polish Treaty, but do so in so general and vague a way that they really mean nothing. "The League of Nations should have adopted and adapted these to the exigencies of each State," he said; and when speaking of the national aspect of Hungary, he added: "The League of Nations has no right to interfere with the sovereignty of any nation." Count Paul Teleki is one of those quiet and unassuming men who are endowed not only with great mental equipment but with a most engaging personality. He also is very simple, but it is a simplicity of greatness which one meets too rarely on the American side of the ocean.

One evening when dining with Baron Leopold Bornemisza, who is probably the best-known man in Budapest, I had the pleasure of meeting His Imperial Highness the Archduke Albrecht. There were but six present, so I had an excellent opportunity of conversing with this coming young man. There is no doubt that his future is of the brightest, for he not only has the ability but the personality which must surely carry him to success. He is the most popular of all the Archdukes and

has a lure of personality much akin to that of the Prince of Wales.

He is not tall, but very slim and very fair and he has a lithe and graceful bearing. Until one talks to him one does not realize the profundity of his knowledge or the seriousness of his mind. Mentally, he is a Frenchman. He is very profound and he is exceptionally logical as only Frenchmen can be. His English and French are faultless, and he is one of the few Hapsburgs who can speak the Hungarian tongue like a native, in fact one wonders what is his native language.

His conversation was general but it covered many topics. Whether it was art, literature or public affairs he was equally well informed, and I felt that such young men as he in the position he occupies must be a great asset to any State.

He is about thirty-two and unmarried, and is immensely popular with the Hungarian youth, while his influence with them is sure to be a very strong and constructive power for good. By his dignity and his ability he is certain to enhance the prestige of the House of Hapsburg to which he belongs.

Hungary is a delightful place and amongst its leading statesmen there are no mediocrities. There is with them the simplicity and courtesy which are born of their personal superiority. They are all statesmen of a tradition of many centuries of culture. Everywhere in Hungary this is found, whether in the costumes of the peasants or in the musical organizations of the Tsigans. This touch of barbaric splendour which is as bold as it

is attractive, is most evident in the music of the people.

I remember one night in Spring, I had been to a dance at a large country estate about forty kilometres from Budapest, and as we drove back to the city dawn was just breaking. When passing through the outskirts of the City of Vaz, I heard the sound of wild Hungarian music played by Gypsy minstrels. As we approached we found the source. It was a serenade. There was a five-piece string orchestra playing a "Cardas" before the window of a small house, while sitting dejectedly by the roadside was the love-sick swain patiently waiting for his amorata to light a candle in the window as a token of appreciation for his attention. I looked at my watch, it was a quarter to four. The candle had not yet appeared, but I sincerely hope it did, for such devotion certainly deserved a recompense. There was something charming about it all. Unconventional though it might appear to many, yet there it seemed so natural, for this was Hungary.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mixture of the picturesque and the efficient – the bulb flowers – social rigidity – the Restaurant Royal – gastronomic performances – the country – the sail across the fields – Parliamentary Parties – the Queen – Lord Granville – a letter to her secretary – the Palace at Amsterdam – the Equerries – the Citizens' Hall – a myriad of lamps – the Queen enters – the presentation – unlike her photographs – her diamonds – the hidden orchestra – the Javanese – a bizarre costume – homage of her citizens – the dignity of a Sovereign – Beelaerts Van Blockland – conventional diplomat – a coming man – a conservative influence – Monsignor Nolens – the Prelate's home – "Nolens volens" – a great influence – the Minister of State.

CLEANLINESS and order when carried to excess may become oppressive, and there is one little country in Europe where this excess prevails, that is Holland. I had been there several times as a mere tourist to enjoy the local colour and the sight of the picturesque "saboted" peasants, but to visit Holland as a journalist, there to come into contact with its leaders and officials is an entirely different matter. To write up this fascinating little country would take volumes, for these people never do anything like people do in any place else, but to write about those who rule and who govern her is a much simpler matter.

Holland is a strange mixture of the picturesque and the efficient. In the Spring, in the low part of the land, one may see for miles great beds of blooming tulips set in squares of the most vivid colours. Fields of white, pink or golden yellow will vie in gorgeousness with blood-red to almost black. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful than Holland in the Spring, when Holland is in bloom. In all the little ditches that separate these flower gardens water-birds were playing in a complete fearlessness of man, storks were teaching their young to fish, and mother ducks and goslings were paddling in the pools. In the pasture lands where great black cattle with white saddle marks grazed, large black and white plover ran and hopped, for this is the land of the plover eggs, which Englishmen consider such a delicacy. With all this picturesqueness there is great efficiency and order, while in the cities it begets an air that is almost smug.

In Holland everything is set. The social lines are drawn with a rigidity that will never be met with in England, but perhaps only amongst some newly rich set in the United States of America. In Holland you must be careful to be correct. To stay at the proper hotel is important, and any bohemian levity is not countenanced, yet the young people are allowed as complete freedom as in England or America and are in no way restrained as they are in France and in other continental cities.

To the outsider, the most conspicuous characteristic of the best class of the Dutch is their ability to consume

food. It is extraordinary. I have sat for hours in the Restaurant Royal at The Hague listening to a delightful Hungarian orchestra and watching the people. The cooking was supposed to be as fine as any in Europe and the menu would run on indefinitely and still keep running, and still the Dutch would keep on eating. With them it is an art. To a mere amateur like myself who always looked upon these gastronomic performances as a necessity like one's bath or one's bed, it was a revelation.

Holland presents one of these political and geographical enigmas which one occasionally finds in Europe. She is just a tiny patch of land, a large part of which is below the sea level, kept from inundation by hundreds of windmills and cut into little squares by innumerable canals. In this part everything is fresh and frightfully damp. I have watched the Dutch gardeners working in the soggy fields in their wooden shoes; it struck me that some ingenious salesman was missing a golden opportunity in not going to Holland to sell them rubber boots.

The canals of Holland serve as the arteries of transport, and every Dutch gardener appears to be also a full-fledged barge captain. It seems almost uncanny to see in the distance a barge and sail apparently moving slowly across a perfectly green field.

The Dutch Parliament, like many others of continental Europe, contains many Parties of which the chief are the Centrists and the Socialists, yet they are very conservative Socialists, and their socialism seems more

born of a political affiliation than of any communistic or socialistic movement.

The life in this little country revolves around its Queen, who a few years ago was looked upon with so much sympathy and interest by the whole world as the girl Queen Wilhelmina. But even Queens grow up, and Wilhelmina is now married and has a daughter. She is no longer a girl but a very efficient and beloved Sovereign who has done extremely well for her country and who has probably more active interest and more actual power in its national life than any other Sovereign in Europe. Personally she is very wealthy, truly considerate of the good of her subjects and imbued with a sincere desire to see happiness and prosperity in her land.

I desired to meet Her Majesty, and I went to call upon Lord Granville, the British Ambassador at The Hague. He is a typical British Envoy who carries the prestige of England in his person. He is of the sort that novelists would write about. Extremely efficient, he has won his way into the hearts of those to whom he is accredited. Very tall and slim, he has a personal charm coupled with a simplicity of manner that actually give him grace, and on meeting him I easily understood the power he had acquired and the delightful things I had heard about him from the Dutch people. Lord Granville gave me a letter to Baron Van Geen, the Queen's secretary, which I delivered to him in person that day, and within three hours I was commanded to appear before Her Majesty.

For one week each year she goes to Amsterdam to be among her subjects in that city, to meet the officials and to hold a Levée, which was to take place on the following night, and I was to be presented to her at the Palace before this began.

She was living in the great brown old Palace which was built in the early years of the Seventeenth Century and until the year 1810 had been used by the Burgomaster of Amsterdam as an official residence. When Louis, the brother of Napoleon I, became King of Holland he took possession of it and resided there and since that time it has been the Royal Seat.

All Amsterdam was agog. Mounted sentries and foot sentries were all over, while canopies and carpets were before the entrance. Sharply on the stroke of half-past eight the guests began to arrive. On entering they followed a series of brilliantly lighted corridors till they reached an ante-chamber where they were met by an equerry and a lady-in-waiting, and then they entered the great Reception Room of the Palace which is known as the Citizens' Hall, where the Queen was to receive.

The management was in the hands of the Queen's equerries, and I was struck by their appearance. Her Majesty certainly has ability in picking comely manhood to surround her. They were all extremely tall and handsome fellows dressed in blue and gold uniforms with massive gold epaulettes and wearing little Court swords. All were covered with decorations, and Stars of different Orders blazed upon their chests, while each, as a badge of office, wore a golden key with the Queen's

initials on the handle attached with a bright blue ribbon to the back of his coat over his right hip.

The Hall is very large and very high, with a frescoed ceiling supported by statues of heroic size and has a small balcony at either end. From these balconies were hung old and colourless flags, the trophies of the Dutch arms for centuries. Time has obliterated their allegiance, yet they hang there mournfully, no longer boasting of the proud colours which they once displayed to stir the patriotism of their defenders.

There is no electric light in the Hall. It was illumined by great crystal chandeliers suspended in rows from the ceiling which contained myriads of small oil lamps that twinkled like the Milky Way and shed a bright yet soft light upon the whole setting. When all the guests had arrived, there was a dull rumble from the main entrance at the end of the Hall. This was the signal that the Queen was about to enter. All formed into rows, allowing a wide passage down the centre of the whole length of the room, and Her Majesty appeared preceded by her Secretary and some of her equerries. She was followed by her husband, her little daughter and the ladies of the Court. She walked slowly down the aisle of her subjects, bowing to those on both sides, and entered a small room at the opposite end of the Hall from that by which she had come in. She was followed by some ladies who were to be presented to her, and I was asked to go in with some foreign representatives by another door leading to the same ante-chamber.

In a short time I was announced. The Queen was standing in the centre of the room, while around the wall were some members of her Court and the ladies who had just been presented. On entering, I followed the protocol and bowed at the door and again before the Queen. She already had been informed of my mission and kept me talking for a few minutes about whom I had met and the subject of my work, when it was to appear and where I was going. I thanked her for having given me the opportunity of being presented and she told me that Lord Granville's desires were always heeded, and of what an esteem they had for him. Then wishing me success she bowed. I did the same and backed away.

One gets an entirely erroneous idea of Queen Wilhelmina from her photographs, which generally portray her as short and stout. The Queen is not a tall woman, neither is she stout. She has a very sympathetic face, but a very serious one, and her *pince-nez* glasses rather enhance this impression. She is a woman of great reserve and dignity and it is easy to realize the power she has with her people.

She was dressed in light blue brocade trimmed with gold, wore a long train, and on her head was a high coronet of large diamonds, while around her neck she wore a necklace of some of the largest square diamonds I have ever seen, which were held together by clusters of smaller stones. On her corsage she had a large bow-knot of diamonds and between its folds were diamond leaves. On her breast she wore the Star of her Premier

Order. I noticed that diamonds were the only stones she wore, but these were worth a King's ransom. In her hands she carried a white ostrich feather fan, which she kept toying with the whole evening, and her whole bearing was both graceful and sympathetic. She received the privileged few who were to be presented to her personally in an ante-chamber which was not large but finished in dark tones and hung with large canvases set in deep gold frames. The lighting was most pleasing, for tall candles only, set in large candelabra standing close to the walls, shed their soft and mellow light and gave a *cachet* to the scene which could not be produced by the more modern forms of illumination. A fine orchestra playing very softly was secluded behind a tall screen of greenery.

When the presentations were over, she entered the Citizens' Hall, where the guests formed a large circle. She mingled with them and spoke to some and signalled out others to be brought to her. She conversed for a few moments with some of her officers and with many officials. Later she sat on a large gold chair surrounded by ladies of her suite and commanded that some other guests be brought to her.

Amongst these were some Dutch colonials and three Javanese in their native costumes. With them there was a large negro resplendent in evening dress and a thick-lipped pearly smile. The Javanese were very unique, small, delicate-looking little fellows with finely chiseled, sensitive features and soft dark eyes. They were in strong contrast with their negro *confrère* who in his

DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG

white shirt and high collar seemed to have just stepped out of some hotel "down South," and you quite expected to hear him say: "I sure do recommend this chicken dinner!"

One of the Javanese had contrived a partly European costume by combining an Eton jacket and the other conventional upper trappings of a European man with a sort of skirt which looked like the dark curtains in vogue in the 'nineties, drawn tightly around his lower limbs, with the fullness in front, and held in place by a sash, while stuck through this at his back he wore a long curved dagger with an amber handle in a silver sheath. To complete this extraordinary equipment he wore on his head a little cap, made like a woman's, of brocaded net.

Another was dressed altogether in the costume of his native land, which looked more like that of a respectable widow than of a man. It was of silk with a plain high-collared bodice and a tightly-drawn skirt, which also seemed to be worn back to the front, and on his head he had a sort of silk shawl worn in tricky folds which threw the fullness to the back of his neck.

It was interesting to see the Queen receiving the homage of her Army, her Navy, her citizens and her Colonies, for she is probably one of the most conservative Sovereigns in Europe. She is a Calvinist and deeply religious though widely tolerant, and is full of anxiety for the welfare of her people. In her ideas she is almost early Victorian and the dressmakers of Paris do not influence her styles. I was told that she is very strict with

those around her and that determination is her salient characteristic. Her mind is like that of a man, yet her personality is distinctly feminine and there emanates from her a dignity which makes her every inch a Queen.

Amongst the statesmen I have had occasion to meet in the Netherlands, one of the most important and the most interesting was the Foreign Minister, Monsieur Beelaerts Van Blockland, the successor of M. Van Karnebeck, with whom he had been closely associated for a long time, so that his choice as successor was natural. I was introduced to him by the British Ambassador, and I met him in the particularly propitious surroundings of his Departmental Office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Lord Granville had told him that I was in Holland on a journalistic mission and he signified his willingness to meet me, on condition that he should not be interviewed. As I was seeking copy and not interviews, this was easily arranged.

He is the typical round-table diplomat of Continental Europe. He has the physique, the presence and the polish. He is clever, smooth and speaks several languages with fluency. M. Beelaerts Van Blockland is a big man with a young face and a youngish air, and though somewhat bald, his hair is black. Like Sir Austen Chamberlain, he is well groomed and carefully dressed in the Continental black morning coat, which one meets everywhere among European statesmen. They always seem dressed for the part, and no matter in what country one may be one is sure to meet this livery of responsibility. Whether it be Chamberlain or

Marx, Lloyd George or Bech of Luxembourg, it is always the same model and seems to have been adopted as the badge of political preferment.

His English was faultless and flavoured with a slight Dutch accent. His conversation was general but he was much interested in my country, of which he had a very clear idea, having already visited it. He also spoke much about the Queen and of her annual visit to Amsterdam, which the Constitution of Holland requires of her, and he gave me a vivid and enlightening picture of Her Majesty's interest in her subjects and of their love for her. M. Beelaerts Van Blockland has not been long in office, but is regarded as the coming strong man in the Netherlands.

The most conservative influence in the Dutch Parliament is the Centre Party, which numbers almost half of the representatives in the Chamber. This is the group that fights socialism in Holland and that is responsible to a great extent for the stability, law and order which one finds there. The leader of this Party is an old priest, who probably holds greater power than any other Party head. He is Monsignor Nolens, who lives quietly in a small apartment in a convent at The Hague. He is a very picturesque person, tall, large, with a handsome, strong, lined face and bushy close-cropped gray hair. His rooms are like himself. The home of an untiring and orderly worker who lives within the confines of his working place. They look out on a little garden, which seems the only luxury visible. They are so filled with books, papers and packages that there is

scarcely place to move around. Only the end of one room is cleared sufficiently to have before the grate a table and some arm-chairs, but all other available space is taken for his work. There is a row of religious paintings on the walls, but the principal ornament is a large bronze bust of himself which shortly before had been presented to him by his admirers on the occasion of an anniversary celebration held in his honour.

At this ceremony the Prime Minister, Jonheer de Geer, when congratulating him, made in his speech the *bon mot* that "Everything in Holland was done *Nolens Volens.*"

Monsignor Nolens breathes seriousness in everything. His conversation is as careful and serious as his work, and it is easy to understand the power he wields as the personification of conservatism in the Kingdom. He could have had the Premiership, but he did not consider that it was fitting for a Catholic Ecclesiastic to be at the head of a Protestant State. He has, however, satisfied his patriotic ambitions by giving the best that is in him for the advancement of his country.

He has acquired great influence with the workers for his efforts have ever been to help them, to save them from exploitation, and he has done great things for the miners. He has opposed in every way the strike weapon by eliminating the cause, and has not only deserved well of the Monarch whom he has served and who created him Minister of State, but also of his Church, in which he holds high dignity.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Changed Germany – new politeness – 75 Wilhelmstrasse – the scene of fiction – Herr de Haas – Herr von Kaufmann – the sigh of relief – the home of Bismarck – Doctor Marx – the Rhinelander – his career – opposed to Kaiserdom – the Republican pillar – the position of the German people – Doctor Stresemann – the waiting-room – the French clock – the enormous man – his physical characteristics – his education – the Liberal – his conversation – the question of Monarchy or Republic – the position of the Right Wing – Locarno and the Rhine occupation – no policy of revenge – economic position – "We stand for Peace" – statesmen of great strength – the house of the Reichspresident – the silent sentry – Von Hindenburg – the Giant – Wagner should have known him – his physique – his career – scheme of the Mazovian Lakes – oath to the Republic – his chivalry – disappointed monarchists – "Tell me about the shooting" – the Sportsman – the most picturesque man in Europe – "I wish Peace!" – the popularity of the Republic – the former officer and the new Flag – the growing Republican strength – the death of the Empire – R.I.P.

THERE is no country in the world where such a change has taken place as in Germany. For one who has known only the old Imperial Germany of before the War, the metamorphosis is wonderful. The swashbuckling, noisy Germany of the Empire has been replaced by a serious, polite and simple Germany of the German people. The

War was a victory for them if only to bring about the change that is everywhere apparent.

I well remember in the old days, what an objectionable experience it was to cross the German frontier, where gray-clad officials barked at you and searched under the seats in the railway coaches with iron hooks. Now that is all changed. Green-clad Guards are both polite and considerate and make every effort to show you courtesy and consideration. Everywhere in post-war Germany I have seen the same thing and have heard the same sigh of relief from the masses of the German people.

It was with curiosity that I went to the famous 75 Wilhelmstrasse and knocked at the door of the German Foreign Office. This was the Wilhelmstrasse of fiction, the scene of plots and plays for over a generation. The most written-up place in Europe from which was supposed to emanate the espionage of the world, and behind whose silent portals lay sealed the plans and secrets of Wars and Kings.

From the exterior all was calm, and the low and famous pile presented a grim and unimposing façade. Inside it was not so, but clean, well kept and efficient. I was led through its corridors to the office of Herr de Haas, the director of the department that has to do with the British Empire and the English-speaking countries. He is a charming man and an old diplomatic official. He in turn handed me over to Herr von Kaufmann, another diplomat who had spent much time in South America and who later was to present me to the

great trinity of modern Germany: the President, the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister.

Here and everywhere I went, among the officials and among the people, I heard the same tale: "We are done with the Kaiser and his clique." To-day they are free and their sigh is of relief and of reason. From all echoed the same determination to preserve the new democracy. I heard it from Hindenburg, from Marx and Stresemann, from the bureaucrats in the offices to the people on the streets. The German Republic has been proclaimed and the German people freed from the shackles of militarism and oppression.

The officials at the Foreign Office put at my disposal every facility to know and to study the situation. They showed me the people and presented me to the men who to-day rule, in the name of the people, those whom Kaiserdom oppressed.

The first of the triumvirate whom I met was Doctor Wilhelm Marx, the German Reichschancellor, who occupies not only the post but also the home of Bismarck, the man who made the German Empire. This is the Bismarck Palace on the Wilhelmstrasse where the Iron Chancellor dreamt his dreams of greater Germany, and planned his plots of German greatness and of Imperial power. Originally it was the home of Prince Radziwill, and it became the official residence of the Chancellors at the Capital about fifty years ago. The rooms are gorgeous places filled with works of art. It contains the Council Hall, where the Conference of 1878 was held. Behind it are magnificent gardens extending as far as

the Friedrich Ebertstrasse and covering many acres. It is more like a park than a garden, with its mighty trees and artificial ponds. If these trees could only speak! What history lies hidden beneath their shadows!

Doctor Marx is a Rhinelander in all that term implies. He is big and bubbling with good humour. There is nothing of the old form of Prussian about him, but only that sympathetic softness which one finds in that land of fairy tales and grape vines. He was born in 1863 at Cologne and studied at Bonn. Later he had a brilliant career as a lawyer and as a jurist till he became the President of the Supreme Court of Prussia. He was for many years a member of the Prussian Diet and was for a short while the Prussian Premier. He entered the Reichstag as a Centrist, and in time became the Chancellor of what was formerly the German Empire. Doctor Marx is one of the pillars of the Republic and was a member of the National Assembly which elaborated the new Republican Constitution.

He is opposed to all that Kaiserdom signified, and it was under his leadership that the anti-Kaiser law prohibiting Emperor Wilhelm from entering Germany was extended for two years by the overwhelming vote of 323 to 41. Doctor Marx has done much for Germany and his country has gone far in peaceful ways under his leadership. His enthusiasm for his Republican idol is not hidden, for in May, 1927, he told me that the Republic had become so well established that no great movement, now nor at any other time, could disturb it. He added: "The Nationalist Party has now entered into

the Government and has expressed its wish to work in the State as now established. The events of the last month have shown that the German people now desire to make Germany recover her position and compete with other nations through peaceful means, and place her in a position to compete economically."

Doctor Marx impressed me greatly by his clarity of vision and his determination to fructify new Germany and to forget the old.

In a small house in the gardens of the Foreign Office lives Doctor Gustav Stresemann, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I met him in his offices in the Wilhelmstrasse on a rainy evening in Spring. My appointment was for half-past seven, but having to wait for a short time I was left sitting in a large room facing the street and adjoining the office of the Minister. Doctor Stresemann was detained past the hour fixed for my reception and I had ample opportunity to study the furniture and fixtures. The whole room seemed to breathe the time of Frederick the Great. The table, chairs, the walls with their yellow paper and black borders, all whispered the name of the great Prussian who spoke French and built Potsdam. At either end of this extraordinary room were two pieces of furniture which seemed to serve as filing cabinets. They were French, and their bronze ornaments proclaimed them to belong to the reign of Napoleon I. They were strangers in this Prussian room. One had a clock built into it which ticked loudly the passing time. At the hour of half-past seven it struck a chimeless strike, like the tapping of a blind

man's stick. I sat still and counted, one—two—three—till it struck nine. It seemed a muffled protest of an exile in a foreign land trying through sheer perversity to mislead its captors.

Shortly after, I was announced and I entered the office of Doctor Stresemann. Seated at his desk was this enormous man. Physically, he is typically German, big, round and fair. Every movement of his face showed force and action. There was nothing mild about him, only strong, fearless force fighting for his fledgling, the new Republic. He is a young man, still in his forties, and was born in Berlin. After the usual University course in his native city and at Leipzig, he entered business and has held important positions in various commercial undertakings. In 1907 he was elected to the Reichstag as a National Liberal, and in 1919 he founded the People's Party. He was a member of the National Assembly convened to draw up the new Republican Constitution. For a short time he was Chancellor of Germany and has been Foreign Minister since 1923.

When scarcely seated I happened to mention that I noticed great changes in Germany since my last visit, which was before the War.

He answered—"That is true. Germany has made good progress since the War. The new Republic has made good consolidation in a political sense and from now on there is no doubt about the political future as the question of Monarchy or of Republic is of no importance, for the people have spoken and the whole nation has voted to preserve the Republic and to ban-

ish the Kaiser for another two years. You can be sure that the situation with regard to foreign affairs has not changed. For three years we have struggled with our foreign policy, then we voted on the Dawes plan and Locarno. The Right Wing said that they would not serve with Stresemann"—Here his eyes snapped and he bit his words, and you saw in his tone and manner the dominating force of his personality which brought this reactionary and monarchical Wing to reason, for though they serve with him through necessity, still they hate him.

He continued:—"The great majority stands for the Republic and stands for reconciliation, but it is necessary that these sentiments should also be held by the Governments of the Allied Powers. On one side it is said that the spirit of Locarno is one of Peace, yet there are still seventy thousand men in the Rhineland. This is not logical. It would be easy to be on good relations with Germany if they adopted the same sentiments.

"There is no policy of revenge in Germany, we do not think of any revenge against foreign peoples. This was impossible a few years ago. We have only friendly sentiments with regard to other Powers. Our imports are greater than our exports. In one year we had a thousand million gold marks more imports than exports. We must have a reasonable chance to equalize these, and we are grateful to the United States for the credit that they have given us, for we have a million unemployed people and no one knows how to change the situation, yet we have behind us all the interest and

genius of industry and of all men. It will take ten years before the old economic situation of the country is restored."

In parting as he shook my hand he said: "You may say 'Peace.' We stand for Peace not only in Europe but throughout the world."

This man is the bulwark of Republican Germany, and had such men held the destinies of Germany before the War the disaster which tore civilization asunder would never have taken place. Doctor Stresemann was certainly one of the strongest and most determined figures that I met amongst the leading men in Europe, for he has not only got great strength but a fearlessness that is ruthless.

A little further down the Wilhelmstrasse in the same block as the Foreign Office, lives the Reichspresident. The house is built in from the street and has a short semi-circular driveway in front. You cannot miss it, for from its roof the gold, black and red flag of the Republic flies from the staff-head and two little gray-clad sentries in enormous steel hats stand motionless at the door.

Here I committed a *faux pas*. There were two other doors besides the main one, and as each door bore a legend on an enamelled plate I inquired from one of the sentries in my best "pidgin" German (which was very bad) by which door I should communicate with the President's secretary. The pained look that spread over the countenance of the little sentry told me of my error in addressing him. He muttered something at me

with the least possible movement of his mouth and with the least possible motion of the rest of his body. I did not understand what he said. He had tried to enlighten me without losing what Americans would probably term his "poise." As German is only intelligible to me when helped out by a generous sprinkling of gestures, pointings and signs, the little sentry's soundless response left me as completely at sea as ever, but at that moment a dignified but elderly butler in a red vest requested me to enter.

He showed me the list of expected visitors and pointed out my name for 10:45. I agreed. In a moment I was met by one of the President's secretaries, who brought me into the President's Office. At the door, in a large glass case, was a very complete model of the battleship *Von Hindenburg* which had been presented to him by the men who had worked upon its construction during the War.

This room was in the back of the house, looking out upon a beautiful garden, and as I entered the President was writing at his desk. He stood up, and then I saw what an enormous man he was. Von Hindenburg does not seem to have been born like other people but looks as if he were hewn with an axe out of an enormous oak. His stature is gigantic and his shoulders as broad as a house. His large massive head and great moustache are all angles and squares. I thought as I looked at him what a pity it was that Wagner had not lived to know him, for he certainly would have found a place for

him among the figures of mythology where he would have had his rôle in the Cycle of the Ring.

His whole being is such that he might have stepped out of some old fairy tale. If you placed a winged helmet upon his head, a shield upon his arm and wrapped him in the skin of a lion he would look as much the part as Thor or Wotan. Hindenburg should have been born in some storm-castle perched on a pinnacle on the Rhine, and there have been the father of the Valkyrie to add his booming voice to their eerie song. He is too picturesque to be true.

Paul von Hindenburg was born in October, 1847, and has spent his whole life in the Army. In 1911 he had retired to pass the twilight of his years in peace and comfort at his home in Hanover. He did not agree any too well with the Kaiser, and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave his retirement and return to the Army in 1914. For years he had been a Professor at the War School and had devised a defence scheme against Russia for the Eastern front by the use of the Mazovian Lakes and marshes. Throughout his courses, all the war games he conducted were carried out in this locality, so that he had become known as "The Old Man of the Marshes," and it was with his favourite plans on which he had been working all his life that he halted and defeated the supposedly invincible Russian steam-roller. He later took command of all the German Armies.

When the Republic was proclaimed he placed himself at its disposal and became its second President. On

the proclamation of the new Republican Constitution he took the oath of allegiance to it. Hindenburg is a chivalrous character. He considered himself bound by his oath of allegiance to the Emperor until the Kaiser personally had relieved him from it, and on this account the Monarchist element felt that they could rely upon him to assist them, but they soon saw their error. He was as scrupulous in his oath to the Republic as he had been in that to his monarch, and in him new Germany has found much of its greatest strength.

As soon as I was seated in his office, he said: "You are from Canada, you have wonderful shooting and hunting there, tell me about it." He spoke with the vim and enthusiasm of a boy, and was particularly anxious to hear about moose hunting in my country. He struck in my being a note of common sympathy in a common sport. Although he is now over eighty he spends every moment he can spare in the mountains or in the woods with his gun or his rifle, and notwithstanding his age last year he shot two chamois in the Alps.

Hindenburg is a magnificent old fellow. Young in heart, young in outlook, young in play. I believe that he is undoubtedly the most picturesque figure amongst the men in Europe. There is not a small bone in his body, nor a small thought in his head. When leaving he said to me: "You may tell your people that I wish that Peace and Good Will will reign amongst the people of the world. It is the wish of all honest men. It is the best not only for Germany but for the whole world."

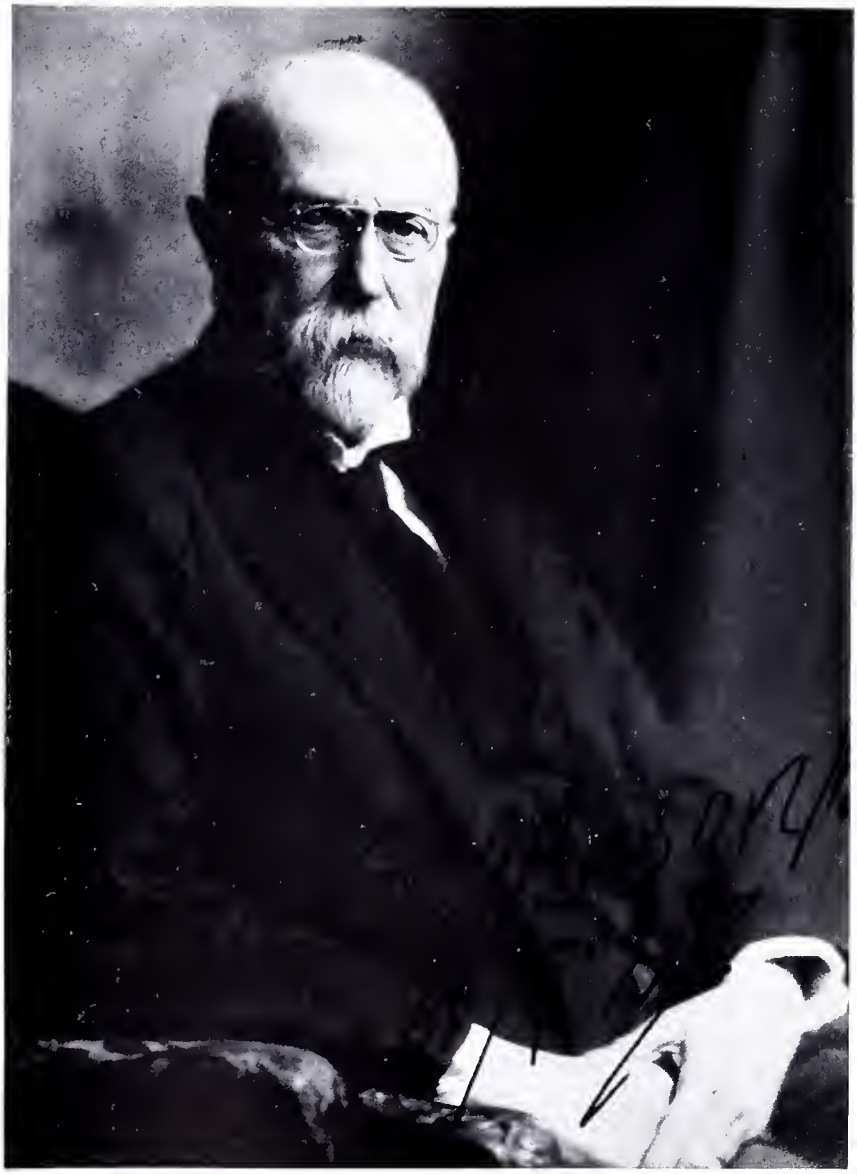
One cannot leave Germany without feeling that the Republic has come to stay. Everywhere the security of the new Government is apparent, amongst the people on the streets and the statesmen in the departmental offices. Only among some of the military caste, who are now the forgotten appendages of an unpopular and discarded régime, is there any talk or sign of discontent. They have lost their power and their popularity and are now venting their spleen upon the makers of new Germany, upon the progressive Government and upon the popular Republic.

I was speaking to one of these on one of the small steamers which ply on the Spree. He was a former officer of aviation who could not forget a soft padded past in which he had enjoyed more than his share of influence. Jokingly I passed some remark about the superiority of the new German flag of Gold, Red and Black. He grunted, and with a shrug of his shoulders said: "Yes, Gold for the past, Red for the present and Black for the future!"

This is a good example of the prejudice of those whom the Republic has cast aside, but this is very rare. Year by year the strength of the Government is growing, and if new Germany displays the same energy and efficiency in the crafts of Peace as former Germany did in the pursuit of War, she is destined in a short time to lead the world in commerce.

During the decade that has passed since the War ended many little Germans have come into the world, and many German boys have grown to manhood with-

DR. EDOUARD BENES



DR. THOMAS G. MARSARYK

out having had to face the drill sergeant or waste their youth in the barrack room. In another decade many voters will approach the polls who have been born citizens of the German Republic. As the years roll on new Germany will grow in strength, and the Empire will be but history. The Imperial idea will die naturally and lie buried in the forgotten past, unmourned and unsung.

CHAPTER NINE

The German Embassy at The Hague – Graf von Finkenstein – fireworks at the telephone – much too one-sided – "I want to see the Kaiser" – a rush of Imperial popularity to the Reichstag – I receive a note – the people against the Kaiser – weak and shy Monarch – making faces frightens no one – the "Hun" speech – loss of popular respect – deserted his men – unpopular marriage – surrounded by a dangerous group – the Kaiser's Palace – his desk – wood of the "Victory" – Nelson's motto – the mockery of fate – the Naval mutiny – the German Republic deserves much help.

One day at The Hague, in the pouring rain I set out for the German Embassy and there sent in my card and asked to see the Ambassador. I was received by his secretary, whose English was without trace of foreign tang, and whom I certainly would never have taken for a German. I said to him: "I have come here because I would like to meet the Kaiser." He looked at me in a rather surprised sort of way and gave me to understand that there, at the German Embassy, they did not know the gentleman. I asked him to facilitate my mission as much as possible, but beyond informing me that "that gentleman's" equerry was Graf von Finkenstein, he could do no more.

That night I wrote to von Finkenstein and told him

that I desired to meet His Majesty the Kaiser, and that anything he might say to me would be told as he said it, and that on my honour I would distort nothing and that I would do him full justice. After two days had elapsed I had not yet received an answer, so I called up Doorn on the telephone and asked for Graf von Finkenstein. He was not there, but the Kaiser's secretary answered and what I heard sounded like this: "Herrn Guerin! --!!!--‡‡-Pht!-@@-%%%%!-XX-xxst!!!" It was a loud and excited voice that I heard in this soliloquy, which sounded like a bunch of firecrackers being helped out by a small boy drawing a stick along a picket fence. I did not know what it was all about, but I knew that it was not polite. I tried to get in a word occasionally, but, oh, my! oh, my! . . . such fluency! I never heard anything like it. I have heard an excited southerner suffering from a flow of words from the mouth, but never before had I spoken to a Kaiser's secretary. I got slightly peeved, for it seemed much too one-sided, so I called back: "Speak English! Speak French! Speak Italian! Speak something that a fellow can understand!"—but it was hopeless. Now, when you call a chap names you must smile when you are doing it, or else it is not polite, and this man was certainly not smiling. At last, in despair I grabbed the concierge and drew him into the telephone booth and told him to try to make the secretary understand that I was leaving next day for Germany, where I would hear only one side, and that I was particularly anxious to get the Kaiser's version. I could only learn that the

Kaiser was sick and would see no one. I thought that I diagnosed the illness as "a rush of Imperial popularity to the Reichstag" which was relieved by a dose of 323 to 41. One required but a modest medical equipment to diagnose the Kaiser's illness.

That afternoon I received a note saying that His Majesty did not receive foreign journalists, and judging from the explosion of the morning I came to the conclusion that one of my cloth had about the same effect on him as if he had seen a pink elephant climbing up a pale blue strawberry vine. Anyway, it had to remain at that.

When in Germany I did my best to find out the sentiments of the German people, and I may say in all frankness that everywhere I went I found an almost unanimous opinion that the Empire and the Kaiser were an excellent riddance. The Germans are a simple and sympathetic people. They were for a long time fooled, and had become used to the whip of a small but important oligarchy which ruled the whole of Germany before the War. Not only did this small group rule the people but it ruled the Emperor.

Wilhelm II was in reality a vain, weak and shy Monarch who, as shy men sometimes do in an effort to appear bold, was wont to strut and swagger. He suffered from one serious weakness: striking theatrical attitudes. He did not seem to realize that making faces frightens no one save fools or children, but it antagonizes many, and from this failing may be traced to a certain extent the cause of his exile to-day. He also suffered from a

long tongue. He liked to dress in fancy uniforms, march around, clank his spurs and rattle his sabre. But to those who were in positions of responsibility his speeches were a bugbear. One official told me that these were a constant source of worry to all, for they could never tell what he might say or what might be the consequences of his utterances. His famous "Hun" speech which was addressed to his troops when leaving for China to suppress the Boxer Rebellion, gave the Allied Nations one of their greatest propaganda assets. Whatever may have been his weaknesses, his disappearance is a blessing for his country and the country realizes it.

The people have lost all affection for him for three reasons. Because they realize the fallacy of the War, that they were fooled and that their plight is partly due to his making. They have lost their respect for him because in 1918 he ran away to Holland, failing to remain with his men in the hour of their defeat, and also because shortly after the death of the Empress whom they loved he made another marriage which they disliked. The Kaiser is a thing of the past in Germany, and from what I have learnt not only from the German leaders but from the German masses, he is no longer wanted. The people are breathing a sigh of relief, and the simple, easy-going, music-loving artistic German citizen now smokes his pipe in peace and sips his beer and wonders what it was all about.

The Kaiser had surrounded himself with the most dangerous clique in Europe. From what I have heard

he was probably to a great extent a tool, but he had learnt to believe in the greatness which had been thrust upon him.

I remember wandering through the interminable halls of the Kaiser's Palace in Berlin and wondering how any man could have been so insane as to risk all that surrounded him in a useless and unjust war. There is one thing that struck me by its irony. In the Kaiser's workroom there is a large oaken desk. It is ponderous, unpolished and ugly. It was a gift from his Grandmother, and is made from wood taken from Nelson's Flagship, the *Victory*. There are plugs of wood inserted all over it, and these represent holes made by shot from the French guns. Upon it there is a paper-rack and an inkstand of the same wood and made to represent the flagship of Trafalgar. Extending along its base, facing the writer, are rows of small enamelled signal flags which spell Nelson's immortal motto: "England expects every man to do his duty." It was at this desk that the Kaiser worked, and upon this desk, shot-torn by the guns of France, that he signed the order for general mobilization of the Army and the Fleet in August, 1914. As his hand appended with a flourish the fateful name WILHELM to that awful document, his eyes were resting upon the flag-told signal which had driven the ships of France from the seas and made the red-crossed flag of Britain the Mistress of the Waves. He must have known that these same flags still flew on every ship in the British fleet, and that his scratched

name on that eventful day would drive him from his throne.

In the end it was his Navy that broke his power by their mutiny in 1918, when after four long years, tired and weary of war and waiting, they were ordered out to sea and death to meet the grim, gray battle-fleet of Britain.

The German people deserve much sympathy and the German Republic deserves much help.

CHAPTER TEN

Bohemia – the minorities – Pittsburg – American influence – meeting of the old and the new – the Castle – language difficulty – Sunday morning – Place Huss – a soap-box orator – nobody understands me – a gentleman approaches – do you speak Latin? – my classical friend – the merchant of Prague – revival of the past – Doctor Benes – his office – a young man – enthusiasm about the new State – Bohemian history – the old and the new – unity in the country – political position – the President – Doctor Marsaryk – perfect English – the Royal Palace – now modernized – the library – Lincoln's picture – simple surroundings – the tall serious man – romance is dead – ten years next year – a balanced budget – the question of minorities – coalition Government – Antonin Svehla – the Agrarians – Monsignor Sramek – the Statesman and Churchman – the Catholic leader – Father Hlinka – the Church and the Internationale – the Emperor's mistake – uncanny efficiency.

THE ancient Kingdom of Bohemia has been revived under a new guise. The Crown is now no more, but the State survives in the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Although the population is mainly composed of Czechs and of Slovaks and numbers in all thirteen millions, it includes three million Germans, as well as Magyars, Ruthenians, Poles and others. It is therefore easy to understand that it should contain more political Parties

and political minorities than any other State in Europe, and is all the more difficult thereby of comprehension for a person with a mere English mentality.

It seems uncanny when we realize that this ancient and Central-European country had its origin in Pittsburg amongst the exiles from Austria in America, and the one who was probably the most instrumental in bringing about its inception and success was Woodrow Wilson, while in Czecho-Slovakia to-day one still sees the touch of American influence in many quarters.

It is a strange meeting of the old and the new. The storied history of centuries is piled high in every steeple, the cobble pavements have felt the slippered feet of the Middle Ages and the public squares have rung with the clanking armour of the Knights of the Roman Empire. Around all this is now developing a progressive and aggressive country, spinning linen and blowing glass to send around the world.

In Prague everything breathes of old Bohemia. It was the centre for centuries of Bohemian life, and the great old castle of the Bohemian Kings still stands upon the hill overlooking the Elbe. It now serves to house the President who guides where the purple used to rule, and to lodge the Departments of the Ministry. It dates from the Eleventh Century, and the present Government is making extensive archæological excavations in the great court which have uncovered the remains of another castle that antedated the present one.

Prague is replete with history. During the Middle Ages Bohemia was an independent Kingdom and at

one time was the seat of the rulers of the Holy Roman Empire, which was founded by Charlemagne. But the memory of time is short, and for years it has been forgotten. It is easy to realize how much the people relish the advent of a new era in which they hope to see the revival of their bygone glories.

There is no more delightful place to stay than amid the romantic past of this old town, yet it is very difficult to find one's way around if one does not speak Czech. My ignorance of the popular tongue was the cause of a little incident which I found most interesting, and which also seemed so fitting in the age-old surroundings in which I found myself. One Sunday morning at about ten o'clock I was wandering through the narrow, turning streets and I reached a large open Square which contained an enormous monument to John Huss. A particularly unkempt-looking young man had imposed upon himself the thankless task of enlightening the world upon some subject or other which I did not understand and which seemed to amuse rather than interest the passers-by. He had brought with him a little wooden stand and a quantity of pamphlets which he tried to sell to the listeners whenever he became tired speaking. I watched the performance for a while and then, realizing my Sabbath obligations, I attempted to enlighten myself as to the denominations of the various spires which arose on all sides.

I found it impossible to make myself understood by the people to whom I spoke. After trying my limited tongues on many, I noticed a well-dressed man, whom

I saw at once to be a gentleman, approaching. Accosting him, I again made my inquiries. With great politeness he made signs that he could not understand, and he left me.

After taking a few steps he returned and looking me over he said:

"Salve, domine, loquerisne latine?

"Utique, domine, paulo. Volo Missam adire sed Ecclesiam invenire non possum.

"Bene, ego quoque vado ad Ecclesiam. Veni mecum.

"Gratias, domine, multo cum gaudio."

He took me by the arm and we started off and spent the greater part of the day together. It was many years since I had closed the covers of my Latin authors, and I was hard pressed to follow his flowing and beautifully turned sentences. I found this little incident charming, particularly so to discover that the Romance languages were still in use in this romantic place. My classical friend turned out to be a wholesale merchant, and he later gave me much information about the national affairs of his country.

The first statesman whom I met in this Republic was Doctor Benes, the Foreign Minister. He occupies sumptuous quarters in the Castle of Prague. His room was very large and overlooked the city. A great square tapestry hung upon the wall and in front of it stood a bronze statue of Doctor Marsaryk, the President of Czecho-Slovakia. There was near the window a large desk and at it sat a very small man, young, yet prematurely worried, but active and alert. Doctor Benes is

still in his forties, but shows the weight of his work when he looks at you from under his eyebrows with keen earnest eyes.

He is enthusiastic about the new State, and can talk for hours about its past and its future. I was scarcely seated when he began to tell me about his plans and prospects for its development and about the greatness and the history of his country.

He spoke like lightning as he said: "We are a combination of the old and the new. We have been independent since the Fourth Century and were an independent Kingdom in the Sixth. During the Middle Ages we were ruled by Czech Kings, but in the Seventeenth Century we were swallowed up by the Hapsburgs, and now after three centuries we are independent again.

"We are a combination of the old and the new. The old is represented by Doctor Marsaryk, who for years fought for his people in the Austrian Reichsrat before the War. He is the old, and in myself, who never took part in politics in the old days but came into them with the Republic, I am the new. Now all will revive. We will revive the glories of the old Czech State and of the old Czech civilization.

"In 1526 the Hapsburgs were elected to the Throne of Bohemia and were crowned in Prague. Then the Austrian rule began. Now it is done. We want to create unity in our country. Unity amongst all the elements which form it. We are already the only State which has admitted minorities to the Government. There were

always Germans in the old Kingdom of Bohemia, but they lived peacefully here and now again we are content to have them. To-day they are represented by two of their own Ministers in the Cabinet of the country."

Doctor Benes has fought hard for Czecho-Slovakia at the League of Nations, where his personality has been felt, and to a great extent he has guided his country's foreign policy. Politically he is of the Left, and is a member of the Socialist Party which advocates the Marxist doctrine of State Socialism, and he is to a certain extent an anti-clerical.

The President of the Republic, who is at the same time one of its founders and who was instrumental in arranging the Pittsburg Congress, is Doctor Thomas G. Marsaryk. He is an old man of seventy-seven, spare and austere. There is about him an air of seriousness and a feeling of bitterness for the past. Even his smile is a serious one and devoid of gayety.

He speaks English perfectly, yet with a slight trace of an accent; and he was married to an American lady. He occupies apartments in the Royal Palace which are entered through the massive wrought-iron gate which still bears the gilded Imperial Crown of the Empire of the Hapsburgs. This is the suite that was formerly used by the Austrian Princes while in Prague. I arrived at the gate at the moment the soldiers were changing guard. The khaki-clad boys who obeyed their orders in Czech had replaced the gorgeous Guard of Imperial times, and the Presidential flag was flying from the mast-head in the court where once flew the Double-

headed Eagle, which looked both towards the rising and the setting sun.

The interior of this part of the castle has been completely modernized. It is supplied with an electric lift and with the most modern furniture and equipment. I had a few moments to wait in the President's library. It was furnished more for work and reference than for comfort, and all the shelves were carefully labelled as to the subjects to which they referred. I noticed that many of the books were on political topics and a great number were in English.

In a short time I was brought into the President's office. This was also an ultra-modern room in a very old place. New bookshelves covered the walls, and arranged around the lowest shelf were photographs mostly of a personal nature, but I noticed that one of Lincoln held the chief place.

Everything surrounding the President appeared more American than European, and this seemed most bizarre in the oldest part of Europe. No gaudy military aides were there, just a plain efficient secretary, and there were no trappings of pomp or power that one might expect in this part of the world. It required almost super-imagination to people again this old Palace with Bohemian Kings and Courts or with Roman Emperors wielding their sceptres across a hemisphere.

The tall, thin, black-clad, serious man with his practical surroundings and socialistic ideas had driven all that from the building and replaced it with modern and efficient machinery. All was new and theoretically

correct, yet the romance was gone and the Royal Purple trodden in the dust. Somehow I felt sorry, for I like the mildewed smell of history and the draperies of other years that hang like faded rose-garlands to remind one that once there was an age of chivalry before romance was dead and before time demanded commerce and efficiency. Yet, if these old ideas had survived, there would now be no Czecho-Slovakia, and Marsaryk would be but a voice in the wilderness calling and unheeded.

President Marsaryk spoke to me in a cold, practical way, as a business man telling me of the success of an enterprise:

"It is now nine years, ten years next year," he said, "and we have done a great deal, for we have stabilized our money and have made commercial treaties with all the countries and are working in a practical sense. I cannot say that I am satisfied, for I know our weak points. I suppose that others are not satisfied either, but our budget is in order, and it is hard work to create a new State."

"What is the national attitude of the different peoples who go to form the population of Czecho-Slovakia?" I asked President Marsaryk.

"We have many Parties," he answered, "and we want close relations between them, for we have a great German minority of three millions. This is the principle of the new Republic."

"What is the feeling to-day between the two chief races in the Country, the Czechs and the Slovaks?"

"As to the difference between the Czech and the Slovak, it is merely one of dialect. I am a Slovak. If Germany were to accept the principle of dialect it would have twenty nations. This is of no importance."

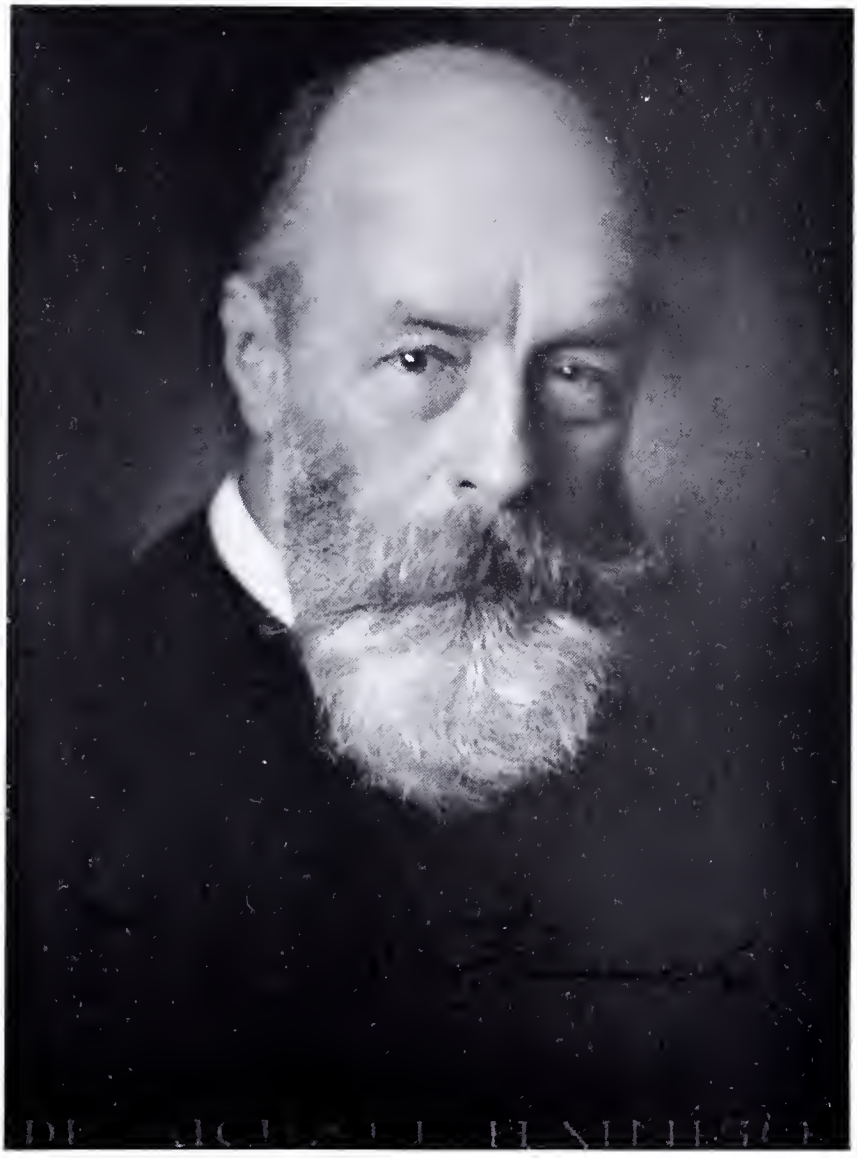
The conversation then turned to the land itself, and I mentioned particularly the charm of old Bohemia which greets one everywhere. I said to him that only in Old World surroundings that were replete with history could this be found, and not in a land like my own, which was so new and where only a most modern civilization greeted one.

"I do not agree with you," he said. "Your civilization is as old as ours, for the people of your country are all descended from the old races of Europe and have the same history and traditions as we have. The fact that they are now living in America does not make them any more modern than those who are descended with them from a common stock."

President Marsaryk is above all a serious man, and it is to a great extent due to his personal efforts that Czecho-Slovakia exists to-day.

The Government of the country is a National or Coalition Government, and while the President and Foreign Minister both owe their allegiance to the Left Wing, or Party of Socialism, they have the active cooperation of the Right. This conservative Wing has two strong men to uphold its views. One of these is Mr. Antonin Svehla, who heads the Agrarians. He was until recently the Premier and represented the people of the soil. In Czecho-Slovakia as in most countries, the man

MONSIGNOR IGNAZ SEIPEL



MICHAEL HAINISH

who owns the land is the backbone of the conservative class. I have never met Mr. Svehla, for he is seldom in Prague when the Parliament is not in session, but from what I learned in the Capital he is a very able man and if his health permits will most probably be the successor of Doctor Marsaryk as President of the Nation.

Also associated with the Government is the Popular, or Catholic Party, and its representative in the Cabinet is Monsignor Sramek, who holds the Portfolio of Social Welfare. I had occasion to meet him at his office in an old building of fine proportions in the lower town, below the high overhanging rock on which the castle is built.

In a spacious and beautifully appointed room at a very large desk sat the Minister. He is a small man, immaculately groomed, in a well-fitting black frock coat, high-buttoned waistcoat and Roman collar. On this very small frame sits a very large head. His face is also large and round but exceedingly serene, while the large glasses he wears enhance the pensiveness of his eyes. His every movement was careful and dignified as he sat in a big arm-chair at my right and prepared to discuss the affairs of his country.

Monsignor Sramek is the typical highly trained cultivated Churchman. A man whose life has been spent in study, and above all a diplomat to the finger tips. He is a Moravian, in his middle fifties. He was a professor of Philosophy and was a member of the Austrian Reichsrat during the old régime. All his life he has been associated with the political history of Bohemia and in the

organization of his people against Socialism and Bolshevism. He is both erudite and cautious. Although understanding French he would not trust himself, and preferred to speak to me in Czech through the medium of an interpreter. In all his conversation and in all his answers to my inquiries he displayed a life of training and a diplomacy which only years of development could bring to perfection.

Monsignor Sramek represents a large portion of the people of Czecho-Slovakia. He is an intense nationalist but very broad-minded. His Party contains representatives not only of the two main races but of all the minorities in the State, and it has become his Party's aim to unite them all in a Christian Social platform. He has thereby become their champion and he does all that is humanly possible to satisfy these minorities in order that they may become an integral part of the nation and a contented element in the land.

He is very powerful in Czecho-Slovakia in a very modest and polished way, yet, behind the quiet and religious garb there is the finished statesman, and after the next elections he will probably become the Prime Minister.

There is, too, another powerful leader who generally works in conjunction with Monsignor Sramek and who at the present moment is also lending his support to the actual Government. This is Father Andrej Hlinka. Even before the War he was nationally conscious of the independent movement among the Slovaks, and was a supporter of their ambitions for autonomy, and as their

leader, became a member of the National Revolutionary Assembly. Unfortunately, I never met him. He has all the characteristics of an ascetic, but the fire of a Crusader. He differs from the main body of the Popular Party on the question of local autonomy for his own Province, Slovakia, but on all main issues he lends his aid to the Government of Antonin Svehla.

Throughout most of Europe, in all those parts which are predominantly Catholic, it has fallen upon the Church to fight the rising tide of Socialistic and Atheistic Philosophy, and also to support and to help all Governments which stand for the principles of law and order. Everywhere there have risen strong and fearless Churchmen who through their skill and years of training have mounted to the highest places in the Governments of their respective countries. Monsignor Nolens in Holland, Sramek and Hlinka in Czecho-Slovakia, Monsignor Seipel in Austria and Don Sturzo in Italy are examples. It has become their calling to undertake the organization of the people in order to counteract the propaganda of Moscow and to undo the damage of the Third Internationale.

There is no doubt that the present Czecho-Slovakian Government has taken a firm hold, and that the idea of national independence has appealed strongly to the imagination of the people. They feel a personal dislike for the late Emperor Francis Joseph, and this has brought about much of the republican idea which now prevails in this former part of his great Empire. This is likely due to a foolish oversight on his part.

As Austrian Emperor he also bore the title of Bohemian King, and it was customary throughout centuries for a special Royal Coronation to be held in Prague. Although the ceremony had been prepared, Francis Joseph did not put in an appearance and so was never crowned King of Bohemia, therefore he was not considered worthy of any loyalty on the part of the Bohemian people. Also, he could not speak their language even though he was their King, and his high-spirited Bohemian subjects were forced to address him in German. This hurt their pride and wounded their national consciousness, so that when the day of reckoning was at hand they seized the opportunity of throwing off their allegiance, to pick up again their national life where it had been broken off three hundred years before.

Although there is much misunderstanding still extant among the various peoples who go to make up the country, there is no doubt that Czecho-Slovakia is a well-managed and carefully organized place. This internal trouble is only what is to be expected in any country where a multitude of small national communities go to form the population. Notwithstanding all that I had heard about the Czecho-Slovakian internal conditions, its success and the order which was everywhere apparent left upon me the impression of uncanny efficiency in a very happy-go-lucky part of the world.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Allies have no reason to feel proud – responsibility of Woodrow Wilson – a little country of six millions – the castle in the grounds – carved like butchers' meat – civilization's crime – fight against Bolshevism – clamouring for annexation – economic impossibility – Monsignor Seipel – the efficient Churchman – a dominant force – the hope of Austria – anti-Socialist – his courage – the President of the Republic – Doctor Michael Hainish – the successor of the Hapsburgs – ideal head – the President's office – the paintings – statesmen of other years – an air of sadness – the lot of Austria is a sad one – the map – the tariff barriers – lack of markets – desperation of the people – Austria a tragedy – breeding-ground of socialism – Humanity's duty to help – nothing left.

THERE is one piece of handiwork in Europe for which the Allied Nations have every reason to feel utter shame—that is Austria. What purpose the deliberate disruption of that country has served the peace of Europe, the civilization of the world and all the rest of the things for which the War was fought, God only knows.

In Central Europe, they tell you that Woodrow Wilson was chiefly responsible for the complete dismemberment of Austria. An intense hatred of that country seems to have been an obsession of his, and everywhere one finds traces of his disruptive plans.

From a Power of sixty millions it has been reduced to a little country of six. If one could imagine a beautiful castle placed in a park filled with ponds and rock gardens, but which had once formed part of a great estate, from whose farm lands it had drawn its livelihood one can see Austria to-day. All the lands which went to sustain her have been taken away, and Vienna alone remains, with the mountains that surround her. As an economic entity she cannot exist. A city of great beauty with a population of over two millions, and which is already a place that is dying, has to rely for her support chiefly upon the rocky heights within the Austrian boundaries. To-day she is the Capital of a broken State that stands stripped of all which can preserve her national status for her.

Austria has been carved like butchers' meat, and now hangs upon the spit of socialism slowly desiccating, till soon nothing but a charred bone will lie where once a great nation stood. Those who have created this state of affairs have nothing to vaunt about. War may be war, but the deliberate destruction of a great centre of civilization is naught but vandalism. These great prophetic statesmen in their insatiable glut for *civilization* have planted the germs of a festering sore to contaminate the rest of Europe with Bolshevism and unrest. This pest is germinating rapidly in Austria, but so far it has been retained well within her own borders. Unless some outside aid is offered to alleviate the conditions and to correct the mistakes that have been made in civilization's name, the contagion will spread beyond the Austrian

frontiers into other States, there to undermine and sap the foundations of authority and of order.

The fight there now is against the menacing forces of socialism and the dread ogre of economic death. In Vienna now all is pessimism. There is no future. That is gone. The spirit of the people is broken and their laugh of gayety rings to-day with hollow mockery. The great necessity at the present time is outside assistance, yet where is this to come from, when in the past the treatment she has received has been so unjust?

The position of Austria is such that under present conditions the State cannot survive, and a large majority of the population is now clamoring for annexation to Germany, which the Little Entente will not permit. Yet, what is the alternative? One would imagine from European conditions that the War was fought solely to destroy Austria, for that has been the most apparent result. Her neighbours have raised tariff walls against her and she cannot sell her goods, therefore she has had to cease manufacturing. She has been placed in the position of an economic dependency of Germany, and the political union which must naturally follow the economic one is destined to come about, no matter whether the other European Powers like it or not. This will simply make Germany more powerful than she was before the War, therefore, where is the logic of it all?

Already the Socialists have control of Vienna, and the recent socialist uprising is a barometrical indication of what is still to be expected. The fight is becoming

daily more and more difficult and the inevitable more and more evident.

The leader of the forces of order is Monsignor Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor. He is the strong man upon whose shoulders is resting the full weight of his country's woes, and who has borne the brunt of it all to a great extent alone, but now he is seeking a *rapprochement* between all the German-speaking peoples, for he cannot hope to carry indefinitely the whole of Austria's burden.

I met him only once, and it was but casually. I did not discuss with him the conditions of his country. He is a striking-looking man, above middle height, and with the beak of an eagle. His close-cropped head accentuates the prominence of his features, and the mourning look of his close-fitting, black clerical clothes is broken only by the purple neck-cloth which adds a touch of colour to the otherwise too sombre exterior.

I met him at his office in Vienna shortly before the socialist uprising of the Summer of 1927, and he seemed to be more in demand than any other man in the Capital, as he rushed hither and thither to meetings and councils. There were countless people waiting to be received by him, from the favour-seeker who was born to pester the leaders of every land, to the journalists waiting to get a story or grab a scoop. He seemed to do everything and to do it all alone, and appeared to be the dominant force which guided the Government of his country.

Monsignor Seipel is regarded everywhere as the hope

of Austria. He is the creation of the exigencies of the times. He is thorough, austere and an indomitable worker who does not take even the necessary time to sleep, in this struggle he is carrying on. He is the brilliant son of humble surroundings who has risen to the crest through the turmoil of his country. Austria now looks to him as her greatest hope, for he not only controls the interior administration but he is also the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it is through him that his Government has lived up to the letter of the obligations it assumed in the Treaty of Saint-Germain.

Had it not been for Doctor Seipel Austria would undoubtedly have become a socialist State. It has been through his strength and fearlessness that socialism has been kept in curb, notwithstanding its abortive outbreaks. His position is rendered all the more difficult through the fact that the Municipal Council of Vienna is a socialist body, and that the old and aristocratic city boasts of a socialist Mayor. Doctor Seipel fights alone. His determination and courage have put down ruthlessly the recent diabolical and vandal attempt to sack Vienna and proclaim a Bolshevist community.

The President of the Austrian Republic was an entirely different person. It was hard to realize that Doctor Michael Hainish was that day the successor of the Hapsburgs. All that glittering history had made way for this quiet, handsome, modest man. The glamour may have gone, but the dignity remained, not perhaps the dignity of pomp and circumstance, but the dignity of intelligence and birth. One could not picture a more

ideal President for a country with the past of Austria than this charming elderly man.

In most countries, Presidents have been leaders who by their aggression and political ability have forced their way to their country's head. You cannot picture Doctor Hainish in any such rôle. He is much too cultivated and soft spoken for the routine of political turmoil in which Presidents are bred. He is an ideal head for any State, and Austria could carry on her traditions of culture under him without the slightest jar to her national susceptibilities.

I was informed that he would receive me on a morning in June, when all Vienna was complaining of the heat of the weather. My appointment was for eleven and I was to be received in the Presidential offices. At the appointed time I was there. These were located in one of those strange old piles that are a combination of public building and defunct mansion, and are certainly unfitted for either use, but which the Europeans call palaces.

The Presidential offices were on the first floor facing those of Doctor Seipel, which were situated across the hall on the other side of the great wrought-iron staircase. A very conventional footman in sombre black took my hat as I entered the ante-chamber. This was a great long room with large canvases of the former rulers of the Austrian Empire in other centuries. Bewigged Archdukes looked down at you fiercely from their gilded frames, or baby Hapsburgs in tiny armour wore the Golden Fleece in their childish games. The place was a

most democratic one, notwithstanding the painted audience which silently watched the simple people who came and went to see the uncrowned head of Austria.

I was passed quickly to an active secretary who seemed to speak most of the languages in use under the sun, and without one minute's waiting I was brought into the President's reception room which adjoined his office. This again was like all the rooms in these palaces, long and gorgeous, with red and gold furniture, only the pictures were different. On the walls were the statesmen of another century of Austria's history. Fierce old fellows, wearing many decorations and Lord Dundreary side-whiskers, frowned down on the new Republic, and I am sure that sometimes on dark and stormy nights they must step down from their gilded prisons to put their ghostly heads together and discuss in solemn conclave their disapproval of the new régime.

Doctor Hainish met me at the door. A tall man, broad shouldered and serious, there was an air of sadness about him. It seemed to emanate from his eyes, which had an earnestness that was very impressive. His beard, almost white, was square and well trimmed; it enhanced the dignity of his person with the benevolence of age.

He sat at a table beside me at the end of this long room, and his first words to me seemed natural and fitting: "The lot of Austria is a sad one."

He spoke French like a Parisian, and went on to tell me of the disruption that had taken place. "The City

of Vienna," he said, "has economic machinery for a land of fifty millions, and to-day we have but six, and all the economic structure is in this proportion, with the result that unemployment is general"— He stopped suddenly and said: "Wait, the map!"

Leaving me he went into his private office and returned with a large map of Austria which he laid on the table before me. It showed the old boundaries as well as the new. "There!" he said, "you can see for yourself. They have taken away from us all that our economic life required, and besides they have raised around us on all sides customs barriers and customs houses. They are choking us, for we cannot absorb what we make and we are unable to export it so long as these tariff walls remain. Our workshops cannot work, so that unemployment has become acute with the inevitable result of much socialism.

"Look at the map," he said as he drew his finger across what remains of the Tyrol. "Our form is now like a fish tail so that in the centre, from an elevation on a clear day you can see both frontiers. These Tyrolese are not happy. Innsbruck is now out of touch with Vienna and is much nearer to Bavaria. We want to live, but how can we without markets for what we produce? We require an understanding with our neighbours so that we may sell what we make, for export markets are our greatest need. All we want is a chance to live."

Again he referred to the difficulty of even feeding the people when he said to me: "The land they have left to us is mostly mountains." All this is unfortunately

too true. I was with Doctor Hainish for over an hour and his story was a most convincing one. He is an intense patriot, and is personally very anxious to preserve the Austrian national integrity.

The people of Austria are very desperate, and to-day ninety per cent. of them desire political union with Germany. Most of the Entente Nations are opposed to this, and Czecho-Slovakia will not tolerate it. Doctor Benes told me so himself, but what is there to do? I am convinced that if such a union were to take place the Austrians would be clamouring for separation again within three years, for I cannot conceive of these easy-going, charming people who take the things of life with such little effort ever successfully forming part of the aggressive, hard-working, efficient German Republic.

Austria is a tragedy, and those who made it such have nothing to their credit. President Marsaryk told me that he did not think that Woodrow Wilson ever intended that the disruption should have been so complete, and there is probably no outstanding man in Europe who is more conversant with Wilson's ideas. France is realizing now that the destructive policy was a mistake. At Saint-Germain, Czecho-Slovakia was consulted as to her frontiers, and asked if they were acceptable, but Austria on the other hand was treated as a conquered country, and her opinions were not sought.

To-day thirty per cent. of the Austrians live in Vienna, which has become the greatest breeding-ground of Socialism and Bolshevism outside of Russia. Even in the Army this pest is to be found, and it is said that ten

thousand out of the eighteen thousand soldiers in the Austrian Army are tainted.

To-day it is humanity's duty to help Austria, even for its own safety and preservation, for if the machinations of Moscow are successful, and a new red sore appears in the centre of Europe, the neighbouring States will learn too late the folly of crushing Austria, for they will be infected themselves before they realize it. They can help Austria only in one way, that is by tearing down the barriers they have raised against her and helping her to return to work, for only in employment for her masses can she hope to satisfy her people.

What mockery has been heard in the platitudes preached by sanctimonious mouths! In the name of civilization the makers of new Europe have ravaged Austria and taken everything from her. They have left her only her eyes to weep with, and to-day torn and tear-worn she looks to the world for help—and she should get it.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Roumanians are not a Balkan people – Dacia of the Romans – political crises common – Jean Bratiano – a most colourful politician – Bratiano a dynastic name – General Averescu – the plot that failed – Prince Stirby – recall of Bratiano – the Liberal Party – meeting at the club – another triumph – enthusiastic audience – unconventional costume – appearance – passionless assurance – certainty of success – cynical and successful politician – Doctor Angelescu – beautiful mansion – art collector – the surgeon – Minister to Washington – political career – personality – his books – "Colonada Iordache" – automatically becomes Minister – congratulations – his office – M. Argetiano – a man of many parts – the Queen the greatest Statesman – her important rôle – a woman of unbounded energy – excellent judgment – the Pro-Ally – the British Minister – a hot Sunday morning at the Legation – recognized only Downing Street – complete disagreement – difficulties for British subjects – Sinaia – the Bowl in the Mountains – the Summer Palace – the drive – the Guard – the Hall – the baby boy – Prince Alexander – Queen Marie – becoming costume – her workroom – simplicity of manner – the conversation – opinions on Monarchy – the return of the wanderer – "My job" – her conversation with a Red – surprised at American ways – the King's illness – tears – the breaking point – "My Garden" – "I gave six children to the country" – "My Boy" – the disappointment – the daughters – "If Kings come for them it is not my work" – determined champion of her own calling – the Englishwoman – the photograph – her obligations to her country – great patriotism and ability – the mind of a man –

her country's greatest asset – Prince Michael – the fireman in his dreams.

I SEEM to have a faculty of arriving in countries at critical moments. I entered Bucharest the day before Prince Stirby resigned as interim Premier of Roumania. He had held power since the fall of General Averescu's Government, and the crisis past, he considered that his retirement would best benefit his country.

The Roumanians are entirely different from the people who surround them, and are very careful that everyone shall know that they are not a Balkan people, for their land is the ancient Dacia of the Romans. They claim to be descended from the soldiers of the Roman Legions who were disbanded there and had settled on the land as colonists, yet they are very un-Roman in their characteristics. On the other hand they lack the dourness and the aggressive fearlessness of the Slav, but they are a good-natured, simple people who are more born to live easily than to die fearlessly.

Political crises are by no means the exception in this part of the world, with the inevitable result that strong men have arisen here as everywhere else who hold in formidable grasp the administration of the Government. For the eight years preceding the successful *coup d'état* of Premier Maniu and his Agrarian party, which almost amounted to a bloodless revolution, one man in particular had been in the background of Roumanian politics, and he was Jean Bratiano. When not Premier himself, he was the support on which the Govern-

M. JEAN BRATIANO

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARIE

ment rested. In fact, the name of Bratiano had almost become a dynastic one in the political history of Roumania. His father before him had been Prime Minister, and upon Jean Bratiano's recent death his brother, Vintilla, succeeded him in office, while his family had been associated with the public affairs of its country for many years.

General Averescu had been Premier mainly through the support of M. Bratiano and his Party. The times were very troublesome, for it was shortly before the death of King Ferdinand, and the question of the Regency of the little Crown Prince Michael, was causing political conjecture and annoyance. The possible return of Prince Carol had been mooted, so that factions were evident in all quarters. In the midst of all this turmoil it was claimed that a plot had been discovered whereby General Averescu with the assistance of some of the Army intended to seize power completely and rule as a Dictator. M. Bratiano immediately withdrew his support, and without his aid, instead of a *coup d'état* a Government defeat resulted.

In order to clear the atmosphere, the King placed the Government in the hands of Prince Stirby, who, although he was a brother-in-law of M. Bratiano, had no Party affiliations which could be considered bothersome. He kept his charge as long as it was deemed advisable and then resigned. Political affairs being once more normal, M. Bratiano was again called upon to form a Government.

He was the leader of the National Liberal Party

which since the War has become the one powerful political organization in Roumania. The Conservatives had not shown themselves so pro-Ally as the Liberals, and their Germanophile attitude in the first year of the struggle did much to eliminate their prestige. By degrees the Party of Jean Bratiano absorbed all the more conservative groups, so that to-day although he has passed beyond the human sphere, his work remains and his Party though now in opposition represents not only many of the more advanced factions, but also the old traditional interests, and it has become the one strong National Party, as opposed to the National Agrarians.

I met M. Bratiano at a meeting of the National Liberal Party in the Liberal Club at Bucharest the day after he had again been called to the Premiership. This was another personal triumph for him, and I shall never forget the demonstration of enthusiasm which his followers made when he entered. The room was crowded and intensely hot, on a very sultry afternoon. I had been introduced to him by Doctor Angelescu and I was standing behind him while he was speaking. This placed me in a position facing the audience, and I watched the heat-flushed faces which, open-mouthed, alternately listened and cheered. On account of the extreme weather the Prime Minister wore a very unconventional costume of a short double-breasted blue coat and white flannel trousers. He was not much over middle size and quite broad shouldered, and had a mass of gray curly hair and a gray wavy beard. There seemed

to be something Oriental about him. His skin was very dark. With his sleepy black eyes and large hooked nose he was the embodiment of everything that was cynical, calculating and effective.

His speech was moderate, reserved and quiet. He spoke without ardour or enthusiasm, but with the personal assurance of one who knew his listeners and was conscious of the strength of his position. Yet, that feverish crowd punctuated the whole of his discourse with wild cheers, calls and applause. Throughout it all, the bored superiority which he evinced never changed, and still those perspiration-bathed faces watched, listened and cheered. It was the triumph of success and he knew it, for it was but another palm being laid at his feet.

Jean Bratiano was an ideal politician, cold, disdainful, clever, successful, yet magnetic. He knew only too well that success begets friends and that disaster begets oblivion. To speak to personally he was quiet, ingratiating and persuasive, and he was everywhere credited with a flair for power that was almost uncanny.

The death of Jean Bratiano removed one of the most colourful personalities that the Balkans have ever produced. He embodied all the qualities and peculiarities of that romantic part of the world. In him the Balkan statesman of romance lived completely, both physically and mentally. His memory is destined to live long and fiction will weave about him tales of the wildest phantasy.

The opposite is Doctor Angelescu, who through years of political association had come to be regarded as Jean

Bratiano's constant colleague, for he also had acquired the habit of being a member of the Government of his country. Doctor Angelescu is a fabulously wealthy man who lives in a beautiful mansion of Moorish style in the centre of Bucharest, and is the possessor of one of the finest art collections in the Balkans. He has gathered together all that is finest in Roumanian art, and his house is filled with some of the best bronzes to be found. He has also some particularly beautiful examples of eighteenth-century Sèvres. He had one of the rarest collections of medals in Europe, but during the German occupation of Roumania these were removed to Russia, and on the advent of the Revolution there they were seized by the Bolshevists and never returned.

His career has been a varied one. He is not of the old Roumanian nobility but is a practising surgeon who for many years has held the Chair of Clinical Surgery in the National University. His political duties have prevented all active practice of his profession and his great wealth has removed the necessity for it, yet his art is still at the disposal of his old friends and of the poor, for his profession has now become a charity and is given free to the needy.

For eight years he has been a member of the various Governments, and during the War he was Roumanian Minister to Washington. He is an interesting man, this surgical, diplomatic Minister of Public Instruction. He carries none of the professional scenery around with him which one constantly meets in that part of the

world. He is very tall, and in the ordinary tweeds which he always wears he looks much more like a successful business man than one into whose life all the successes of three professions have been crammed.

I have met him many times, and by one who did not know him he would more likely be taken for a clever, practical Frenchman, both from his language and his appearance, rather than for a Roumanian statesman of the first order. He was most gracious, particularly in his own house, where he showed me his paintings and his books, for he has some beautifully bound specimens and some very rare copies of old editions of classical works. When speaking upon art he displayed a profundity that was very complete. There, in his own house he has surrounded himself with things of beauty which he has collected throughout his life and his travels, and he converses most freely upon his hobbies and his interests.

I dined with him at that delightful open-air restaurant the "Colonada Iordache," where there is such a good Gypsy orchestra. There he was a different man. It was while dining with him that night that some one approached and whispered to him that Prince Stirby had resigned and that M. Bratiano had been called upon to form a Government. He must have known immediately that he had once more become a Minister even though he had not yet been officially informed. At dinner his conversation was entirely about politics and was to a great extent confined to matters pertaining to his own Department. Taken out of his house and away

from his surroundings, the art lover disappeared and the keen, forceful and resourceful politician became evident. Throughout the evening he scarcely had time to eat, for he was constantly interrupted by people who wished to shake his hand, for again they saw in him the Cabinet Minister.

At that time in 1927 Doctor Angelescu was a very busy man. His office on the ground floor of his house was always full of political satellites or of his poor compatriots who came seeking the comforts of his professional skill. He is a very versatile person and is eminent in many spheres.

Another interesting Roumanian politician is M. Argetiano, former Minister of Agriculture. Tall, massive, immaculate and suave, this big black-bearded man has been a veritable marvel in the number and nature of the Portfolios he has held. He is very wealthy and a great land owner. He coupled his Department with that of Domains, and he has successfully guided the Departments of Justice, Foreign Affairs and the Interior. He might be summed up as a clever and successful man, who always holds an important post, whatever it may be, whenever his Party is in power.

It happened that one day I was talking to an official of the Foreign Office at Bucharest about the eminent men of his country, and quite unconsciously he said: "Our greatest statesman is our Queen." At first this seemed a paradox, yet I left Roumania completely convinced of the fact.

There is no one who has played such an important and opportune part in the actual events of any country as Queen Marie has in Roumania. Some people in America have seen fit to poke levity at her activities, but they know nothing of the rôle which she has filled in recent years and the extent to which her country has every reason to be grateful.

She is a woman of unbounded energy, abundant confidence in her own ability and added to this, she has a clear mind and excellent judgment. Much of the success Roumania has achieved through the War is directly due to her, for, as in all countries like hers, there was a strong pro-German faction in Roumanian politics which was represented by the aristocratic group and the landed element. These expected a German victory, but Queen Marie and the Liberals were firm believers in the Allied cause, and it is much due to her that this idea triumphed.

I was anxious to meet her and the Roumanian Foreign Office also wished that I should see their English Queen. The protocol exacted that a request be made by the British Minister that I should be received by Her Majesty. On learning this, I went immediately to the British Legation. It was Saturday afternoon and the Minister was away, so I left my credentials which were from the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada and had proved to be an "Open Sesame" everywhere. The British Embassies at The Hague and at Rome had deemed them quite sufficient introduction

to request meetings for me with Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and with Mussolini. But at Bucharest it was different.

I was informed at the Legation that the Minister was not at home, but that he would receive me at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. So next day I returned to meet His Excellency the Minister who represented the British Commonwealth. His Excellency informed me that he only recognized introductions from the Foreign Office in London, and that he could do nothing for me. I pleaded that coming from Canada this channel was not available to me and that I had brought the best that my country could offer. He would recognize nothing but the Foreign Office. Feeling that the status of my native country was being severely questioned, my patriotic instinct was aroused, and this British Minister and a very humble Canadian citizen had an interesting half hour in which Downing Street and Ottawa had adamant and aggressive champions. I was forced to remind the Minister of the change in the channel of communication which had been brought about by the last Imperial Conference, and to tell him that I regretted that "My Country" was not represented there, for if it were, I would apply to my own Minister.

It is unfortunate that some British officials are so insular in their ideas, and still seem ignorant of the fact that millions of subjects in the British Commonwealth are co-equal before the Crown. Anyway, he refused to write the necessary letter unless requested to do so by Prince Stirby, the Premier at the time, or by

his first senior official. This was quite impossible, for a Cabinet crisis was taking place and Prince Stirby resigned the next day. To complete this simple formality, an official of the Roumanian Foreign Office had to go and tell him that it was their desire that I should meet the Queen. In the end he did what was necessary, but only after embarrassing a travelling British subject who dealt through his own Foreign Office, as well as the officials of the Government to which the Minister was accredited.

I was received by the Queen at Sinaia, her country place, where she had gone with the King who at the time was so terribly ill, for it was scarcely a month before his death. Sinaia is about four hours by train from Bucharest, up in the Carpathians. It is a beautiful place and is in reality a sort of bowl in the mountains surrounded by high wooded peaks, covered with pine and evergreen. The coolness of the air and the scent of the fir were a delightful relief after Bucharest in June.

The Summer Palaces where the Royal family live are perched high upon the mountain side. There are two. Since the King's illness they had been living in the smaller one, which is really a beautiful villa surrounded by outbuildings, and near by there is a handsome Byzantine Church and belfry built in the style of those of the Orthodox Communion.

The drive from the hotel to the castle was a beautiful one of a mile and a half, and it followed a winding road through the mountains, past beautiful houses and villas hidden in evergreen. The verdure was most

prolific, and the air, the cool, damp air of fir and altitude. As I drove along the winding way, I passed two Companies of Infantry marching to the music of a fine military band, whose strains reverberated through the mountains. They were marching up the hill to the castle to relieve the Royal Guard. They were strange looking little fellows, these soldiers of Roumania, in their ill-fitting khaki uniforms, and they wore sprigs of balsam in their Alpine-looking hats. They may have lacked the pomp and splendour of most Royal Guards, but they seemed to melt into the mountain scenery and left nothing that could jar or fail to harmonize with the colour of the hills.

I had scarcely arrived at the Palace when I was met by a lady-in-waiting. It was not yet noon, and as the Queen was busy with her officials, I had a few minutes to spare. I was seated in the large square hall which served as an unofficial living-room, panelled in dark wood and furnished with large comfortable chairs and sofas. In a few moments a small mite of a boy entered from the grounds dressed in a tan overcoat and little round hat. He was leading a beautiful white and red spaniel by a chain and was speaking to his nurse in baby-English. He was the little Crown Prince Michael, the son of Prince Carol and Princess Helen of Greece. He was led up the stairs which were at the back of the room, and a few moments later I was requested to follow.

On the landing of the main staircase there was a large, beautiful light-toned painting of Roumanian life, and scattered throughout the villa were smaller

ones, mostly of subjects pertaining to the life of the country, and were the works of Roumanian artists.

I was brought to the Queen's apartments above stairs, and at the door of her study I met Prince Alexander, her second son. He is a tall, thin young man with fair hair and delicate features, and looks anything but robust or strong. When I entered, Queen Marie was standing at the door of her own working quarters, for she is a working Queen. The room was low, and divided by an arch; there was a large window alcove which contained bowls filled with roses. The room was furnished with comfortable chairs covered in old brocade, and several objects of antique art and statues completed its ornamentation.

The Queen was dressed in the costume of a Roumanian peasant which was exceedingly picturesque and becoming. It consisted of a white bodice embroidered in red, with a red fringed skirt brocaded in gold. Around her head she wore a soft white veil in the fashion of a shawl and caught under her chin, while she had folds of the same material wound around her head like a turban and held in place with large pearl pins. This charming costume was very beautiful and blended admirably with the fittings of the room. Beside her were her inseparable companions, her two black spaniels.

Her manner is of complete simplicity and her mind is extremely alert. She talks with an utter fearlessness that is refreshing, and she is prepared to discuss any topic of the day. She was curious to learn what other Crowned Heads I had met, and the conversation turned

to the status and future of Monarchy in Europe. She has already written for the Press on this subject, and she told me that it was her belief that after the world had tried out all these new theories and ideas, it would naturally return again to Monarchy as what was best known and best suited for it. Her own words were said with conviction: "After they have tried them all, they will return again to Monarchy, as a tired and weary wanderer returns to what he knows best and to what has best served him."

Marie of Roumania is a democratic Queen who appreciates her position and the duties which it entails. "They call this my 'job' in America," she said. "Well, in my 'job' one does not have to climb. That is an advantage. We are born to the rôle we fill, and have not to mount to our positions over the bodies and the heads of others, therefore we have no jealousy. We are jealous of no one, and we have offended no one in achieving our position."

She told me of a conversation she had had with an extreme Red in which she had discussed her Monarchical theories and had given plainly her own point of view. She added, "We understood each other perfectly, for I seek nothing."

She was very philosophical in all her ideas, and it was very interesting to hear a Queen philosophize on the vagaries of her "job."

American ways were a revelation to her, for never before had she seen such aggressiveness and such utter disregard for others. What surprised her most was the

alacrity with which an order to do anything was carried out. "It was done at once," she said. "The same thing would take three months here, and you would probably be surprised to hear that it was finished."

The prolonged illness of her husband had affected her greatly, and when she spoke of it she could not restrain herself, for tears rushed to her eyes. "It is only when he is gone," she faltered, "that they will realize what he was to them. He is such a good man, and I have been so much to him! He has always leant upon me for everything, and I have been always with him." With a gesture of helplessness she added, "There is a breaking point in every woman, and all this may be too much for me. One day I will be automatically obliterated, and then . . ." she paused, "in other times one might enter a convent, but I have my garden—and I love it."

Queen Marie knew well how much her country relied upon her, and it was apparent that this idea was ever uppermost in her mind. M. Bratiano had also realized the importance of her position and they had worked together in close harmony for many years. Shortly after the King's death, Parliament decreed that she should hold the same position that she had held politically during the lifetime of the King.

"I have given six children to the country," she said. "They were born to the State. And my boy . . . he was brought up to be the King, for he was the first native-born Roumanian Prince the country had known, but he became infected with the ideas of the moment

and preferred to live his own life rather than be the King."

When speaking of her other children, she brightened up and added, "They accuse me of marrying my daughters to Kings; one woman openly accused me of it. I answered, 'What do your daughters look like? If Kings come after mine, it is not my work!' "

She is a Queen who is a determined champion of her own calling, and Monarchy has no more persistent defender, but her idea is of a useful, hard-working Monarchy, of which she herself is such an excellent example. She speaks of herself as an Englishwoman and English is the principal language in her family circle, yet she is a very devoted Roumanian and has been a tremendous power in foreign relations.

She signed her latest photograph for me, and holding it out at arm's length, she said, "I call this one the picture with my back against the wall," and this was a good intimation of the trend of her mind. She felt the impending tragedy and saw that her reign was near the end, but she knew how much her country depended upon her, and she understood full well her obligations to it.

Queen Marie is a woman of great patriotism, extreme simplicity, true earnestness and undoubted ability. She has the clear, logical mind of a man, but above all there appears a soft femininity which is very attractive and is ever her most apparent characteristic. She is her country's greatest asset, and it now owes her more than it can ever pay.

As I left the Queen's study, little Crown Prince Michael, aged five, was playing on the floor with a toy fire engine. He is a serious, sturdy little chap who shook hands with me in a very manly fashion. It was really sad to see this little child abandoned by a father, whose departure had placed his little son upon the throne. He little understood that within three weeks he would be King. When the change took place he noted the different attitude people assumed towards him and he wondered at it all, but when I saw him his fire engine interested him more than his Crown, and probably for some time to come the King will be a fireman in his dreams.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Belgrade, the Portals of the East – growth of Jugo-Slavia – her wars – the Serbian people – attachment to the soil – the modern City – the citadel – pink and white houses – the Fez and the Bowler – the Royal Guards – Serbian Statesmen – King Alexander – his hold upon the country – political crises – the King and the country – sagacity as a Ruler – Doctor Nintchich – outstanding figure – career and education – political history – Prime Minister – President of the League of Nations – "Vreme" – the Journalist – the Government falls – a Northern European – enthusiasm – faith in his country – "Please come back" – hides his strength – M. Marinkovitch – the Minister of Foreign Affairs – political career – the Democratic Union – we meet in Ottawa – his office in Belgrade – the anteroom – his physique and determination – discusses America – United Slavs – envies Canada – resents slanders – a likely Premier – a typical Slav – Doctor Yovanovitch – Minister to Vienna – resemblance to Ramsay MacDonald – a millionaire agrarian – the land reformer – a new form of Parliament – supremacy of the farmer – his opinions – War guilt responsibility – union with Bulgaria – political versatility – Utopian ideals – M. Pribitchevitch – the leader of the Opposition – Austrian training – his small office – the former cavalry barracks – his criticism of the Government – looks to France – against the Orient and the Reds – young and fearless – the chemical formula – integral unity – M. Angelinovitch – "Srpski Kralj" – variety of personalities – a wonderful Race – the peasant people – Pan-Slavic Balkans – the brotherhood of blood – the Serbian dream.

HIS MAJESTY KING MICHAEL

DR. MOOCHILO NINTCHICH

WHEN one is in Belgrade one stands at the portals of the East. To-day an Occidental City is being piled high upon an Oriental Village. Celt, Slav, Roman and Turk have sat there in succession, and the silent, mysterious East still lurks furtively in the shadows of the mud-built gables of the Turkish occupation.

Within sixty years Serbia has evolved from a vassal Province of the Sultan into a World Power of proven merit. Not long ago she was but a little country of scarcely over two million people. When she emerged victorious from the Balkan Wars in 1914, she extended her frontiers till her subjects numbered over four millions. Thus, she entered the world struggle, and in 1919 she stepped forth from the Peace Conference at Versailles a nation of tried and fearless fighters who counted within her new-found frontiers a population of thirteen millions.

This has been the meteoric evolution of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. They are a picturesque people, these silent Slavs, slim, gaunt and fearless. They are probably the best fighters in the world. I have met many men who have fought against them and from all I have heard the same story of their bravery and prowess. As one old soldier put it, "How can you fight against them? They will fight all day on a piece of bread and an onion, and at the end they are ready to march a distance of fifty kilometers."

The Serbs are peasants of the soil, with the sad lilt of the Slavic people, but who through years of Ottoman domination have been lightly touched by the mys-

tery of the East. They care little for the ways of the outside world and still walk the streets of their Capital in their peasant rags and woven cow-hide sandals. They are Serbs and that is all, the rest does not interest them.

The Government of Jugo-Slavia has decreed that all vestiges of the old order must disappear from Belgrade, with the result that you are now surrounded on all sides with the construction of new buildings and the tearing down of the old. The strange old houses with projecting upper stories and red tiled roofs are everywhere falling victims to the levelling axe of the merciless modernist, and great, tall, gray stucco palaces now line avenues where once the rambling Turkish lanes with meeting gables hid the history of a cruel and ruthless reign. Soon, all that will be left of the past will be the Citadel, high on the rock overlooking the Danube. Celts, Romans, Barbarians, Turks and Christians have wetted its walls with their blood. That alone is destined to stand, a monument of the Serbian past.

The determination of the Government in this regard is inflexible. All that tells of Turkish rule is rapidly disappearing. I have often wandered through old Belgrade, down strange little streets of pink or white houses where here and there a goat tethered by the leg nibbled at an armful of boughs thrown before some open door, or where children, noisy and dirty as everywhere, played in muddy puddles or fought among themselves.

Belgrade is the spot where East meets West. The fez may yet be seen mingling with the small round cap

of the Bosnian and Montenegrin and the bowler of the conventional European, and the call to Allah may still be heard from the minaret of the Mosque. Side by side with all this the giant peasant sentries of the Royal Guard stand listlessly in their sentry boxes around the Royal Palace. Tall, honest-faced, simple fellows who were chosen for their good looks, dressed in red breeches, blue coats and small astrakhan caps, stand patiently in the intense heat of the Balkan Summer with the dignified devotion of some great, faithful mastiff resignedly guarding his master.

Now Serbia faces a new era. The men who guide her are far from Orientals or dreamers. Most of them are hard-headed, clear-minded graduates of the universities of France or Austria. They are convinced that all that is backward must be obliterated, and that a new order must prevail based upon the most modern of post-war ideas, for they are determined to place their country amongst the great nations of Europe.

The person most eminent in the life of Serbia is her young King, Alexander. He fills a rather unique rôle among the Kings of Europe, for he is of the pure blood of the people over whom he rules. The dynasty to which he belongs has sprung from the soil of the land, and the family of Karageorge won their position and their fame in the war of liberation with the Turks. The hold which he has acquired upon his country is evident everywhere, and it was with sincere regret I learned that during my sojourn in his Capital he was away from the city.

I was there at a most unfortunate time, for there was a double crisis in the country. A national one had developed with Albania on account of the imprisonment of the Dragoman of the Serbian Consulate at Durazzo, and a political one took place the day after my arrival, when the Government of Velja Voukitchevitch resigned. On this account the King was quite inaccessible, for the Prime Minister alone had the privilege of approaching or consulting him. As his personal power is great, had he remained in Belgrade there is no doubt that advantage would have been taken of him by some politicians whose political principles might not be of the highest, and who to serve their own ends might draw the Crown into politics.

I was therefore obliged to leave Serbia without seeing him, and this was a genuine disappointment for I had heard not only the highest praises of his sagacity as a ruler but also of his integrity as a man. I heard these same eulogies of him in Roumania. They were from Queen Marie, his mother-in-law. What could be more complimentary?

The first Serbian statesman whom I had occasion to meet and converse with was Doctor Mootchilo Nintchich, who had just relinquished the post of President of the Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations, where he had succeeded that brilliant Canadian, Senator Raoul Dandurand, who has done so much to make the prestige of his people on the banks of the Saint Lawrence felt amongst the diplomats of Europe. Doctor Nintchich is an outstanding figure among the poli-

ticians of the Old World. He is still a young man, for he was born in Belgrade in 1876 of an eminent Serbian family. He was educated in his native City and in Paris, where he took his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1899. He later became Professor of Political and Financial Economy in the Faculty of Law at the University of Belgrade.

He entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1912 as a Radical, and became Minister of Finance in 1915. With a few short interruptions he held that Portfolio until 1919, and it was mainly through his skill that the Serbian Dinar was sustained and not obliterated in the financial post-War chaos. He was Minister of Justice in the second Protitch Cabinet, and later he became Minister of Commerce. In 1922 he succeeded M. Pachitch as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Shortly afterwards he became Prime Minister, and finally crowned his career with the Presidency of the League of Nations.

Besides being a statesman of high order he is an active and successful journalist and is the owner of one of the most influential daily newspapers in Belgrade, *Vreme* (*The Time*s). He is also the leader of the Radical Party, and for a long time to come he is the statesman who will have much to say in the political future of his country.

I had a long chat with him one evening at the headquarters of *Vreme*. It was a typical modern newspaper office, in a new building where the most up-to-date presses were turning out the evening edition. His pri-

vate office was the simple workroom of a busy man, yet Europeans even when busy, have that happy and delightful power of hiding anything which would appear like hurry. Although the afternoon was very warm and Doctor Nintchich had been in the closest communication with the Government throughout the day, for he was vitally interested in the political crisis that had developed, yet he appeared as well groomed, cool and calm as though the season were Winter and Serbian politics were in a state of stagnation. He sat in an armchair and talked to me as if he had not a care in the world.

Doctor Nintchich is a biggish man with very broad shoulders and a placid, smiling face. He impresses one as much more like a Frenchman or a Northern European from some very tranquil part of the Continent, than an active and busy Balkan statesman. He smiles seriously as he looks at you earnestly and tells you that he is an enthusiast for the future of his country. He spoke to me of the progress that Serbia had made since 1914, and the rôle that he expected her to play in the future of Continental Europe. He is quite un-Serbian both in his manner and appearance, and his strength is rather suave than rugged.

He conversed with me in French with all the care and polish of a Parisian, and when speaking of the impression of disorganization in the affairs of his country which has become prevalent throughout Europe, he said: "Notwithstanding the uneasiness in this part of Europe caused by certain events that are taking place

around us, I am persuaded and everything goes to demonstrate that the continuation of the solution of the problems which my country has made up to the present with regard to the development of all its resources, shall be carried on."

After discussing the national conditions, he concluded by saying: "I ask you to return to our country at regular intervals of time and you will certainly see for yourself the result obtained at each interval."

I heard Doctor Nintchich criticized by some of his countrymen for not assuming that aggressive attitude which they like so much and understand so well, but he probably realizes the great advantage of covering his strength with an air of suavity and calm, for his success amongst the European nations has been great, and he received the highest mark of their confidence when they elected him to preside over the sittings of the League at Geneva.

In every way the opposite of Doctor Nintchich was M. Voyslav Marinkovitch, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, for he is the *beau idéal* of a Serbian statesman, as his country understands that rôle. In appearance he is rather careless, but a strength of purpose which every line of his face denotes, and which carries with it an aggressive and determined manner, leaves no mistake about his intentions.

He was born in Belgrade on May Day, 1876, and educated in that City where he took his Doctorate in Law, then he repaired to Paris to the School of Political and Economic Sciences. At the age of thirty, in

1906, he entered Parliament as a member for the Department of Pojarevats, which has returned him at every successive election since, and which constituency he still represents. He entered the Pachitch Cabinet as Minister of National Economy in 1914, shortly before the outbreak of the War, as a representative of the Progressive Party. He is one of the founders of the Democratic Union, which later became the Democratic Party of Serbia. In 1921 he took charge of the Department of the Interior and later, that of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinets of both Davidovitch and Voukitchevitch.

I first met him at Ottawa in 1925, at a dinner to the Delegates of the Interparliamentary Congress of the World, but my second meeting with him was more intimate. It took place at his office in Belgrade in 1927, the day after the resignation of the Voukitchevitch Government. The building which houses the Department of Foreign Affairs was filled with newspaper men eagerly grabbing each scrap of news which fell from the political table, for M. Marinkovitch was the object of much conjecture, and many of the politically wise whispered his name as a possible Premier after the elections. Politics is the spice of life in the Balkans and every one lives on political rumours.

I well remember the interior of his office, with its blue-covered furniture and paintings by Serbian artists. One canvas was large enough to cover almost the whole side of the wall. It was a ghastly picture of the horrors of the Serbian retreat through Albania. One sees everywhere reminders of this heroic exploit, and the memory

of it still keeps alive the fire of patriotism in those who were too young to have taken part in it. There was also a picture of a pretty girl of Serbian type and a large painting of the King. Pictures of King Alexander in uniform are to be seen everywhere, and seem to be the seal of office in every Department of the Government.

The weather was intolerably hot, and M. Marinkovitch was without his waistcoat, sitting at work at his desk. The qualities that had been described to me were clearly written in his face. He was a thick-set, middle-sized man, but is endowed with a determination which must make him a difficult subject for his political enemies to handle. He looks at you from under his eyebrows, and his mouth and jaw are most eloquent when closed. Voyslav Marinkovitch is not a man to be trifled with, and it is easy to see that it is his force of character which has enabled him to rise to the heights he has attained in his native land.

He spoke to me a great deal about his trip to America in 1925, but the subject he was most anxious to discuss was the future of his own country, of its geographical position and its relations with its neighbours. He spoke about the Pan-Slavic movement, of which he is an ardent supporter, and he told me that he hoped for the day when all the Slavs in the Balkans shall be united under one Standard.

When speaking of his trip to the Interparliamentary Conference of 1925 at Ottawa where he represented his country, he said: "I have been to Canada, and have a lively sentiment of gratitude to Canada for her friend-

ship with Serbia, for she helped us very much in the War. I have great admiration not only for Canada but for Great Britain, and as Minister of Foreign Affairs I envy Canada very much for not having as many neighbours as we have."

Conversation turned to Jugo-Slavia, and the rôle she was playing to-day in world affairs, and he was particularly displeased at the insinuations which were being made about his country and her attitude towards other nations. He said: "We are accused of not being tranquil, but we have seven neighbours, and we are situated on the route not only from East to West, but from North to South. During the War all our fighting was done on Serbian territory—and still we are called not quiet."

Doctor Marinkovitch is not only a possible but a likely successor of Pachitch, the wily old man who made a World Power out of a little nation. He is destined to play a marked and a long rôle in Serbian history, for he not only has the ability necessary but he has also the power and strength to carry through any of his ambitions. His popularity is great and his characteristics are so decidedly Serbian that they are easily understood by the masses of the people, all of which gives him a strong hold on these imaginative Slavs. He is a Slav from head to foot, in appearance and in mentality. Though still young in years he is old in political experience, and in a short time he is destined to be the first Serbian in the land.

Another interesting man in Serbian politics is Doctor

Yovan Yovanovitch. He was Serbian Minister to Vienna at the time of the Sarajevo catastrophe. He is different from the other politicians and public men who surround him, both in mentality and appearance. Tall and slim, with a carefully trained moustache and curly gray hair, he rather reminded me of Ramsay MacDonald. He is everything which you would expect him not to be. Though a multi-millionaire living in Belgrade, he is the Agrarian leader. From his station and education one would expect him to represent the landed proprietors, but on the contrary, he is the champion of the peasant and of the small land owner.

The reforms he features in his programme are most aggressive and verge on socialistic legislation. His views with regard to land tenure resemble much those of Lloyd George, for his main desire is that those who cultivate the land should own it. Finally, for a man who was brought up in the diplomatic career, he is most voluble and is always prepared to talk openly and to explain his views and his plans.

His chief desire is to create a Parliament in which not only the general masses shall be represented, but also the various callings and professions according to their numerical proportion in the country: "The farmers will send their representatives," he said, "as well as the doctors, the lawyers and the carpenters. Then only will all callings have a voice in the affairs of the nation according to their numerical position."

The result of this arrangement of representation impressed me as being an excellent one for his own Party,

for Serbia being an agricultural country, an Agrarian Government would be certain to result. The effect on Serbian affairs would be the establishment of a very conservative Parliament in Belgrade.

While discussing this point, he said: "The man who cultivates the soil should own it," and in this sentence may be summed up the whole policy of his Party. His ideas of land division are most drastic. He told me that all church lands as well as lands held in mortmain, or even owned by the State, should be divided and given up to those who cultivate them. He also believes that land should be made an inalienable property. He added: "In old Serbia, the homestead could never be taken for a debt, neither could a pair of oxen nor the farm equipment."

According to the laws in force in Serbia to-day, a man can own but five hundred acres on an average, but when discussing this point with Doctor Yovanovitch he did not appear to place any great confidence in the enforcement of this law, for he said: "This is not always lived up to, and it is therefore a source of unrest, yet there has not been a single complaint from those who have had their lands taken from them."

He has written a great deal on the responsibility of the War, and is an aggressive champion of Serbia's innocence. He informed me that according to his investigations, he places the cause of the War chiefly upon European rivalry, and upon that existing between Great Britain and Germany in particular.

Like Doctor Marinkovitch he is an enthusiastic Pan-

Balkan Slav, and he told me that he waited for the day when there will be a political union between Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria, for by this union he expected to see a great and powerful Slav State situated in the Balkans; as he put it: "I am sorry that I will not live to see a mighty State in Jugo-Slavia when there will be union with the Bulgars, for according to our geographical position and the personal qualities of our people, we are destined to play an important rôle in future history."

Doctor Yovanovitch is very versatile in his political ideas. These were to a certain extent Utopian, but he was an enthusiast in their behalf, and he has gathered around himself a Party of growing strength.

In Serbia most of the public men I met, of their own initiative raised the question of union with Bulgaria. This idea has taken a strong hold upon them all. Each one suggested it, and all are now building in their minds the foundations of a great Slav Empire.

The very opposite of Doctor Yovanovitch is his political rival M. Sutozar Pribitchevitch, the chief of the Independent Democratic Party, who in this capacity has been until recently the real leader of the Opposition in the Serbian Parliament. At the time of the political crisis in June, 1927, he was one of the busiest men in Belgrade. Although young, he is an old parliamentarian, for he was formerly a member of the Hungarian Chamber before the annexation of his native Province by Jugo-Slavia.

Of medium height, he is very dark, with thick black

hair, but he has a cordiality and charm about him which are very agreeable. I met him in his small office in the temporary Parliament Buildings in Belgrade, which are in reality only a disused cavalry barrack refitted for legislative purposes. There are new buildings now in process of erection which will do justice to the ambitions of the country, but the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes which has replaced Serbia of old, has as the result of the War become so enlarged that the Buildings were inadequate, and operations had to be suspended while plans for their enlargement were being perfected.

M. Pribitchevitch is a typical fighting politician of the national school, intensely sincere and fond of his country. I was scarcely seated when he began to explain to me the plans of the National Democratic Party, which, he said, "stands for a strong policy in Opposition because the Government is made up of feeble men, and has no roots in the people." He desires to complete and to hurry the westernizing of his country in order to put it in a position of greater advantage in its relations with other Powers, and also to preserve the links which have been forged by the War.

I asked him what was the foreign policy of his Party, and he answered, "Our exterior policy must be with France and the Occident, and against the Orient and the barbarism of Moscow."

He is very fearless. As he yet has youth on his side and has already climbed high the ladder of success in his country, many of the ideas of which he spoke to

me so enthusiastically will probably be realized. He desires broader reforms in the social domain, and is against the omnipotence of the State, for he intends to favour and encourage private institutions.

The new name of Serbia, "The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes," is particularly distasteful to him, for in it he sees a source of weakness and a lack of centralization. He said to me, "I want a unity of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes like that of Great Britain and Scotland. I am against the chemical formula S.C.S. as a designation for Jugo-Slavia. My Party stands for a policy of integral unity, and for the culture and education required to prepare this unity. The greatest danger is in partition, for the other Parties in the House are autonomists for all peoples and all religions."

M. Pribitchevitch struck me as being a constructive and clear-sighted parliamentarian, and I would not be surprised if some day he should become the leader of a National Bloc in a Parliamentary fight with the representatives of the class groups and the minorities. He is a Nationalist to the finger tips, and he is filled with the consciousness of his nationality.

M. Pribitchevitch is one of the most sympathetic of the Serbian leaders with whom I had occasion to discuss their national affairs. His affability and his youth may have helped to mould this impression, but his frankness and national honesty cannot fail to strike one by their sterling value.

I also met M. Greja Angelinovitch on the day he

was sworn in as a member of the Cabinet. He too is a former Austrian subject and politician, for he comes from the Dalmatian Coast. His entrance into the inner sanctum of Serbian government was too recent to give him the colour that only comes with time, even in politics. My meeting him was quite accidental, and took place at a lunch in that popular Belgrade restaurant, the "Srpski Kralj," where all official Belgrade congregates at noon. He was an acquaintance of my host, who arose to congratulate him on his new appointment.

A tall man with *pince-nez* glasses, he was about fifty years of age and was more Austrian in type than Serbian. He did not have Slavic features, nor the Serbian intensity in politics. Time alone will tell the rôle he is destined to play.

I found more variety of personality in Belgrade among the leaders of the nation than in any other country. Among those whom I met all types were to be found, each seeking the realization of his ambition. I regret that I did not meet the Prime Minister, Velja Voukitchevitch, but his resignation on the day following my arrival with all the subsequent turmoil and the announcement of the election date, made him quite inaccessible. He is a Serb by birth and training. He was born in 1871 and educated in Belgrade. He has been a Professor all his life, and a member of Parliament since 1906. His first Cabinet responsibility was conferred upon him in 1921, and since that date he has held the Portfolios of Public Works, Posts and Tele-

DR. VOYSLAV MARINKOVITCH

ADMIRAL PAUL CONDARIOTIS

graphs and, finally, Public Instruction, and in April, 1927, he became the Premier.

One comes out of Serbia full of respect for this wonderful race. These people are agrarian, and their roots are so embedded in the soil that nothing can dislodge them. These simple, sunburned people know only their homes and their country, and are neither interested in nor influenced by outside opinion or desires. Their chief characteristic is their nationalism, and with the French, they share this quality to a greater extent than any other race in Europe, yet strong bonds of sympathy ever bind them to their brother Slavs who surround them on all sides. The Pan-Slav movement is natural to them, and from it emanates their dream of union with Bulgaria.

This is a very real thing to the Serbian statesmen. They are ever talking of the time when these two nations shall be under one flag. The first move towards this Slavic union was the annexation of Montenegro. The brotherhood of blood has been given as the reason for this, and the same argument will be used again to hasten a union with Bulgaria. This may at any time become a political issue of the first order in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and may develop into a movement of great consequence.

With the Bulgarian statesmen this point of view is not shared. For many years now, notwithstanding the common origin of the people of both countries, they have been aggressive enemies and have waged war con-

stantly against each other. Time only will tell, but a Slav union in the centre of the Balkan Peninsula would dominate the Near East, and the Balkan Slav would become a mighty factor in the politics of Europe.

The thirteen million Serbs are to-day rapidly increasing, and if their dream be ever realized and the Pan-Slavic-Balkan union become an accomplished fact, then a great Serb nation will rule mightily in its primitive simplicity—and woe betide its enemies!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

In close touch with Greek Statesmen – mission to Athens – heat of June – political question – Royalists and Republicans – the President – Admiral Paul Condariotis – personal characteristics – career in the Navy – Regent of Greece – M. Michalacopoulos – early entry into politics – versatile statesman – his many Portfolios – his good looks – M. Tsaldaris – the Minister of the Interior – Mission to the University – M. Engenitis – the Ministry of the Interior – the career of Tsaldaris – his missions outside of Greece – M. Kafandaris – his birth and career – Ministry of Finance – the Premier – Alexander Zaimis – a long life – a colourful career – his appearance – the Premier's office – his conversation – the Dynastic situation – financial question – the Hellenic statesmen – their ability.

I HAVE been in closer touch with the statesmen of the Land of Socrates and Plato than with those of any other country, for during three years I served as Consul General of Greece in Canada. Although my relations with the Greek officials were constant, I was only in Greece once, and that was shortly after I had resigned and given up my charge. I went there partly as a tourist and partly with the object of establishing a reciprocity of diplomas and degrees between the University of Athens and the University of Montreal, which had delegated me to carry out this charge.

Unfortunately, my stay in Greece was at the end of June, which is anything but a propitious season for a Northerner accustomed to a temperate climate. The intensity of the heat was so oppressive that a stranger there was most uncomfortable, and at that season there is a general exodus from Athens. There were very few people even in the Government offices, for all those who could do so, had left the city to sojourn either in the Ægean Islands or in the coolness of the mountains.

During the last few years Greece has passed through many political upheavals and even at this date all of these have not yet been settled. The vexatious question of Monarchy or Republic is still discussed in many quarters. Here as everywhere else, the cloud of democracy has thrown its shadow and blighted the glory of the Crown and King. The Greeks throughout the world have taken this question sorely to heart, and a division has arisen along sharply defined lines which has caused enormous friction and disastrous misunderstanding, particularly among the Hellenic people across the seas, who carry with them to foreign lands the politics of their homes.

Luckily, in Greece this has not been regarded so seriously, with the result that there is now a truce between the opposing factions, and the moderate representatives of both Parties have taken posts in the Government, while, with the exception of a few die-hards, both Royalists and Republicans have adopted the sane attitude of putting aside the question of the return of the King, and are serving Greece to the best of their

ability under the dignified Presidency of Admiral Paul Condariotis, the veteran Naval fighter and patriot.

Greece has been lucky in the choice of her President, for not only by his services afloat but also in the Government he has displayed a degree of patriotic endeavour which has occupied most of the seventy-five years of a busy and useful life. He is a tall, thin man with courteous bearing and great personal distinction. He wears also the sad Eastern look of mystery, and the long, white moustache which is so characteristic of the elderly men of prominence in the Eastern part of the world.

He was born at Hydra in the year 1854, and first distinguished himself in the war against Turkey in 1897. The following year he became Naval Aide-de-Camp to King George I. It was only in 1912 that he reached the rank of Rear-Admiral, and he became the Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Fleet in the Turko-Balkan War of 1912 and 1913.

He held the Portfolio of Naval Minister in the Cabinet when M. Zaimis was Prime Minister in 1915, but he disagreed with the Greek war policy, and became a member of the "Triumvirate of Salonika" with Venizelos and General Danglis. A year later, he was Minister of Marine in M. Venizelos's Cabinet. On the death of King Alexander in 1920, he was chosen as Regent of Greece, and for a second time he filled that office after the departure of King George II. When the Republic was proclaimed in 1924, he was elected President by the Great National Assembly. In March, 1926, he resigned,

but was recalled to the same office in August of that year.

He has the rather unique distinction of having both reigned and presided over his country. He is a very picturesque and patriotic personality and has served Greece well during a very troublesome period of her history.

For a long time during my term of office as Consul General, M. André Michalacopoulos was my direct superior as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is one of the younger statesmen, for he is still in his early fifties. Born in Patras in 1875, he became a Minister in the Greek Government at the early age of thirty-seven, when he took charge of the Department of National Economy.

In his Cabinet experience his posts have been varied, for at different times he has held the Portfolios of National Domains, of Agriculture and, *ad interim*, that of War; he was also Minister of Finance in the Venizelos Administration of 1924. He succeeded M. Venizelos as Prime Minister and held the office for a year and a half, during which time he also administered the Department of Foreign Affairs. After a short interval he again took charge of this Ministry, and still directs the foreign policy of Greece.

He is the leader of the Republican Conservative group which formerly was the Right wing of the old Liberal Party.

He is particularly handsome; tall and dark, he looks more like a Northern European than a man from the

land of the cypress and olive trees. His youth, physical bearing and wide political experience will certainly carry him a long way in the service of the Hellenic Republic.

Entirely different is M. Panayotti Tsaldaris, who recently resigned the post of Minister of the Interior in the Government of M. Zaimis. He is the head of the Popular Party which has sixty-two deputies in the Greek Chamber. I met him at his office in the Ministry of the Interior at Athens. Our meeting was a business one, for during my sojourn the Minister of Education was at Salonika and M. Tsaldaris was replacing him.

I had called upon the Director of the University of Athens, M. Engenitis, and I had presented to him the documents with which I had been entrusted by the University of Montreal explaining my mission. As the delegate of that institution I had asked him to establish a reciprocity of University degrees between these two seats of learning, and having received me very cordially, he was to bring the petition before the University Senate at a meeting to be held on the following day. As the University of Athens is a Government institution, I went to pay my respects to the Minister of Education, only to find that he was away from the city and that M. Tsaldaris was taking his place.

M. Tsaldaris is a very small man, gray-haired and French-speaking, who showed much interest in my mission. He is about sixty years of age, and represents the Districts of Argolide and of Corinth in the Greek Parliament. He is the typical cosmopolitan Continental

whose University career has carried him from his beloved Athens to Göttingen, Berlin, Leipzig and Paris, so that he is well qualified to deal with the matters of the Department he was administering and with which I was concerned.

His political career has hardly been less diversified than his education, for in 1915 he was Minister of Justice, and from 1920 to 1922 he held the Portfolios of the Interior and of Communications. He was a member of the International Arbitration Court at The Hague in 1921, and represented Greece at The Hague Conference which met to deal with Russian affairs in 1922, and now he has been Minister of the Interior again since December, 1926. I found him a widely experienced and active politician of the serious type who could hold with dignity any post that might be confided to him.

There is one Greek statesman, whom unfortunately I have never met, and that is M. George Kafandaris, the Minister of Finance, on whose shoulders now rests the whole weight of the problem of the depreciated drachma and of the overwhelming national debt of Greece. He also is one of the younger politicians and is the leader of the Left wing of the old Liberal Party, now known as the Liberal Progressists. This is the Left wing of the Party of which M. Michalacopoulos leads the Right wing. But the Government being a coalition one, both these sections have their leaders in the Cabinet.

He was born in Euritania in 1874, and represents the

Districts of Etolia and Acarnania in the Greek Parliament. He served as Minister of Justice under M. Venizelos during January and February of 1924, and became President of the Council on the 6th of February of that year. He has held his present post at the head of the Ministry of Finance since the beginning of December, 1926. His position is a strong one, for his Party numbers eighty-nine deputies and he carries much weight in Hellenic affairs.

Perhaps next to President Condariotis, the most picturesque figure in Greek politics is the Prime Minister. Alexander Zaimis seems to have been born for the particular calling in life of being the Premier of Greece which neither age nor political change can kill. He was Premier twenty years ago, and he holds the reins of power again to-day. He also is the product of both German and French training, for after leaving the University of Athens he attended those of Leipzig, Heidelberg and Paris. In 1897 he became Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, which post he held for six years. He was High Commissioner for the Great Powers in Crete from 1906 to 1908, and he became Prime Minister and Foreign Minister for a second time in 1915 and 1916. In December, 1926, he was again called upon to form a Government and he is once more at the head of the affairs of his country, but this time he has not coupled that office with the administration of any other Department.

He is now seventy-five, and was first elected to the Greek Chamber in 1880 when he was chosen to

represent Galavryta. There is something venerable about M. Zaimis. Of dark complexion, his moustache and hair seem very white, and there is a silence about him that is rare in that section of the world where eloquence is often the salient trait.

I had a long conversation with him once in his office, which is in the building that also houses the Department of Foreign Affairs in the Rue des Philhellenes. It is an unimposing place, and you enter by a door at the side opening upon a little court. His was a modest office as these places go in the Near East. It was just noon when I entered. He was seated with his back to the window behind a large, square desk, and when he arose to receive me I noticed that he was in full evening dress. He explained to me that he had just returned from the Presidential Palace where he had gone to present the new Minister Plenipotentiary who had just arrived from Egypt to President Condariotis, and that this function had entailed the wearing of evening clothes.

His conversation was wholly about his country and the perils through which it had passed. He was diplomatic and careful in all he said, and he gave me the impression that there were many topics which he preferred not to discuss, particularly for publication. He was very discreet, and showed in every word the training and experience of a diplomat and statesman.

He spoke at some length about Asia Minor and the question of the refugees. These were subjects which were uppermost in his mind and while discussing them

and their influence on Greek politics, he summed up the situation in these words: "You know that Greece has passed through several catastrophes and the last of these was Asia Minor. At the moment we are readjusting the things that the War has left, so we have had to form a Coalition Government. We must give our particular attention to many questions, and we have a new Constitution that has just been prepared and voted upon."

M. Zaimis has been Premier both under the Monarchy and the Republic. It was very evident that he was a nationalist first and a partisan after, for he always spoke of Greece and avoided any controversial subject.

I asked him to explain to me the dynastic situation we had all heard about so much outside of Greece, and which I found to be of so little interest within the confines of the country itself. He pushed the suggestion aside and said: "The question of Monarchy is not before the Chamber at present. What occupies us now is the financial question. Our delegation is now at Geneva, and the League of Nations has given a mandate in our favour which says that Greece is in a position to borrow for stabilization, for the aid of refugees and to pay our deficit."

Notwithstanding his seventy-five years, M. Zaimis looks ten years older. His quiet, orderly way and low-spoken, soft voice give one the impression of a man who ponders before he speaks, and one leaves him with the feeling that he is above all Party or dynastic questions, and serves Greece only.

The Hellenic statesmen as a class impressed me more as cosmopolitans than as Greeks. They have the polish and universal outlook of travelled men who have learned and seen much outside the frontiers of their own land. One gets the idea that they are professionals in their political calling. They enter political life early and stay late, till the setting sun has bleached their hair to the whiteness of snow. Years of experience have added their lessons to those of the lecture halls upon the Rhine, and the cold logic from the Seine has levelled the eloquence of the crashing waves of the Adriatic.

They are Greeks with the clever wile of their storied country, but their hands have held the duelling sabres of Heidelberg and they have worn the velvet *bérets* of the Sorbonne. They may wrap this all in the toga of their past, but the Northern touch still shows through the folds and makes these Hellenes statesmen of marked ability.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The sunlight of Bulgaria – strange atmosphere – a new State – love of war – excellent soldiers – desire of Serbia – Bulgars not for union – result of their defeat – Sofia – M. André Liapcheff – his peculiarities – unassuming surroundings – his office – French training – the product of many Universities – a clever economist – journalist of talent – political career – no bitterness – independence of character – financial hardships – wealthy country – attar of roses – relations with the neighbouring States – sobriety of the peasant – richness of the country – thrifty people – Liapcheff the Nationalist – against Pan-Slavic Balkans – his antidote – M. Ath. D. Bouroff – a younger man – the Foreign Minister – the statue of the Tsar – soldiers everywhere – modern offices – the man – young looking – his family – French training – an active politician – brilliant orator – forceful personality – Bulgaria's relations with the Great Powers – desire for friendship – peaceful politics – looks for sympathy – against Serbian union – King Boris III – the son of King Ferdinand – the German Frenchman – a democratic King – great personal courage – the attempt upon his life – the unexpected arrival – the Royal bachelor – the tongues of gossip – the open-air King – the engine driver – the bear hunter – the clever linguist – the botanist – the modern Sovereign.

In Summer, Bulgaria is the home of sunlight—Sofia seems a cauldron into which its rays are poured. Set as it is, in a hole in the mountains, the Capital city of the kingdom brews a draught of molten air that would do

justice to the palate of Satan himself. In the distance, one sees the surrounding mountain rim, and there patches of snow high upon the jagged summits glisten dazzlingly to tantalize and mock mere man labouring in the valley below.

A Northern European feels himself almost as much a stranger in Bulgaria as he would in Cairo or Timbuktu. There is something about the atmosphere of this aggressive little country which makes one acclimatize with difficulty, for here also is the incongruous mixture of East and West. The marriage of the Orient and Occident begets a strange offspring in which simplicity is the smallest of its virtues. There is something about the Kingdom of Bulgaria that is a vivid example of this.

The State is new, for it has not yet enjoyed fifty years of liberty. The touch of the Turk may still be seen on all sides, and the intricacies of the Oriental mind are sweet simplicity to the Bulgar. In the last half century Bulgaria has had many friends among the European nations who fought for her and created her national status. Her independence is due to the combined efforts of England, Russia and Roumania. This is not very long ago, so it is too much to expect that such a new State, lying so far from the main arteries of Europe, should boast of the comforts of England or America.

Unfortunately, in recent years Bulgaria has acquired the habit of taking an armed part in any Balkan quarrel that might arise, and this too-frequent indulgence in

war was generally on the wrong side. This has put her financial and economic conditions in very straitened circumstances. Her soldiers are excellent, some of the bravest in the Balkans wear her uniform and they have been successful in most of the engagements they have fought. This flair for winning battles did not extend as far as the Peace negotiations, with disastrous results for her.

To-day, the Pan-Slavic Serbs are looking with envious eyes in the direction of this little Kingdom, and they openly tell you of their hopes of political union with these former enemies, and speak with undisguised pride of a great Slavic Nation in the future. Racially they are very close, for both are of the same origin. If this should come about, and five million Bulgars be added to the thirteen million Jugo-Slavs, the new State would be supreme in the Balkans and her prestige would rank high amongst the European Powers.

The Bulgarians do not relish this idea of union, for they are an intensely independent and very nationalistic people and are just as open in their condemnation of the proposal as the Serbians are enthusiastic in its favour. Having heard so much about this scheme from the great men of Jugo-Slavia, I took the opportunity while in Sofia of discussing it both with M. Liapcheff, the Prime Minister, and M. Bouroff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Both declared themselves to be personally opposed to any arrangement that would jeopardize in the least the autonomous liberty of their country, and they said that all they ask is that

they be left alone, and that in the enjoyment of complete liberty they be permitted to work out the destiny of Bulgaria independent of all unions or political *rapprochements*.

Their defeat in the last War has played havoc with the country, and this is particularly noticeable in the Capital. To-day Sofia reminds one of a woman who has lost heart and let herself become run down at the heel. But it is only natural that the Capital should reflect most the mental attitude of the nation. There one sees the political life of the State and meets the men who control the Government. Of these I have met only two, M. André Liapcheff and M. Ath. D. Bouroff.

The Prime Minister is a typical Southern Slav. He is not tall but quite stout, and has a very dark complexion. He has the soft, dark Oriental eyes which look at you from under drooping lids. His whole appearance is quite in keeping with what you might imagine him, and his surroundings are what you might expect. All seem typical of the country, and notwithstanding his foreign training he fits perfectly into the mental picture you have drawn.

The setting in which he sits is unassuming to a degree, for in Sofia everything is modest except the Cathedral, which is very beautiful in an Oriental and Barbaric sort of a way. No one will ever accuse the Bulgarian Government Departmental Buildings of being endowed with beauty, and particularly the one which serves to house the offices of the Bulgarian Cab-

M. ALEXANDRE ZAIMIS

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ LIAPCHEFF

inet. This is very plain, stucco-coated, and stands in an unimposing street.

To meet the Prime Minister I had to mount two flights of stone stairs. There I was conducted into an ante-room, furnished with plush-covered furniture of the sort one might find among people of modest means. The principal ornament was a large picture of the King. Everywhere you may roam throughout Bulgarian officialdom, in every office, be it a Customs House or a neglected frontier or the office of the Premier, the portrait of their young and popular Sovereign, Boris III, always looks down at you. After waiting a few moments I was brought through another room used by his secretary, to the private office of the Prime Minister. This was in a corner of the building and was more elaborate in its appointments than the others through which I had passed. Pictures of the various members of the Royal family adorned the walls.

M. Liapcheff was standing as I entered, and was very courteous as we sat at opposite sides of a small table. The undoubted influence of French training was everywhere apparent in him, not only in his language, which save for a slight guttural accent was most perfect French, but also in his general appearance and manner. The small Imperial beard of the reign of the Third Napoleon seemed a relic of a long dead influence, and his gray tweeds and gold watch chain gave him an air of conservative and *bourgeois* solidity.

He is a man of sixty, and was born at Bersen. He

was educated at Salonika and later at Zurich, Berlin and Paris. He has made a reputation for himself as an economist, and was one of the founders of the Co-operative Agricultural Union and also of the Union of Popular Banks. He is a journalist of talent and has contributed to all the newspapers associated with the Democratic Party. In 1908 he became Minister of Finance, and in 1918 he was the delegate of Bulgaria who signed the Armistice at Salonika. He is an experienced politician and took an active part in uniting the older Liberal Parties into the *Entente Démocratique*. It was as President of this group that he was called upon to form a Government in 1926.

He discussed with me at length the conditions of his country after the War. There was no bitterness in what he said, yet there was no servility, and above all he was undoubtedly anxious that Bulgaria should avoid all international friendships or alliances.

There is a spirit of independence about this beaten little State that is very appealing and that shows a morale far from broken. M. Liapcheff spoke of the severe financial hardships they were suffering, and he mentioned the difficulty of keeping up an army in a land where conscription is not allowed by the Allied Powers, but which is necessary for the safety of the country. All recruiting must now be done through voluntary enlistment and therefore sufficient remuneration must be provided to make the calling attractive.

He explained that though the country itself is very rich, it is sorely lacking in capital, a complaint to which

I listened almost everywhere throughout the Balkans. Bulgaria is essentially a land of agriculture, and like all agrarian nations it is slow to modernize and develop, yet, few people outside of its frontiers know that it is the great producer of attar of roses, and that this delightful product is sent from there all over the world.

The Prime Minister spoke a great deal of the relations of Bulgaria with its neighbouring States, and when talking of the future, he said: "Our international point of view is one of a peace that will give us a life of liberty so that we can develop all our institutions, but not a peace of the tomb, and above all, not a peace always on the *qui vive* of an impending danger."

He spoke at length upon the sobriety and industry of the Bulgarian peasant and of the difficulty of moving him by any modern doctrine, for he is a man of the soil who owns the ground he tills. The richness of the soil is very great, and when speaking of this M. Liapcheff said: "Bulgaria is a country to which God gave some of nearly all his blessings. Laborious and thrifty, the people have an abundance of common sense, so that Bulgaria is the only country which although beaten has succeeded in saving its form of Government."

His loyalty is to Bulgaria alone, and no Pan-Slavic ideas have any place in his policy. I said to him: "Monsieur Liapcheff, while in Serbia recently I heard much from the Serbian statesmen about a possible union with Bulgaria, would you tell me what is the Bulgarian

sentiment on this question?" M. Liapcheff told me that he could not consider any union with the Serbs, or any movement tending to curtail national liberty: "Instead of a political union, the Bulgarians will find an efficacious means of preserving the independence of their little State by a union of civilization, progress and culture which will cement the common interests of its members."

There is nothing of the spectacular about M. Liapcheff; on the contrary, he is a quiet, hard-working political leader who through foreign travel and the vicissitudes of war has acquired vast experience, and he impressed me as a very safe and conscientious Prime Minister, ardently patriotic to his country and thoroughly loyal to his King.

M. Ath. D. Bouroff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is of a very different type. He is a much younger man. His offices are in the building set aside for the Foreign Office, and his windows look out upon the Square where, facing the Chamber of Deputies stands the statue of Tsar Alexander II of Russia, whom all Bulgarians regard as the chief liberator of their country. At the door as you enter, stand the white-coated soldiers, with their hobnailed knee-boots and their small Russian caps, whom you meet at every turn. They are posted at the entrances of all Federal buildings and platoons of them are met with everywhere marching with a strange stamping tread.

The offices of the Foreign Minister are more modern than those of the Premier and the furniture is more

elaborate. When I entered he was seated in a very high-back chair behind a very large desk. At first glance his big head and broad shoulders suggested a very large man, but when he stood up this impression vanished. He is broad and thickset but small, with a very dark complexion and the usual dark eyes of the near Orient.

M. Bouroff is fifty-two but does not look it. Had I not been told, I should not have taken him for more than forty-five. He was born at Gorma-Orehovitza, of a well-known commercial family, and after his preliminary education in his native land he studied Law and Finance in Paris. He was first elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1911, and became Vice-President of that body in 1913. Since his first election he has been constantly re-elected, and for a long time he held the Portfolio of Commerce. M. Liapcheff gave him charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the formation of his Government. Last year he represented Bulgaria at the League of Nations. He is known as one of the best orators in the Bulgarian Parliament, and with the Prime Minister he was one of the founders of the *Entente Démocratique*, which took control of Bulgaria on the fall of Stambulisky.

He is a very forceful person and a very fluent conversationalist. His ideas are clear and to the point and he does not attempt to hide his opinions. These are open to all who wish to hear, and are coloured neither by camouflage nor diplomacy. He spoke to me at length about Stambulisky and the Agrarian Party which had almost wrecked Bulgaria. This Agricultural Group was

altogether incapable of handling any situation outside of agriculture with the result that many differences arose between the Agrarians and the *bourgeoisie*. This state of affairs brought into being the *Entente Démocratique*.

I spoke to him about the foreign policy of his country both with regard to her neighbours and to the Great Powers, and I asked him particularly about her political aspirations. He answered: "We are in this situation that we wish to have the friendship of all countries without exception, because in all that interests us we have to have unity." He spoke at length on this subject, and in summing up he added: "Our policy is specific, absolutely loyal, and we have nothing hidden."

He told me much about the internal affairs which had been the cause of the murder of Stambulisky and were directly due to the maladministration of his régime. He mentioned also the influence this episode has exercised on Bulgarian foreign relations. His words were: "All our efforts are now towards re-establishment in internal matters. Our external value depends on our internal condition."

His Department has had much to do with the shaping of the foreign policy of Bulgaria, and from what I have seen of him I should judge that he personally is an important factor in the relations between his country and the Governments of other nations. I asked him what he considered should be the feeling of Bulgaria towards the other European countries. He answered: "We are trying to get the sympathy and confidence of

all the Great Nations without exception, and naturally we are grateful to those who are friendly to us."

Before leaving, I asked him his opinion on the Pan-Slavic movement in the Balkans, and told him of the enthusiasm I had seen in this regard among the neighbouring statesmen. I said:

"Monsieur Bouroff, what do you think of the mooted union with Jugo-Slavia?"

"Union with Jugo-Slavia?" he queried. "No. We wish to have our absolute independence and our sovereignty complete, yet, at the same time we are all disposed to do our best to ameliorate our relations with our neighbours without any exception."

M. Bouroff impressed me as a keen, fearless man who is working to the best of his ability for the future and well-being of Bulgaria. He is striving with the best that is in him for peace and friendship in this war-harassed Peninsula. He is an ardent nationalist and very much opposed to anything that would jeopardize or impair the national status of his native land.

I regretted exceedingly that young King Boris III was not in Sofia during my sojourn. Everywhere one hears of the popularity he enjoys. He is a man who deserves, and who has gained much sympathy not only within the boundaries of his own Kingdom but throughout Europe generally, for his lot as a King has not been of the smoothest, and his life as a Royal personage is, to say the least, monotonous. I heard particularly laudatory accounts of him in Paris, notwithstanding the fact that his country had carried on war against France.

Coming from the French people who are so keenly nationalistic and whose memories are so long, particularly with regard to anything that has had to do with France's warlike interests, I considered this very complimentary.

He is the son of Tsar Ferdinand, who is so much blamed for the post-war situation of his former Kingdom. King Boris is a member of the House of Saxe-Cobourg on his father's side, while on his mother's side he is a Bourbon. Those who have met him intimately have all told me that he is mentally very French. He ascended the throne in September, 1918, at the age of twenty-four, and for quite a while his position was very difficult because in all the defeated countries a reaction towards republican sentiments was experienced. He is essentially democratic, and this is all the more noticeable when compared with his father's haughty mien. This was just what was required to gain the sympathy of the people, and besides, he has been able to hold the respect and affection of all the Governments, whether *bourgeois* or agrarian, which have ruled Bulgaria since he took up the sceptre.

He is a young man of great personal courage, and during the War he was a constant cause of worry to the Bulgarian higher command, for he was ever unnecessarily exposing himself to danger, which was most enervating to those who held the responsibility of his safety.

When he was waylaid and an attempt made upon his life shortly after the Stambulisky episode, his brav-

ery was a splendid epic of personal courage. While driving in his motor with a chauffeur, an aide-de-camp and another companion, his car was halted by an ambush and ditched. As soon as it stopped, fire was opened by several hidden assassins. The chauffeur and his other two companions fell dead at his feet, but with great *sang froid* he jumped aside, and seeing a motor truck approaching he ran to it, clambered up onto the driver's seat, pushing aside the startled fellow who was in charge, took the wheel himself and drove back to Sofia.

The members of the Court were amazed at this unexpected and unconventional arrival of their Sovereign. They rushed to see what was the matter, but the coolest of all was King Boris who then explained what had happened. As he finished, putting his hand to his mouth he exclaimed, "I think I have lost half my moustache!" It was true. A bullet had grazed his lip and taken with it half of the small moustache he wore.

King Boris is a bachelor and lives alone with his sister. His Court and his Palace in Sofia are conducted on a very modest scale, for although his father was very wealthy, he is practically dependent upon the Privy Purse. It is only recently that he has gone beyond the frontiers of his Kingdom, and this has started many gossipy tongues wagging, for many ambitious mothers would appreciate having a daughter a Queen.

He is decidedly an open-air King, and while I was in his Capital the master of his household told me that they did not know his whereabouts, for he had gone off in his car some days previously and had neither told

them the direction of his travels nor the time of his return. He is an enthusiastic motorist and always drives his own car. Another hobby which he enjoys is driving a railway engine, and travellers in Bulgaria have sometimes been surprised to learn that the tall, slim figure in overalls they have seen stepping from the driver's cab was the King of Bulgaria. He is also a keen sportsman and spends much of his time during the winter months in the mountains of his Kingdom hunting bear.

He speaks seven or eight European languages fluently, and is a botanist of no mean order. In his Palace at Vrania, outside of Sofia, he has an extensive collection of rare flowers and plants, and a pastime which he enjoys is travelling around the country seeking rare specimens to add to his hot-houses.

King Boris is one of those Sovereigns who will make Royalty popular. He is democratic with dignity, and can be friendly without familiarity.

The Bulgars are a race of fighters whose bravery is a byword throughout the Balkans. They are Slavs who possess all the mental and physical characteristics of their race. Brave and hard, their enemies have learned to respect them, and I am sure that in peace as well as in war these qualities will make easy the resuscitation of their country.

Both M. Liapcheff and M. Bouroff have shown this nationalism and determination. They are characteristic both of their race and of their State, and are leading wisely and surely the destinies of Bulgaria towards a successful and peaceful goal.

Bulgaria is primitive, yet it is sincere, and the frankness which one finds amongst fighters appeals to the imagination of the traveller. It will be a very long time before it overcomes the effects of the War, and in the meantime the sorrowful look of a defeated people is destined to hang like a mourning pall across the future of the country.

Time may be gracious to Bulgaria, and King Boris may wield the magic wand necessary to turn the veil of mourning to one of gladness. Since he has been travelling abroad many conjectures have been made as to what the future may have in store for him. There is common gossip everywhere that soon a Royal consort may enter Sofia, there to dispel by her charms and graciousness what remains of the gloom of defeat. Perhaps she may come from some great and powerful Royal House, which will bring support and strength to this small Balkan Country, and romance may weave a golden web to hide the sorrows of the past. The Bulgarian Crown has already had a career of varied fortune, but now it rests upon the head of a Sovereign whose throne sits secure in the sympathy of his subjects. This is the surest guarantee of its permanence. Its preservation is a safeguard not only for its own future but for the peace of Europe, and the Governments of the Great Nations will have reason to see in it a symbol of future peace in the Balkans.

Whatever the unknown may reserve for Boris of Bulgaria, the world in general is much interested in his career, and his country is fortunate in having him for its King.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The lure of little countries – keen patriots in small settings – two picturesque States – the chip in the Poker pot – the past of Luxemburg – Saturday evening in the Capital – the bands of music – gorgeous policemen – the Army – the military band – Sunday morning – a fearless organist – the Grand Duchess Charlotte – the German troops – the motor on the viaduct – "I take my orders from Berlin" – a visit from the Kaiser – M. Joseph Bech – forbidding exterior – the young Premier – a veteran politician – the Luxemburgers in Canada – the British Consulate – by Royal Warrant – a charming place – San Marino – the drive from Rimini – the Dalmatian stone mason – acquires a mountain – religious foundations – unhampered independence – its sixteen centuries – the old Republic – the frontier – Serravalle – the vineyards and verdure – Valdragone – Borgo – Porta di San Francesco – the city – the narrow streets – the castles – the Palace of the Government – the Grand Council – the Captains Regent – Signor Giuliano Gozi – the Gozi family – the Roman salute – His Excellency the Regent – an active man – the Fascisti – regard for Mussolini – Signor Gino Gozi – the castles – the prison – the young girl – the Castelli – international question – old cachet.

UNFORTUNATELY, most people determine the value of a country by its size and by the number of its inhabitants. On the contrary, I find that the small States have often retained unto themselves an interest, particularly

for the stranger, that no large or cosmopolitan nation can hope to duplicate. Generally, they are not considered by the Greater Powers and are left to move forward with time, unmolested and uninfluenced by the great modernizing movement which is constantly and consistently obliterating the landmarks of the past. Still, the men which these little nations produce are just as keen patriots and able administrators as those of the larger countries, and are often placed in situations of the utmost delicacy when their little States are likely to be cast about like pawns on the world's political chessboard.

There are two diminutive countries in Europe which vie in picturesqueness. They are the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and the Republic of San Marino. Both are very small, but very self-conscious and proud of their centuries of history. Still, they are so different. Luxemburg has ever been a chip in the poker pot when the greater States of Europe have played their political game, yet she has always maintained an element of autonomy no matter who her ruler may have been or what flag may have darkened her hillsides with its shadow. During the last couple of centuries Luxemburg has known many dynasties. She has owed allegiance to the rulers of Austria, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, but for the last thirty-five years she has enjoyed her complete independence under the sceptre of the House of Nassau, and to-day she holds her rank among the free countries of the world.

I have been in this little State but once. It was in

the Spring when all the fields seemed golden with yellow flowers. On a Saturday evening in early May I entered the Capital, the City of Luxemburg. At every street corner bands were playing. While wandering through its avenues, I came to the *Champ-de-Mars* where several musical organizations were performing in turn, and a large part of the happy, easy-going Luxemburg population was casually walking up and down or chatting in little groups, while a few useless but very gorgeous policemen, resplendent in black uniforms with cherry facings and silver braid, represented the forces of law and order.

Among the populace was a generous sprinkling of soldiers and officers of the Army of Luxemburg. These also were quite ornamental young fellows. Most of the Army must have been at the concert, for I found that its whole strength numbered but two hundred and fifty, rank and file. I was unable to discover if this included the band that was quite numerous and dispensed such excellent music. If it did, there were not many combatants left to defend the frontiers of the Grand Duchy.

Modern fashions have not yet made their appearance within its boundaries, if one is to judge by the people one meets on the streets. I noticed this particularly on a Sunday morning when I went to the old Cathedral where some local feast was being celebrated. The church was overcrowded and there was particularly beautiful music to be heard. The organist was a marvel, who handled his instrument with great fearlessness and

much vigour. Besides the choir whose singing was excellent, there was in the organ loft an orchestra of 'cellos and violins. All modern style was conspicuously absent and I did not see a bobbed head nor an abbreviated skirt in the whole of the congregation.

The ornamentation of the altar was strikingly well carried out, and a Bishop was celebrating Mass. The decorations in the sanctuary were very artistic, and although decidedly old-fashioned were less glaring than the more modern ones in use in larger countries. Extending across the width of the church was an illumination of gas which followed an ornamental tracery surmounted by a crown. Myriad little jets of flame shimmered in the semi-darkness of the great stained-glass windows, and now and then a gust of wind would blow from some unknown corner to extinguish parts of the illumination but this would immediately relight itself in a riotous way with the abandon of some young living thing.

The little State is ruled by the Grand Duchess Charlotte who was in Italy during my sojourn in her realm. She succeeded her sister, the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, at the close of the War. In 1914, on the advent of hostilities the German troops entered Luxemburg unheralded. Trains of them with blinds drawn on the coaches arrived unexpectedly, and in a few minutes the iron men of the German Empire were drawn up in the Capital City of a neutral and helpless State.

The Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide on hearing this

news rushed in her own motor car to the viaduct which leads from the city proper to the railway station. In the centre of this she placed her car across the street to block the passage of the troops. In a short time the gray-clad German Army approached and the officer in charge ordered her off. She protested and pleaded for the neutrality of her country, but his answer was haughty and disdainful when he said, "I take my orders from Berlin." Her attempt was patriotic but pathetic and futile. She was the innocent victim of war circumstances and of plots which cast no glory on any of the combatant nations, no matter what may have been their flag.

During the campaign the Kaiser called upon her at her Castle and this incident was used against her in post-War propaganda. At the conclusion of Peace she abdicated in favour of her sister, the Princess Charlotte, and retired to a Carmelite convent in Italy where she died a short time afterwards. The treatment she received at all hands was cruel, devoid of chivalry and is an epic which casts glory only upon its victim.

The strong man of Luxemburg is the Premier, M. Joseph Bech, whom I had occasion to meet at the offices of the Government on the Rue du Trône. The building was one of those old and unimposing stone houses, entered through a *porte-cochère,* and gave the impression of a convent, but the interior belied the exterior, for the furniture was of splendid old woods and covered in tapestries of high value. I met the Premier in the large reception room, but he led me into his private

M. ATH. BOUROFF

TSAR BORIS OF BULGARIA

study which looked out upon a garden. This was in every way an up-to-date business office. One would expect the Prime Minister of such an Old World place to be some venerable old fossil bleached by years and mellowed by experience. The setting seemed to call for some benevolent, thin, elderly man with a long, drooping white moustache and an air of confidence and mystery. But M. Bech is none of these. Large, massive, active and alert, he was scarcely forty. Dressed in that livery of political respectability, the conventional statesman's morning coat, he received me very cordially. His face was large, and his long, shaggy, thick, black hair and black moustache tended to make him appear older than he was.

He has spent over a decade in the Luxemburg Parliament and he is already a veteran at an age when most men are just beginning. He explained to me the political situation of the Grand Duchy and told me of what it had been made to suffer through the breach of its neutrality and the military occupation it had endured. He spoke to me of the Luxemburgers who had settled in Canada, and of the conditions prevailing on the other side of the Atlantic. M. Bech might have been a statesman of any country instead of one of the smallest States in Europe. He had all the characteristics I had met with in other places and he was just as enthusiastic and devoted as if Luxemburg were a great and successful Empire.

While wandering through this fascinating city I desired to see the British Consul, so I telephoned to his

office before setting out. But to discover the whereabouts of the Consulate was another matter. At last, on the principal street I saw a shield emblazoned with the Arms of England suspended from a building above a barber shop. At first glance it seemed like a certificate of Royal Warrant for the honest Figaro who was very busy in his shop below, twisting the manly moustaches of the Luxemburgers into fierce forms. By dint of investigation I discovered that His Majesty's Consulate was situated above the barber shop and was reached by a particularly narrow and steep flight of stairs. I was never able to locate the Consul, so I gave it up as a bad job; but certainly consulates of this kind do not add to the prestige of the world's greatest Empire.

Luxemburg may be very small but it is a charming old place that has retained much of the past, and is out of the beaten track of everything except war. It is a small country with a big Premier under whose guidance it will prosper in efficiency and charm. The levelling cry of Bolshevism and of Democracy has fallen on deaf ears within its frontiers. The new-fangled notions of women's rights and the vandalism of the Twentieth Century's modernizing movement have not yet damaged the attraction of this little State. The iconoclasm of the up-to-date business expert has not yet defaced the fascinating art of mellowed centuries.

On the other hand, there is San Marino. It is unique. Far from the path of war and turmoil it has slept for centuries unmolested and untouched in the peaceful sunshine of a southern clime. It is the oldest State in

Europe and one of the smallest. San Marino has no ties, it is as free as the air. It is absolutely independent and recognizes no protectorate over its rocky peaks, but breathes the freedom of almost sixteen centuries.

There is about this little country a fascination which seems born of magic and which grips you in its power. You leave Rimini with its bathing houses, its old Cathedral and its seaside hotels. You turn your back to the sea and drive through the foothills of the Apennines towards the mountain table-land topped by three summits, castle-crowned and stately. This is Monte Titano, seven hundred and forty meters high. On it is built the capital city of the State, and at its feet lies the town of Borgo.

The origin of this Lilliputian Nation is as romantic as the Republic itself. In the second half of the Fourth Century a Dalmatian stonemason named Marinus set out from the Island of Arbe and crossed the Adriatic to work on the construction of the Port of Rimini. In time he met with Gaudenzio, the Bishop of the city, who converted him to Christianity. Shortly afterwards, in order to escape the religious persecutions which were being waged against the Christians, Marinus repaired to the fastnesses of Monte Titano, and there he stayed. There are many stories of this feat and of how he came into possession of his rocky home. One legend has it that after establishing himself there a mysterious illness affected all those who attempted to evict him, so that in time his title to the mountain became undisputed. But the truth is that Félicité, a rich matron of Rimini

in whose patrimony the mountain was, transferred it to him in complete ownership.

In a short time his reputation for holiness drew to him many of the faithful. During his lifetime he established many religious foundations there, both for men and for women, where most rigorous mortification and penance were practised. He also gathered around him many Christian families who lived under the paternal authority of the senior head of each family who guided their moral life according to the precepts of the Evangelists.

The grant of Monte Titano was made in complete freedom of tenure, without any obligation whatsoever, and the place enjoyed unhampered independence. On the death of Marinus, he gave the mountain as an inheritance to his faithful followers who continued to live according to his teachings, and to enjoy the freedom of their little land.

In years following this liberty was ratified both by the Empire and the Papacy. During sixteen centuries Marinus's little Republic has preserved its existence, sometimes precariously but always successfully until it has come down to our time a free and sovereign nation, untrammelled, and proud not only of its antiquity but of its successful history. It has always been a republic and has never known the sway of a royal sceptre nor felt the heel of a despot. It stands to-day the dean of Republics where the voice of its citizens is the authority in the land and the law of the State.

I left Rimini early one morning to drive my motor

to the frontiers of this little country. Along a winding white ribbon of a road, through valleys and hills, always mounting, we drove at break-neck speed. Tiny houses dotted the countryside and trim olive and cypress trees seemed almost black against the green fields. The sun was the brilliant, dazzling thing that one finds in an Italian June, and on the roads the air was heavy and dust-laden.

Up, up we drove along the winding way, through the foothills of the Apennines till we reached a stream spanned by a stone bridge. In the centre of the bridge wall was a golden mark on one side of which was the inscription "Regno d'Italia," and on the other, the words "La Repubblica di San Marino." This was the frontier dividing the lands of the Italian King from those of the Sammarinesi. This rivulet, known as the River Marecchia, was the boundary between the two States. A short distance further up the mountain we reached the village of Serravalle with its old church and strange little houses. Everything there seemed old. The stone buildings, the walls, even the trees, bore themselves with dignity, and they would resent, I am sure, any frivolity on the part of the wind were it to dare indulge in some undue familiarity.

We drove through the vineyards and the luxuriant verdure along the tree-flanked, winding roads, across the "Valley of the Dragon"—the beautiful "Valdragone" —lying peacefully beneath the protecting shadows of Monte Titano, till we reached the foot of the Rock, sheer and forbidding, towering almost two thousand

feet above us. Here the little town of Borgo nestled close to its protecting base. Age was everywhere, but not an age of decrepitude, rather one of dignity and self-sufficiency. There is nothing weak or decadent about the oldest Republic in the world, but there is a mellowness of history that is alluring.

Borgo is the seat of commerce for the City on the Rock. The colonnaded market place, the little old church in whose cool darkness a stand of candles twinkled like stars on a moonless night, the thick-walled stone houses and cobbled pavements, all were old when America was a virgin forest. This was Europe of old, unspoiled and undesecrated, free from the garish and the gaudy, and Borgo was a fitting prelude to the Capital above.

Around the winding, climbing serpentine I drove till I reached the Gate of the City, the *Porta di San Francesco*. This gate was old when the nations of to-day were young, its Gothic form once held the great oaken doors that closed forbiddingly the walls to invaders, but now with age it has become more friendly and it serves the peaceful purpose of welcoming strangers to the bosom of the City.

The City of San Marino is built on the summit and slopes of Monte Titano. One must enter it on foot, for the roadways are too narrow and too steep for motor cars or horse-drawn vehicles. The streets are a series of inclines punctuated by sharp turns, and the City itself is topped by three rocky pinnacles, each one crowned with a tiny turreted castle. One of these is the central

prison and the others are now merely ornaments. The principal and finest building, and the only modern one in the City is the "Palace of the Government" which contains the Chamber of Deputies and the various offices of State. It is built in a style conforming with the general architectural aspect. This official building is a delightful place facing the *Piazza Pubblica,* from where one sees as far as the eye can reach, the serried hills of the Apennines growing bluer in the distance till they melt into the sky.

Here Parliament sits. The Grand Council of sixty members meets within its walls to legislate, and the Captains Regent have their offices herein. These are two Councillors elected to act jointly as head of the State. They fill the same rôle as the President does in the less picturesque republics, where the orgy of democracy has banished the picturesque for the commonplace. They are elected for terms of six months, and in April and October of each year are invested with their powers. One of them is usually a nobleman, for notwithstanding the republican form of government which has ever been preserved in San Marino, there has always been a nobility there. They are nobles of the State, and carry their titles from the country instead of from the Crown.

On entering the Government Palace I was brought to the office of Signor Giuliano Gozi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Young and active, he was much like the youthful officials the Fascist Government has placed in all the Departments at Rome. He was very courteous

and he spared himself no amount of trouble to explain to me the history and constitution of his country. He is the brother of Signor Gino Gozi, who was one of the *Capitani Reggenti* at the time of my visit, and the only one of the two in the City on the day of my arrival.

When I left the office of the Foreign Minister the head of the State had not yet arrived. During the interval I was shown through the building under the guidance of the Chief Secretary of the Cabinet, who had lately been the Councillor of the San Marinian Legation to the Vatican. He also bore the same name as the Regent and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, for he was a family connection of theirs. The Gozi family is a very old patrician one and is still taking an important part in the political affairs of San Marino. The "Casa Gozi," the ancestral home, is heavy with years and is pointed out to strangers as a landmark.

Signor Federico Gozi was bringing me through the Palace, and while in the Grand Foyer a young man immaculately attired in the conventional morning coat and silk hat entered, preceded by a footman in picturesque livery. Immediately my companions stood very rigid and lifted their arms in the Roman salute. This was His Excellency Signor Gino Gozi, the Captain Regent, arriving at his office. At eleven o'clock each morning he carries on his official duties, always with the same ceremony and decorum.

I had a long chat with him afterwards in the handsome oak-panelled room used for Cabinet meetings. He was young, just forty, dark, lithe and athletic. Although

not tall he was very active and his movements and speech were rapid. He left upon me the impression of high mental attainment and a thoroughness of training and education. The scope of his knowledge even about my own country was quite remarkable, and he gave me an illuminating account of the politics and ambitions of his own tiny Land. Signor Gino Gozi is essentially a patriot and his dark eyes sparkled when he spoke of San Marino. He was anxious to know more about Canada, which seemed to him so far away, and he was particularly desirous that the people across the Atlantic should know better the history of the world's oldest Republic.

San Marino is very Fascist and Signor Gozi was one of the founders of Fascism in the State. When the Black-Shirt movement was being inaugurated under Mussolini it soon extended over all of Northern Italy and penetrated into the Republic on Monte Titano. Now, in San Marino the Fascists are all powerful. They are San Marinian Fascists and are completely independent of the Italian body. To show its admiration of Mussolini as the Dictator of its big sister Italy, the Republic conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the National Order of San Marino, and a large oil painting of *Il Duce* robed in Court costume and wearing across his breast the insignia of this decoration, hangs in one of the Council Chambers. On the wall opposite in the same room hangs one of Marshal MacMahon of France also wearing the same insignia of the Republic's gratitude. Mussolini always displays a most benevolent interest in the little State that lives within the heart of

Italy, and it in turn is most appreciative of his benignity.

Besides being one of the founders, Signor Gozi was the first Secretary-General of the Fascist Order in San Marino. He was a militant and enthusiastic worker in the fight against Bolshevism, and was determined that its seed should never take root upon the rocky slope of Marinus' Mountain. In every way he appeared to me a very modern young man at the head of a very old civilization, and was possessed of too much judgment ever to allow the devastating and sacrilegious hand of modern vandalism to disturb the quaint and peaceful beauty of those centuries of culture.

In San Marino, with the exception of the Palace of the Government, scarcely a house has been built in five hundred years. All are of stone, grave and silent. The stone-paved streets are of another age. The turreted castles look down from their dizzy heights upon the valley below like sentries in armour to frighten by their panoply the invader. The largest of these is the prison. You reach it by a winding, climbing path. When I arrived at the barred oaken door and pulled the bell cord, I was admitted by a young girl who led me through the square court with its tiny chapel, then up a short flight of stone steps into the inner court of the prison itself. Within, I could not help feeling what a beautiful place the naughty Sammarinesi had in which to be locked up.

The view from the little battlements was exquisite, perched as they are two thousand feet above the valley.

From them one could see the four frontiers of the State; to the West, the climbing mountains crowding each other to the horizon. Scattered on all sides were the ten tiny villages which the citizens so picturesquely call the "Castelli." Far to the East, the Adriatic, blue as a turquoise, and in the distance seventeen miles away lay Rimini shining white in the sun, like a handful of pearls cast carelessly upon the shores.

This was a decidedly romantic prison, many centuries old, and built on one of the most beautiful sites in Europe. To add to its romance, I found that it was in charge of the very pretty girl who had allowed me to enter and who had shown me through its mysteries. She acted as turnkey to her father, who was the warden and had left her in charge. I am sure that any citizen of this little State who through some minor infraction of the Republic's benevolent laws should find himself placed in her care, would meet a charming and sympathetic jailer.

This little Republic of the Apennines has also its international problems. It declared war on the Central Empires, and its citizens served as volunteers in the Italian Army. When peace was concluded the Italian representative at the Conference was empowered to act for San Marino. When the Treaty was being signed he forgot his dual capacity, and his signature for the Republic did not appear on the document. Technically, therefore, San Marino is still at war, but this fact does not at all disturb her.

San Marino is a fascinating place. It has preserved its

cachet throughout the history of modern Europe. To-day it breathes the past and lives the present. The houses that still shelter its citizens were the firesides of their forefathers in ages long gone by. Its Government was republican and free when the Gauls were eating acorns on the banks of the Rhine and when the Britons still painted their bodies blue in order, according to Bernard Shaw, that they might not be stripped of their respectability. The Captains Regent governed paternally when the Pilgrim Fathers came ashore from the *Mayflower*, slaughtered Indians and burned witches for the glory of God. San Marino was old when Europe was young. On Christmas Day in the year 800, when Charlemagne stooped on bended knee to receive from the Pope the Crown of the Roman Empire, San Marino was what she is to-day, a Nation among the nations. She is small yet complete, and her charm is gripping.

CONCLUSION

Thus I have striven to give an idea of the men and women who control the destinies of the Old Land from which we have all sprung. The popular conceptions of these which have been accepted throughout the world generally are often far from the reality. Prejudice plays a mighty part in the judgment that is meted out to those in high places. Each nation has ideals which she alone can comprehend, and extends her friendship to those sister States whose ambitions and interests do not clash with her own. Also, the most unwarranted mistrust is often felt for neighbours who are striving only for their own preservation and protection.

I have tried to give a faint idea of the settings in which the leaders live. Some require but the modest needs of humble and patriotic men, others stand in a gorgeous mosaic of national history and tradition. To adequately describe it all one's words should be like paint on a palette to be handled by the master hand of an artist. Simplicity and pomp are now the handmaids of power and serve the same ends.

This is the era of "Democracy." In every land we hear that name, and in that name any national injustice may be committed. Italy was the first to recognize this and to realize the empty ring of this popular jingle.

Although the great question of the world to-day is the war between Bolshevism and Dictatorship I have never been in contact with any of the Red Leaders nor have I ever been in Russia. Of the Muscovites, I have only met the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, the brother-in-law of the late Tsar, who is also a cousin by marriage of King George of England. This tall, gaunt, bearded man has had a most spectacular career, not only as an Admiral in the Russian Navy, a General in the Russian Army, but also as a littérateur and a philosopher. He spoke very openly upon the condition of his country, with an element of resignation which displayed the fatalistic lilt of the Slav.

His criticism was not as destructive as one would expect from a person who had gone through the hardships that had crowded his life since the Russian Revolution. When asked what he expected would replace the Soviet after it had outlived its usefulness, he said, that in his opinion the monarchy would be restored, but not Tsarism, rather some form of limited monarchy wherein the rulers will labour for the good and happiness of their subjects. Yet, for the present he was none too sanguine as to the future of the parliamentary system in general. For he believed that it was on the wane, and falling to pieces through the dictatorships rising in Europe, particularly by the example of Italy.

On the disappearance of the Soviet Republic, he felt that his own family would play their part in the reconstruction of Russia. He said, "I do not know what to expect. Nobody does. Perhaps the régime of the Tsars

was bad, but then again, it was the Romanoff family throughout many generations that made the name of Russia a great one amongst the nations of the world, and it is to the Romanoffs that Russia must look for help in the period of reconstruction when that comes."

He felt that Russia needed keenly a practical religion and also that the much-vaunted advance in art and music under Soviet direction did not really exist but was only the reconstruction of what had been destroyed. It was, in reality, but a renaissance of the natural talent of the Russian people.

Bolshevism to him was a very live menace to civilization in all countries and he felt that the United States was a vulnerable ground for such propaganda. Before leaving, I asked him what he considered the cause of the Bolshevic Revolution. He merely shrugged his great shoulders, and in a dejected way answered,—*"enfin,—la Guerre."*

Mussolini was the first great force of national reaction to arise out of the post-War turmoil. It was only through his intense patriotism and sincere desire to alleviate the lot of his country that there was any assurance of his success. He had gone through the whole cycle of political thought, and through his personal experience of poverty and suffering he had realized the hollow of socialistic doctrine. He turned his back on the false goal of his youth and found himself returning again to the stability founded on patriotism and religion.

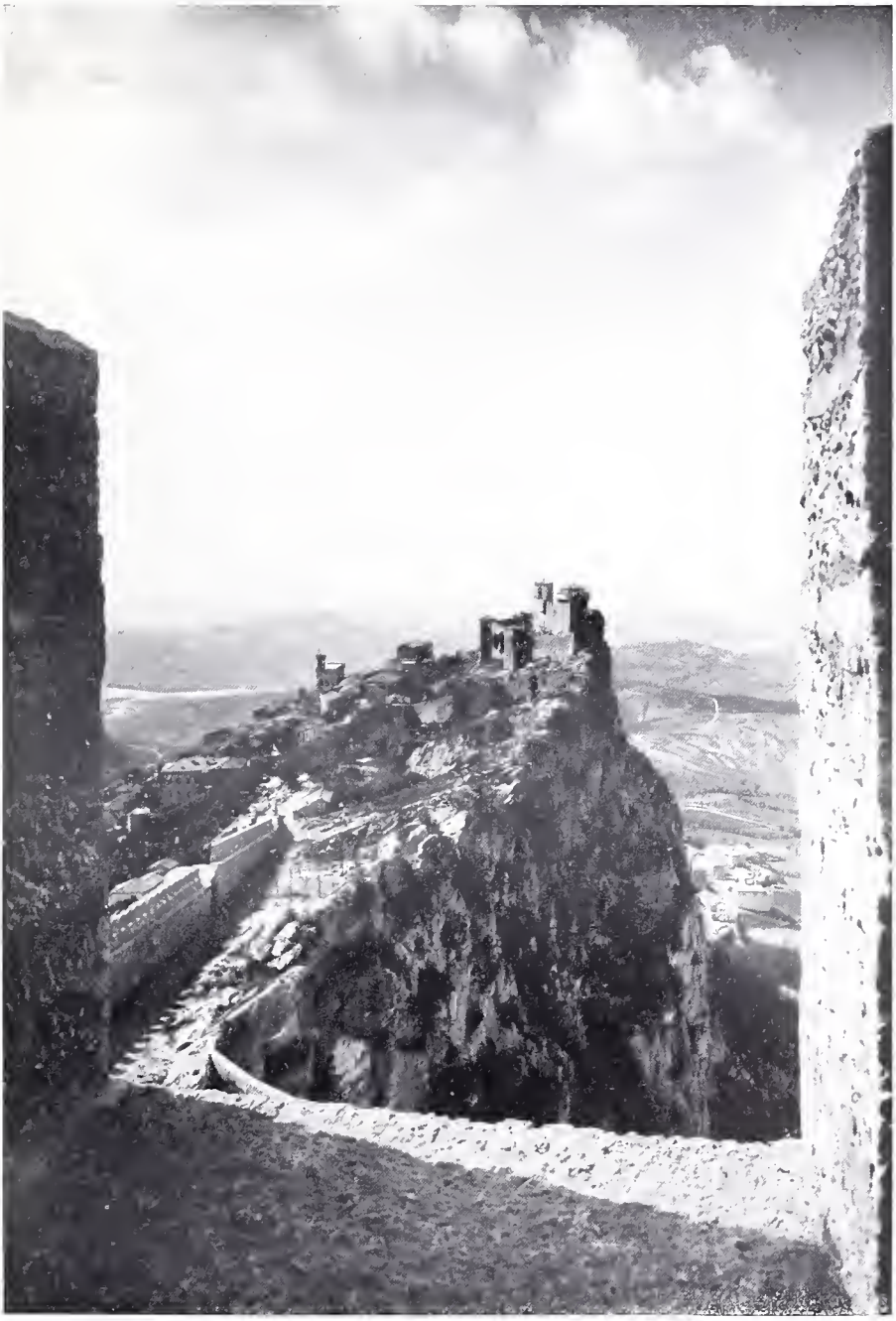
Mussolini is the man of the present century. We are too near him to appreciate or to realize what a debt the

world owes to him. In the perspective of time he will stand out in his true value and our descendants will place him among the heroes of a bygone day to point to him as the steadying force in Europe during the Red convulsions of the Twentieth Century.

The value of most men can only be determined by their achievements; couple with these the personal characteristics that have made these achievements possible and you have a fairly reliable guide by which to gauge them. But one must make allowances for a difference of national mentality and of point of view.

Amongst the outstanding diplomats, Sir Austen Chamberlain impressed me most as combining the qualities essential to diplomatic success. His whole personal aspect, his absolute conviction of the superiority of Britain, coupled with his undying confidence in Britain's rôle in the affairs of the world, is just what is required to carry through the international interests of a great Empire.

The English statesmen as a rule possess the complete "Ego" not only personally but nationally, for they have the experience and traditions of centuries of diplomatic struggles. Though they have no mental superiority, their ideas are generally fixed, and they are not open to conviction, although to their opponents they may appear to be the acme of courtesy and attention. In a conference of any kind they are always prepared to draw the stream of thought into the channels of their own interest. If failure is in the offing, they display their greatest quality. It is their diplomatic elas-



SAN MARINO AND VALDRAGONE FROM THE ROCK

ticity. They are agile even in their serenity, and they can shift their point of view with the facility of a magician. Yet, they never lose sight of the end in view, and Britain's position in the world to-day is the result, for her citizenship is the surest safeguard against molestation or insult even in the most troubled parts of the earth.

Raymond Poincaré, the unpretentious patriot, impressed me as being the most intelligent and brilliant man I met among the European leaders. His mind is so strictly logical and his reasoning is so accurate. Clear as crystal, his conclusions leave nothing to haphazard and one expects him to end his sentences with "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*" His conversation is rapid, gripping yet guarded, and never is there a word that might be misinterpreted. These great qualities cause him to overshadow his *confrères* who might appear to much greater advantage if associated with a less brilliant colleague. In France to-day Poincaré is supreme.

Stresemann is undoubtedly the strongest man in Europe. He is a model of fearlessness and strength. Like all men of his calibre he has many enemies both inside of Germany and in foreign lands. All of these he fights relentlessly. He is strong physically and mentally, and he is as brave as a lion. His Prussian force has been a great buttress for the new Republic, and he is the iron gate through which the Imperial Monarchy can never pass. His breadth of mind is a powerful factor in his relations with foreign Powers and is a safeguard for Germany's future.

Hindenburg is the most picturesque figure in Europe to-day. There is a fascination about this eighty-year-old giant which one cannot resist. There is none of that fierceness about him which people imagine to be his salient trait. On the contrary, he is delightfully human and there is even a boyishness in his manner that is very charming. He entertains no rancour against any one, and he is all that is chivalrous and honourable. To-day he is not only the ideal of the German people but an ideal head for new Germany. As time shall heal the wounds of war and the prejudice of propaganda shall be dispelled, Hindenburg will be recognized at his true worth and will rank high among the great men of his time.

Albert I of Belgium is a hero of proven merit. He has the simplicity of greatness which brings to the fore the magnanimity of the Sovereign. He is a ruler who needs no crown to denote his rank, for he is the Monarch of Romance whose gifts are those that we learnt as children to be the attributes of kings.

No matter what qualities other peoples may be endowed with, the Hungarian is still the gentleman of Europe. There is not a small idea in Hungary's head. Nicholas Horthy is an admiral without a ship, yet he is a king without a crown. He is an "Officer and a Gentleman." Handsome, brave, clever, patriotic and charming, he is one of Europe's most romantic characters. Even in his simplest movements he is always the Peer of the Realm, and he is the most personally attractive of all the Old-World leaders. If there were more

Horthys there would be less Bolshevism, and Europe would be the better for it.

Albrecht of Hapsburg is a man as well as a prince. Young, highly cultured and very well read, he serves his country with devotion and assiduity. He is a Hungarian Hapsburg who speaks Magyar as his native tongue and he is the ideal of Hungarian youth. Only in men like him can the monarchical idea survive, for he combines the ability and experience of the man of the world with the dignity of the royal purple. If princes of his attainments were to sit on thrones, the crowns of the world would be safer and kings would be more secure.

One of the most charming of men who could be called upon to preside over a modern State, and a Republic at that where socialism is a virile factor, is President Michael Hainish. He is of a delightful personality not usually found, and he is in every way a fitting successor to those who sat at the head of Austria. He has about him the necessary super-refinement which Austria exacts, and with it the culture and ability which the historic past that so long dazzled the world with its glittering Court demands.

Monsignor Seipel, on the other hand, is the practical and forceful agent of power. He rules with an iron hand, for well he knows the ever-present peril of socialistic influence and of the Reds; he has tasted too often the potion which shall be Austria's if ever that mob-rule should succeed. It is fortunate that these two

men controlled the destinies of Austria, for they have brought into the new Republic the traditions of a great Empire.

The Serbs are men of great daring. Marinkovitch and Pribitchevitch are force in its essence. They are the sort of Serbs who carried out the terrible retreat through the snows of Albania and fought relentlessly without food or shelter. They are the Serb in his pristine power, and in such men the future of the Serbian State shall be formidable indeed. Nintchich and Yovanovitch are more like the statesmen of Western Europe. They are suaver and more diplomatic, yet under this exterior they are still Serbs and are possessed of the same dogged determination and vigour. If the Pan-Serbian dream of these younger nationalists were ever to come true and the union of Serbia and Bulgaria to become a fact, a Slavic Balkan state would be the result. Then a bold and powerful nation would hold in her hand the destinies of that peninsula of trouble. Liapcheff and Bouroff are determined that this condition of affairs shall never come into existence. They also are super-patriotic men and are Slavs to the finger tips, but unlike the Serbs, they have not tasted the cup of victory nor seen the flush of success blooming on their country's cheeks. They too are Slavs but their experience was one of defeat, theirs were the tears, but not the cheers that echoed triumphantly throughout the hillsides.

Marsaryk and Benes are men of a new era in an old setting. Their whole outlook is towards the future.

Yet they are very mindful of the past history of the land they are serving. It is upon this past they are building, for notwithstanding the extremely modern State that they are bringing into being they realize that the foundations of nations are set upon the bed-rock of antiquity. Socialist though they be, they have decreed that old Bohemia must arise from her tomb to walk again among the free peoples of the world. They have taken from her the sceptre and the crown and have placed upon her regal head the jaunty cap of *Marianne.* This is the re-creation for which they have striven. The old is gone, the future is yet to be unfolded. The State is new again, and they will keep it so.

Among its pines and olive groves the Hellenic Republic now lives again. Greece, the cradle of the "republican idea," has returned to her pristine ideal. Yet, hers was a republic of learning and culture. In time the brilliancy of intellectual predominance set behind the hills of a darker age. The toga was torn to shreds and the crescent moon of Islam arose above the Acropolis to shed its ghostly light upon the ruins of Byzantium. When Greece awoke again her brow was crowned with the jewelled circlet of monarchy. Greek kings have now ruled and gone, and Hellas has donned again the flowing robes of the old Republic. Zaimis and Condariotis are cold, practical men, Greeks in blood and name, yet cosmopolitans in training. Their only ambition is Greece's future and they are striving hard to heal the wounds of political hatred and misunderstanding.

Of the two foremost women who sit on European

thrones volumes could be written. One expects from them the feminine sympathy with their subjects which adds so much to the charm of their office and such alluring brilliancy to the Queenly Crown. There is no Sovereign who has the power of Wilhelmina of Holland. She is unique in her influence, for she not only reigns but rules. Her sceptre is no wand of magic, but a symbol of power which she wields with dignity and success. It is noteworthy that the only ruler left should be a woman, yet such is the case. Her influence is greater than that of any other head wearing a crown. Her rule is very benevolent. It is the sympathetic benevolence of womanhood, but it has never encroached upon the dignity of her sovereignty and every Dutchman to-day speaks of his Queen with both awe and affection.

The other is Queen Marie of Roumania. Many women do not like her, but this is due to some inborn kink in the feminine character that no man can ever understand. She is really a most womanly woman and possesses a remarkable charm of personal graciousness. The candour with which she tells you what she wants you to know is most refreshing. The rapidity and clarity of her mind denote a remarkably capable person. Legally, Queen Marie may have been only the King's Consort but in reality she always was the Queen and for the sake of her country I am sure that she always shall be a tremendous power in foreign relations. She is Roumania's greatest diplomat, and I can well realize the strength of her personality. Her beauty and charm are

a great asset and predispose all towards her. I found in Marie of Roumania a very gifted and beautiful woman whose intelligence was too active and developed to be caged behind the golden bars of a royal castle. When I left her, I do not know which impression was uppermost in my mind, the Royal Queen in her regal setting or the splendid Englishwoman lost amid the firs of the Carpathians.

I have tried to give these impressions with an open mind, free from all prejudice, sentiment or dislike. The courtesy I have received at the hearths of these various nations obliterates all criticism. History, in time, will write or distort the story of these many lives, and in later years the political exigencies of national desires will tell many tales of them that will far from coincide with one another. Some history has become but canned propaganda carefully prepared for the consumption of future generations and little credence can be placed in it, but unfortunately it will ever be thus. Nations will love or hate according to their political dictates, and with the wile and ability of feminine "gold diggers" they will plot, cajole, caress or fight according to the national ambitions of the moment.

New States have produced new ideas, and the leaders of many of them have expounded these ideas to me in telling me of their ambitions and national desires. The dynasties have disappeared in many places and republics now rule the sway of popular inclination. How long this democratic fashion will hold the fickle fancy of the

people of the old States is hard to conjecture. In many countries there are numerous political divisions among the people all based upon this question.

The proletariat, which is really but a handful, is always the most vociferous and seems to have scared into acquiescence the quiet stay-at-homes in other lands and to have influenced those across the seas.

America has been greatly duped by such. Having made a success of her own great Republic, she has convinced herself that republics are best for all the world, but she has never considered the difference of national mentality in her foreign policy. Unfortunately, she was much too influenced by this idea in the framing of the Treaty of Saint-Germain. In this, geography was in no way taken into account. Sentiment alone was the order of the day, and justice, not to mention human sympathy with the beaten nations, was never even thought of. The result is that a series of false frontiers has been established which in time shall result in unrest, dissension and possibly war.

There are many new Alsaces and Lorraines in Central Europe to-day where distrust is most apparent and where many people feel no loyalty or affection for the flags under which they now live, but on the contrary, gaze wistfully across the new frontiers which separate them from the lands they turn to as the homes of their ancestors and of their national traditions.

Some mutual understanding should be reached before the storm clouds burst and the rolling thunder of artillery reverberates again throughout Europe. I have

been in many countries and I have heard the stories of the people. Old affections die hard, and national ones die hardest of all.

Many of the monarchies have gone, and the jewelled crowns of time-worn dynasties are yearly growing less. The *bonnets rouges* of the new republics now hang upon the unused thrones as a symbol of the change. Sombre men in black-tailed coats now stalk through the halls which once rang with the cry: "Long live the King!" In many places the change is most unnatural, but it is the child of popular fancy and the movement of the age which is supposed to break the fetters of centuries of national authority and loose the people to the license of international freedom.

When the people rise and cast aside their standards of the past under which they have lived and fought, and raise new colours to their masthead, then led by a red-capped damsel, dance upon the traditions of their fatherland, they are doing nothing original or new. They are merely copying history, and doing untold damage to their country's patrimony.

Because the French Revolution was a bloody one, they believe that all revolutions should be bloody also. This is the originality of the proletariat, yet such is always the situation. Every revolutionary leader pictures himself a Marat, a Danton or a Robespierre, plotting—even killing—in the hope that he may not share the end of that red trio of France's orgy.

Autocracy is gone and it is as well, but monarchy is a different thing. When Russia went Red and killed the

Tsar, the greatest pillar of autocracy in the world was overthrown and the whole edifice soon tottered. The Russian muzhik could not believe it all. The Little White Father, the head of his people for whom he prayed each Sunday in his gilt-domed church, lay dead at the hands of his own subjects. All the ikons in Muscovy shone in the light of their votive lamps, and all the tapers in the myriad temples of the Tsar's own Church burned themselves to little heaps of sweet-smelling wax in memory of Nicholas, the Tsar. This murder was a terrible awakening. The muzhik was dumbfounded, his force was sapped, and the way made easy for a government of an unknown form.

Then came Germany. The All Highest, the War Lord who dressed in white like Lohengrin and wore upon his head the silver spread-winged eagle, fled at the critical time. The world's greatest army had been beaten and rolled back. The glorious one who had spoken to his people of God and himself, ran away in the hour of defeat and sought his comfort on a foreign soil. Of what use had been his vaunting speeches? The bombastic eloquence of peace now seemed hollow in the time of depression.

The German people were disgusted, but they were much too sane and level-headed to allow their disappointment to carry them to excess. The years of iron discipline had taught them the self-control they needed in the *débâcle* of defeat. They had but one course open to them, the obliteration of this unfortunate man as well as of the coterie surrounding him to whom he owed

his plight. He had no Bismarck on whom he could fall back. When he ascended the throne, in the exuberance of youth he dropped the pilot and soon forgot the great Prussian who had created his Empire.

Bismarck had been too far-seeing not to realize the danger his country faced even before his death through the egotism of his youthful and wilful Sovereign. He had always been opposed to the alienation of England, for he realized that for the future a mutual understanding was necessary. He had even been personally opposed to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, but he had been unable to carry his point of view. For twenty-eight years he had been the iron man of the Germanic nations, the creator of German power and the Chancellor of the German Empire. Twenty-eight years after his death his great creation changed form. The Imperial Crown he had forged was cast into the discard, the Imperial Standards he had set up were lowered to the dust, and in the Hall of Mirrors on the territory of France, in the very room where he had proclaimed his King the Emperor, his work was undone.

The nation he had knit together remained under another form. The German Republic emerged from the defeat a strong and efficient State. But another awakening has occurred amongst the people. They now know that the Reich was a creation of their own and not of the Emperor's, and that his departure has only added to its dignity. Another pillar of monarchy had gone, and with it much of the glory of Crowns.

These two collapses have made an indelible im-

pression on the masses of the people and they have injured much the prestige of kings. Yet, monarchs themselves have added to this iconoclasm of which they are the victims. The people like to paint about their Sovereigns a glamour of mystery, to dress them in the mantles of mythology and to make of them super-beings about whom they may weave stories to tell their children. Many of the Sovereigns have of themselves unwittingly cast off this glamour. They should not show themselves in their plain humanity, for in that common attribute the masses see but a reflection of themselves.

One day in Paris, I had a long talk upon this very real question with the Infanta Eulalie of Spain. She is connected with most of the reigning Houses of Europe, and was almost pessimistic in her outlook. She told me that she blamed the situation on motor cars. She said that when monarchs became their own chauffeurs they lost much of their standing, for when crowned heads mingled too closely with the masses of their subjects, these realized their Sovereigns to be merely human after all, and in many cases, no better than themselves. There was much truth in all she told me, yet I do not share her pessimism to the same extent. Queen Marie of Roumania has greater faith in their usefulness. There is no doubt that the monarchical form of government is the most satisfactory to many people, for it fits better the minds of certain races. It has the advantage of eliminating the uncertainty of the Presidential question which is always a very unsteadying influence on the people themselves.

Even in the greater Republics this is very evident. In America where republicanism has reached its zenith, the country is completely disrupted every four years in order that a new President be chosen. This event is fraught with all the bitterness of class hatred—for there are class distinctions even in democracies—with all the prejudice of religious narrowness and with all the acrimony of party strife. The preliminary convention to choose a party leader is an affair of noise and clever organization, but has neither dignity nor decorum.

Monarchies eliminate all this, for better or for worse. At least in them the head is stable, it is the hyphen joining the component parts, which otherwise have often little in common. The British Commonwealth could never be were it not for the King. He is the link that binds in common loyalty the far-flung outposts of the Empire. To his person alone the British subject owes his loyalty. The democrat of Australia living under the southern stars, the Canadian born of the Crosses of Britain and the Lilies of France, the South African or the Indian, all look to the Crown and to it alone. The potentate of Hindustan, resplendent in silks and precious stones, riding his elephant, does homage to his Emperor. The shock-headed Malay, bronze as a statue, girts his loins with a yard of linen and prays in his temple for a King across the seas. This is Empire and the Crown.

In France, republicanism has been held within the rigid bounds of reason. But France has super-patriotism,

and the French Republic is a very conservative place. There you must obey the law and respect the land.

In Germany, the Republic is one of common sense. It has done away with all that is worst in monarchy, but has retained all that is best. It, too, grants liberty, but preserves order and forbids license.

After all, only a middle course is sought. In this the Old World seeks to preserve its history and its past. Men and women rise and fall, but still the races persevere. Frontiers are fleeting things in the lives of Continents, and the Europe of to-day is not so much changed from the Europe of the past. The men of to-day are but the men of yesterday or of to-morrow, and the Sovereigns of this Century are much the same as their forefathers of history. All are striving in different channels for a common end. Though dates may change and years pass on, there is great sameness among these men and women who in succession wear the Caps and Crowns of Europe.

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